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THE NEW YORKER

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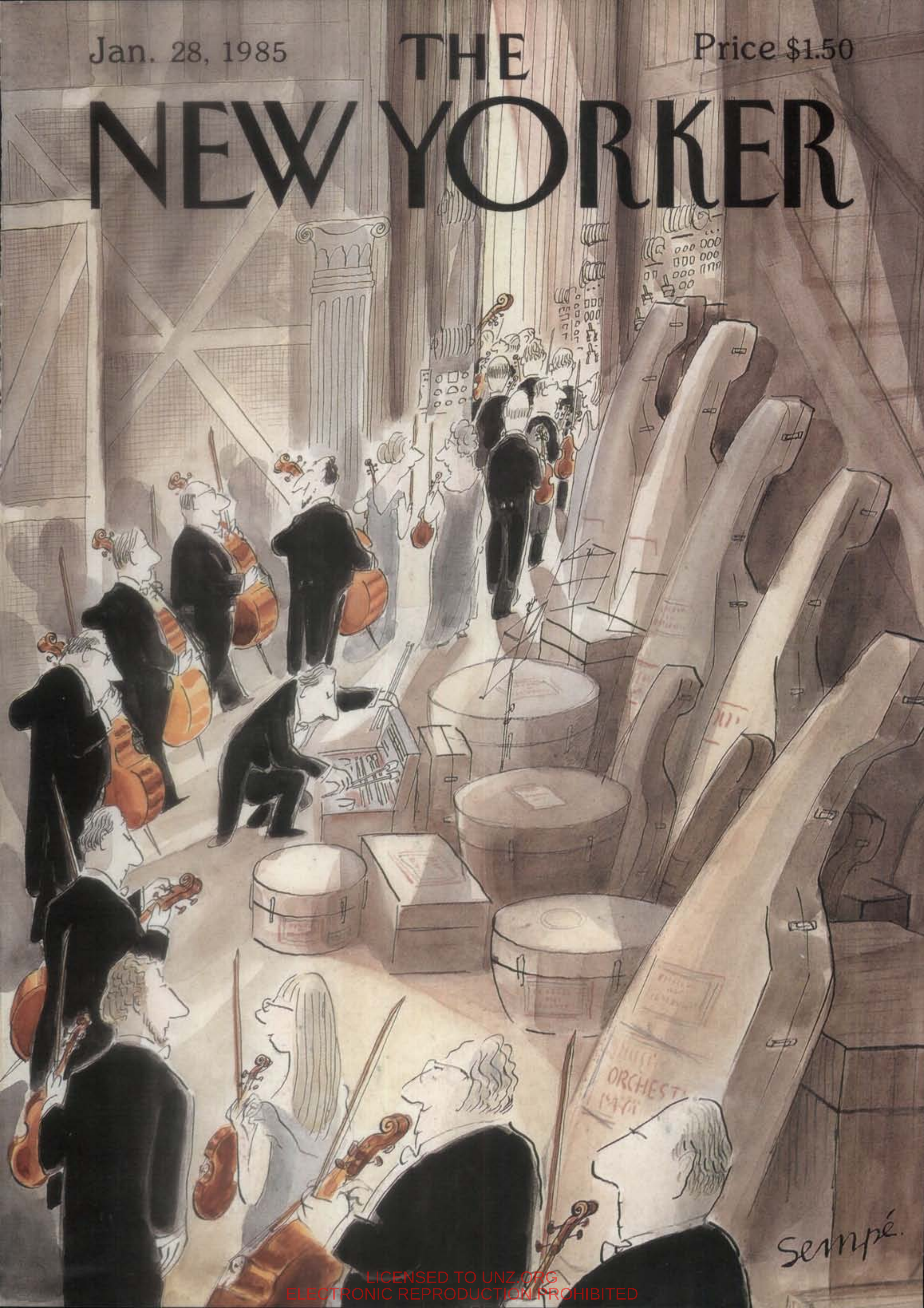

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Dancing in the End Zone—A highly intelligent and entertaining play by Bill C. Davis, author of "Mass Appeal." The superior cast consists of Matt Salinger, Pat Carroll, Laurence Luckinbill, and Dorothy Lyman. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/14/85.) (Ritz, 225 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Diamonds—The theme of this little revue is baseball, and it takes place in a stunning environmental setting by Tony Straiges (the audience is, in effect, sitting in the bleachers). The show, which was directed by Harold Prince and written and composed by a number of hands, is entertaining more often than not. With, among others, Larry Riley, Chip Zien, Loni Ackerman, and a splendid woman singer named Jackee Harry. (12/31/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris," a musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by (and with) Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald and good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer, as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A well-written, eloquently scatological melodrama about some unscrupulous real-estate salesmen in Chicago. David Mamet is the author and what he knows about Chicago must make Chicagoans nervous. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Harrigan 'n Hart—A musical based on E. J. Kahn, Jr.,'s biography "The Merry Partners," about the late-nineteenth-century theatrical team of Edward Harrigan and Tony Hart. Michael Stewart wrote the book, Max Showalter the music, and Peter Walker the lyrics; additional songs of the period were written by David Braham and Mr. Harrigan. The director is Joe Layton. Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 30. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 31. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. With Ron Silver, Christine Baranski, Susan Anton, and Jerry Stiller. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Joe Egg—A superb performance of Peter Nichols' matchless, bleak comedy. Jim Dale and Stockard Channing are the parents of the hopelessly brain-damaged child, and they are supported by Gary Waldhorn, Margaret Hilton, Joanna Gleason, and Tenney Walsh. Arvin Brown was the director. A Roundabout production. (1/14/85) (Haft, 227 W. 27th St. 420-1883. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 24-25, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2 and 7:30; Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30; Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8; Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 1, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2 and 8. Closes Sunday, Feb. 3.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner making what is advertised as his farewell appearance in the musical that he has made his own for several decades. An excellent production in every respect and well worth seeing, for the first or fiftieth time. (1/14/85) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A return engagement of a program of Weill songs, performed by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays, except Jan. 29, through Saturdays, except Feb. 2, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Life and Limb—A play by Keith Reddin, directed by Thomas Babe. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 23. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 24. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Through Sunday, Jan. 27: **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Jan. 30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—A rousing play from start to finish. The author is August Wilson, the director is Lloyd Richards, and the mar-

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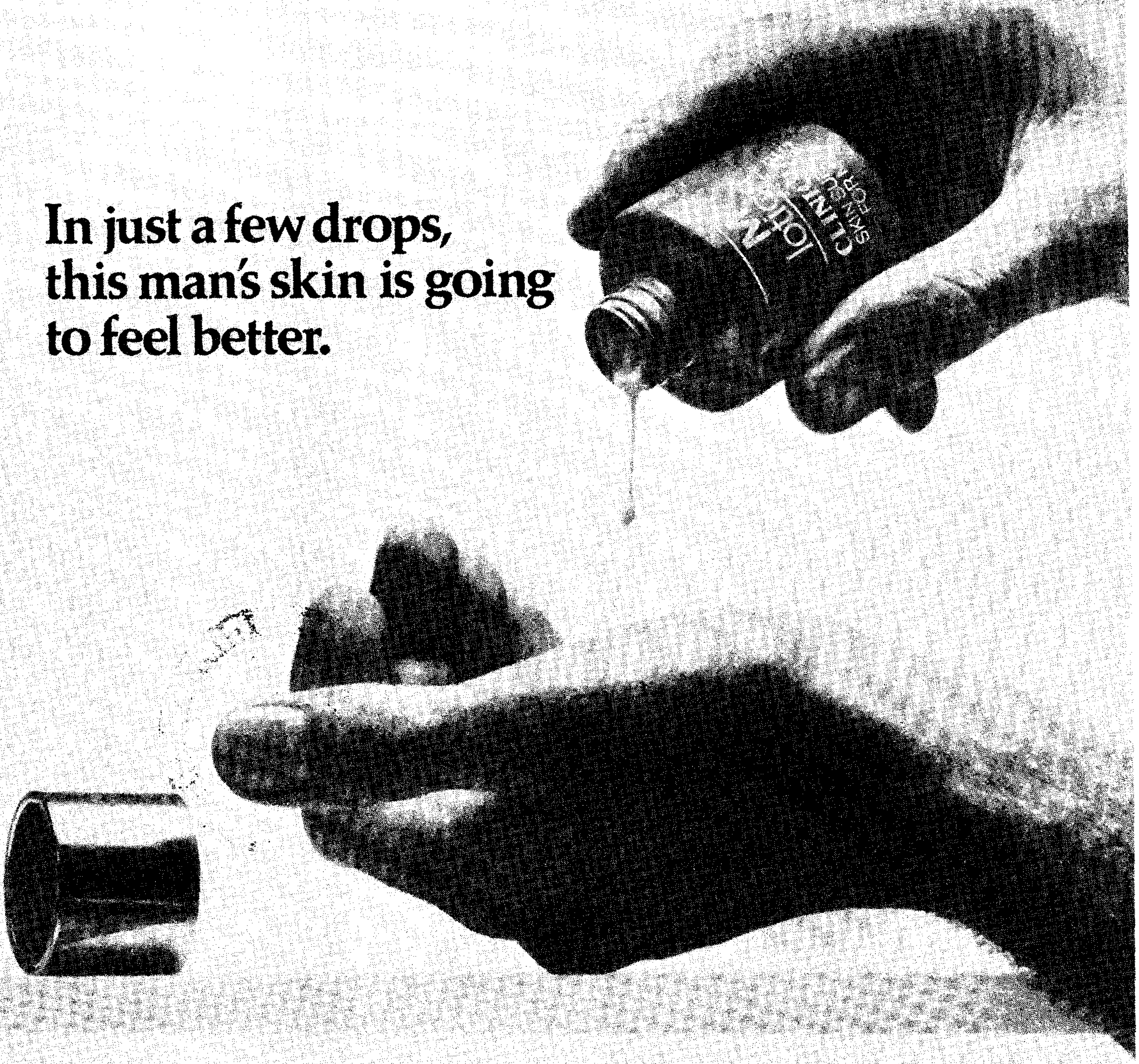

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CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

vellous cast includes Charles S. Dutton and Theresa Merritt. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A play by Karen Jones-Meadows, **henrietta,** is the second in this season's series of productions. Previews Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 23-24. Opens officially on Friday, Jan. 25, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 10. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Orinoco—Miriam Colon and Ivonne Coll are a pair of seedy entertainers aboard a boat on the Orinoco River. The play by Emilio Carballido is lackadaisical, to say the least, but it has its lively moments. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Performances in English Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; in Spanish Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Pacific Overtures—This new, miniature edition of Stephen Sondheim's musical is in many ways an improvement on the original production of 1976. With Ernest Abuba as the Reciter, and fourteen other good actors doubling and tripling effectively. Fran Soeder is the ingenious director, and the charming setting and costumes are by James Morgan and Mark Passerell. (11/5/84) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Private Scenes—A play by Joel Homer. (Theatre Guinevere, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Wednesday and Thursday at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. Robert Westenberg is Seurat and Bernadette Peters is Seurat's model and mistress. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Thrombo—A comedy by Albert Bermel. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Feb. 3.)

Tracers—The eight good actors are Vietnam veterans, and the effective play is based on actual war experiences. It was conceived and directed by John DiFusco, and it is accompanied throughout by rock music. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Whoopi Goldberg—A one-woman show, mostly about troubled blacks, who are portrayed with sympathy by the talented Miss Goldberg. (11/5/84) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

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Long Runs—**brighton beach memoirs:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are Van Johnson and George Hearn. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **cats:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dreamgirls:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 10,296 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fool for love:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Frances Fisher and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **isn't it romantic:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **my one and only:** A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Sandy Duncan and Don Correia head the cast. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **noises off:** The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the real thing:** A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The cast is headed by Jeremy Irons and Laila Robins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the tap dance kid:** An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **torch song trilogy:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by, and with, Harvey Fierstein. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Jerome Kern Festival—A concert version of the 1917 light opera "Oh, Boy!," with lyrics by P. G. Wodehouse, will be the first in a series of three revivals of musicals the composer created for New York's Princess Theatre. Conducted by John McGlinn. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 25, at 2; Saturday, Jan 26, at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Doug Henning and His World of Music—A treat for the young. Mr. Henning is equally skilled as a prestidigitator and as a creator of elaborate illusions—it appears to cause him no effort to turn a pretty woman into a tiger or to escape from a locked trunk or to walk unscathed through a plate-glass mirror. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Forbidden Broadway 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Issue? I Don't Even Know You—A satirical revue performed by the Acting Company. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 244-3005. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 9.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Jan. 23: "Concerto Barocco," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Gounod Symphony." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-7635.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 24: "Agon," "In the Night," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 25: "The Four Temperaments," "Moves," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 26: "Ballade," "Tzigane," "Moves," and "Réjouissance." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 26: "Square Dance," "In the Night," and "Réjouissance." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 27: "Concerto Barocco," "Antique Epigraphs," "Tzigane," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 27: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Seven by Five," "Menuetto," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 29: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Poulenc Sonata," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 30: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Moves," "Poulenc Sonata," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 31: "Rossini Quartets," "Moves," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 1: "Harlequinade" and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 2: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Calcium Light Night," "Poulenc Sonata," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 2: "In the Night" and "Harlequinade." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 24.)

Groupe Emile Dubois—A brief engagement by this company from France, appearing here for the first time. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 23-25, at 8: "Les Aventures d'Ivan Vaffan." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2: "Les Survivants." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Ballet Antonio Gades—A three-week engagement of "Carmen" that starts Tuesday, Jan. 29, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 17. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Samul-Nori—A program of traditional Korean folk drumming and dance. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 1-3, at 8.)

Ton Simons and Dancers—Presenting "Tally" and "Suite Ordinaire." With the Ordinaires. (Pineapple Dance Center, 599 Broadway, at Houston St. 219-8860. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 2-3, at 8:30.)

Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—A program of new and repertory works. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**ANNIE ROSS** is singing in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Pianist Buck Buchholz occupies the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here, singing in her small, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI** heads up his group through Sunday, Jan. 27, and on Tuesday, Jan. 29, electronic keyboardist **BOB JAMES** will arrive. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 23, rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY,** blues singer **JOHN HAMMOND,** and Duke Robillard & the Pleasure Kings; Friday, Jan. 25, Jonathan Edwards and singer and songwriter **WENDY WALDMAN;** Saturday, Jan. 26, the Second Annual Fast Folk Music Show, hosted by **JACK HARDY** and **CHRISTINE LAVIN;** Thursday, Jan. 31, Barrence Whitfield & the Savages, the Ben Vaughn Combo, and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL;** and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, comic **MORT SAHL.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. The sophisticated New York piano-bass duos: **ROGER KELLAWAY** and **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, Jan. 26, and starting Monday, Jan. 28, **BILL MAYS** and **RED MITCHELL.** Sundays are the property of **CEDAR WALTON** and **DAVID WILLIAMS.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, has moved into the Café Carlyle. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks play for dancing Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **HANK JONES** can be found in the Bemelmans Bar, where he plays from nine through Saturday, Jan. 26. On Tuesday, Jan. 29, **BARBARA CARROLL,** the resident keeper of the keyboard, will reappear.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Sort of an urban back porch for devotees of bluegrass, old-time string-band music, and international folk music. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 23, Tom and Maureen Doherty; Saturday, Jan. 26, **LYNN HARDY, JAY UNGAR, RUSS BARENBERG,** and **MOLLY MASON;** Tuesday, Jan. 29, French folkie **GABRIEL YACOUB;** and Saturday, Feb. 2, mandolin wiz **FRANK WAKEFIELD.** There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek haunt for players and admirers of traditional jazz. Music nightly from about eight-thirty. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Electric violinist Noel Pointer's band is here through Sunday, Jan. 27; on Tuesday, Jan. 29, guitarists **TAL FARLOW, BARNEY KESSEL,** and **EMILY REMLER** will begin a tribute to Charlie Christian. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. No doubt his garage and household effects and recording-studio implements will someday be found in the Smithsonian. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

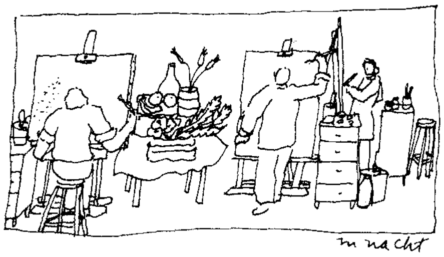
Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at nine, the Clintons, the Washington Squares, and Beat Rodeo; Thursday, Jan. 24, Robin Batteau and Kenny White; Saturday, Jan. 26, **MIMI FARIÑA;** Sunday, Jan. 27, Joe Livoti, Jan Vick, and Tom Duval; Tuesday, Jan. 29, **TOM PAXTON** and **CHRISTINE LAVIN,** in a benefit performance; and Wednesday, Jan. 30, at nine, Pianosauras, Glen Morrow, and the Breakers. Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows are usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, Alicia Sherman sings with her backing crew; on Mondays **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano, with aid from bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin after ten. **BROOKS KERR** is also present on Sundays from five to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** who looks like a wisp of a girl but who is actually a fireball of a stride pianist, performs Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays belong to Jane Jarvis, and Mondays are claimed by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, Jan. 23, the **LOUNGE LIZARDS,** with saxophonist/actor **JOHN LURIE,** the Bogart of the eighties; Thursday, Jan. 24, the New Riders of the Purple Sage; Sunday, Jan. 27, Mitch Ryder; Monday, Jan. 28, **RICK DANKO** and **RICHARD MANUEL,** ex-members of The Band; and Wednesday, Jan. 30, R. &. B.-ists **CORNELL DUPREE, RICHARD TEE, WILL LEE,** and **DAVE SANBORN.** Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—Pianist **JOHN HICKS** guides a trio through Sunday, Jan. 27, and on Tuesday, Jan. 29, super bassist **RON CARTER** will take over. Monday's music is made by **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI'S NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** featuring **LEW TABACKIN** on tenor sax. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.



Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—In spite of the gelati glut in the Seventies and Eighties, and, of course, the snow (which extends all the way to 110th Street), the coolest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**BOB WILBER,** clarinettist and bandleader, is here with an outfit called the Cotton Club Orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Friday, Jan. 25, the dB's and Sussman Laurence; Thursday, Jan. 31, Billy Ocean; and Saturday, Feb. 2, Let's Active and Tommy Keene. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 23, pianist **ARMEN DONELIAN,** bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ,** and drummer **KEITH COPELAND;** Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 24-26, **RANDY BRECKER** and **ELIANE ELIAS;** Sunday, Jan. 27, Woody Denard; Monday, Jan. 28, drummer **RASHIED ALI;** Wednesday, Jan. 30, Jane Blackstone; Thursday, Jan. 31, Michael Dolan; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE,** pianist **RICHARD TEE,** bassist **WILL LEE,** and saxophonist **DAVE SANBORN.** Tuesdays are given over to **JERRY GONZALEZ & THE FORT APACHE BAND.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 23-24, Nigerian drumming legend **OLATUNJI;** Sunday, Jan. 27, flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL;** Wednesday, Jan. 30, percussionist **DANIEL PONCÉ;** Thursday, Jan. 31, Osibisa; and Fridays and Saturdays, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO** leads a quintet through Sunday, Jan. 27. Then a new-music festival begins here: Monday, Jan. 28, the **GUNTER HAMPEL GALAXIE BIG BAND;** Tuesday, Jan. 29, saxophonist **MARTY EHRLICH'S** trio and saxophonist **FRED HOUN'S** sextet; Wednesday, Jan. 30, bassist **PETER KOWALD,** saxophonist **DAVID WARE,** trumpeter **BILL DIXON,** and drummer **ANDREW CYRILLE;** Thursday, Jan. 31, clarinettist **JOHN CARTER;** and Friday through Sunday, Feb. 1-3, the **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET,** with **HAMIET BLUIETT, JULIUS HEMPHILL, OLIVER LAKE,** and **DAVID MURRAY.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Rock, blues, and New Orleans zydeco music: Wednesday, Jan. 23, the Delancey Street Hawaiians; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 24-26, **BUSTER POINDEXTER** (a.k.a. David Johansen); Sunday, Jan. 27, Marked Deck; and Monday, Jan. 28, Loup Gurou. Music from about ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room. On Jan. 28, **MONGO SANTAMARIA, BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y LA NUEVA COMPANIA,** and flutist **DAVE VALENTIN,** the guest jazz soloist, will all be present. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, you can spot musical duos after nine-thirty every night but Monday. **TEDDY CHARLES** and **HAROLD DANKO** play vibraharp-piano duets, and, in addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. Trumpet ace **JON FADDIS** and his combo finish up on Sunday, Jan. 27, and on Tuesday, Jan. 29, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his stirring, macho Latin-jazz quintet will come in. Monday night's tradition is the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing, partly Latin-jazz, partly funky music. **DAKOTA STATON** sings here through Saturday, Jan. 26; Sunday and Monday, Jan. 27-28, will belong to drummer Ronnie Cole; and starting Tuesday, Jan. 29, saxophonist **HAROLD OUSLEY** will head a group. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists and bassists in it. The music schedule: pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, Jan. 26; pianist Mike LeDonne and bassist-hummer **MAJOR HOLLEY** starting Tuesday, Jan. 29; bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** every Sunday; and pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff every Monday. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

IRON MAIDEN—With Queensryche. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 23-24, at 8.)

BILL CROFUT AND BENJAMIN LUXON—Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8.

LARRY RIVERS AND THE EAST THIRTEENTH STREET BAND—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

ABBEY LINCOLN & MOSEKA CO.—Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, at 9 and 11.

SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.

SUNI PAZ, WENDY BLACKSTONE, MARTHA SIEGEL, AND JEFF RAHEB—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.

SLIPPERY HORN—Dan Barrett, Joel Helleny, and Matt Finders. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3.)

PATRICIA ELLIOTT and **CHARLES KIMBROUGH**—In a tribute to Stephen Sondheim. A benefit for the Manhattan Theatre Club's Writers in Performance Series. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Monday, Jan. 28, at 7:30. For tickets, call 472-0600.)

JULIE HOMI—With Carol Chaikin and Jean Fineberg & Ellen Seeling. (Jazz Center of New York. Monday, Jan. 28, at 9.)

LENNY PICKETT AND THE BORNEO HORNS—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 28-29, at 8.

PATTI LABELLE—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesday, Jan. 29, through Sunday, Feb. 10. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 3 and 7.

IRVING PLAZA—Friday, Jan. 25: Holly & the Italians, the Lower East Side Rockers, and the Cavetones. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26: Le Roi Brothers and Trigger & the Thrill Kings. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2: Roomful of Blues. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start about 10.)

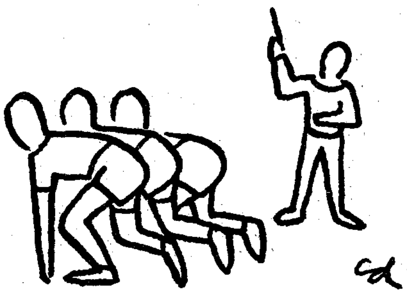
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

EDWARD AVEDISIAN—Recent paintings and polychrome sculptures. Through Feb. 21. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

ROBERT CUMMING—Large works in acrylic, charcoal, and ink, depicting, for example, a group of geometric forms, a landscape, and thick slices of watermelon. Through Feb. 16. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)



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DOUG HILSON—Works in erased graphite on canvas. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

YASUHIDE KOBASHI—Recent polished-steel sculptures. Through Feb. 5. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

SANDRA MACKINTOSH—Sculptures made with wood molds once used in shipbuilding at the Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston, where the artist found them. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

MARINO MARINI (1901-80)—Paintings and sculptures, mostly on his trademark theme, horse and rider. Through Feb. 5. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

STEPHEN PACE—Loosely handled figurative paintings and drawings—a clam digger, nudes, three horses looking attentively at moonlight reflected in water. Through Wednesday, Jan. 30. (Sachs, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

J. J. SEMPÉ—Original drawings for covers that have appeared on *The New Yorker*. Through Feb. 15. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays.)

MARINA STERN—Precisionist works in pastel, oil, and graphite, of windows and things seen through them—the city skyline, for instance, or a colorful barn. Through Feb. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ANDREW STEVOVICH—Sleek, mannered paintings and pastels of people socializing—gambling, dancing, dining—and for some reason looking out of the corners of their eyes. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

JAMES WEEKS—Carefully stylized paintings of musicians rehearsing, and of such outdoor views as a lake in the Berkshires. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

SCULPTURE—Works by six artists who have in common an analytical approach to their material—Jackie Ferrara, Nancy Haynes, Casper Henselmann, Budd Hopkins, Ulrich Niemeyer, and Tim Spelios. Through Tuesday, Jan. 29. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—A speedboat bouncing over choppy waters and two peacocks in an open field are among the subjects of works on paper in this exhibition. Through Wednesday, Jan. 30. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ISABEL BISHOP—Preliminary studies (on canvas, board, and paper) for paintings and drawings, plus two completed oils. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

STANLEY BOXER / HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Figurative and still-life drawings in mixed mediums on handmade paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. / Thirteen paintings that were among his last. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOAN BROWN / WILLIAM T. WILEY—A single painting comprised of four stretched panels—two hanging on a wall and two lying on the floor. / Two large paintings in mixed mediums. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

JAMES COIGNARD—Paintings, works on paper, and prints. Through Feb. 9. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MARCIA DALBY—"Small, Medium, and Large," the title for and sizes of freestanding chicken-wire sculptures that are intended to test perceptions of scale. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JILLIAN DENBY—Representational still-lifes in oil on canvas, and landscapes in oil on paper. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

JOHN DUFF—Painted fibre-glass sculptures with organic and geometric shapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

STEPHEN EDLICH—Immense collages that, for all their size, have some of the delicacy and grace of Japanese prints. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

MARTHA MAYER ERLEBACHER—Allegorical paintings (an evocation of sloth, for instance), paintings of nudes and still-lifes, portraits, and drawings. Through Wednesday, Jan. 30. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

NANCY HAGIN / CHRISTOPHER GERLACH—Vividly colored realist still-lifes. / Landscapes. Through Wednesday, Jan. 30. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

BUDD HOPKINS—An altarlike structure of painted wood, accompanied by abstract wall pieces the artist calls "guardians." Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

JAMES LECHAY—Oils and works on paper: portraits, still-lifes, cityscapes, and figures. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

AGNES MARTIN—New oils, each measuring six feet by six, and watercolors. Through Feb. 16. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

JIM MARTIN—Sculptures that look like great big jumping jacks, covered with gold lamé, patent leather, and other showy materials. Most are wall pieces, but a few stand on pedestals. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GEORGE MCNEIL—This veteran Expressionist reels off paintings of disco action (for instance) with feverish colors and a vigor that belies his seventy-six years. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

JOHN MEYER—Realist paintings of landscapes in the Western United States. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St.)

DONN MOULTON—Enlarged toy airplanes, boats, cap pistols, soldiers, and so on, cut out of plywood, painted, and mounted on the walls. Through Feb. 9. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

MAN RAY (1890-1976)—"Objects of My Affection," a selection of original objects, replicas he made, and editions made under his supervision—some of which were in a show of the same name forty years ago, at the Julien Levy gallery. *Also*, about twenty photographs. Through Feb. 23. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MILTON RESNICK / RALSTON CRAWFORD (1906-78)—Recent canvases solidly covered with various mixtures of dark oil paint thickly applied. / Photographs, mostly of industrial installations. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JUDY RIFKA / RICHARD MOCK—Off on a new kick, this artist, probably the fastest brush in the East, is painting groups of classical figures on canvas stretched over a framework carpentered to give a sort of bas-relief effect. / Four colorful oils, each made up of several panels. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

AMINAH ROBINSON—Sculptures made of straw, scraps of cloth, twigs, and Georgia clay, depicting life on Sapelo Island, south of Savannah. Besides sculptures, there are handmade books, banners, and quilts. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

JOE SHANNON—Paintings, drawings, and three sculptures based on the myth of Actaeon and Diana. Through Feb. 14. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

ESPHYR SLOBODKINA / TIMOTHY KELLEY—Abstract paintings with a Constructivist quality, done in the forties and fifties. The artist, by the way, is the widow of Ilya Bolotowsky. / Small sculptures that look like abstract sketches "drawn" with colored metal rods. Through Wednesday, Jan. 30. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Saul Steinberg—Etchings and handworked lithographs. Through Feb. 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Carl Nicholas Titolo—Small drawings and paintings that are souvenirs of a recent prolonged trip through Italy; many of them are reminiscent of medieval illuminations. Through Friday, Feb. 1. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Torreano—The surfaces of these paintings on wood and shaped-wood reliefs are pocked and littered with glass jewels. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Baskerville+Watson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joyce Weinstein—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Tony Wong—Large oil paintings, in several of which small, single figures seem to float over a ground of lush vegetation. There are also works on paper. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Frank Lloyd Wright (1869-1959)—More than sixty drawings from 1896 to 1957, for architectural projects both realized and unrealized. Through Feb. 16. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **MARIAN GOODMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: Anselm Kiefer, Sol LeWitt, and Susan Rothenberg are among the twenty artists represented mostly by works on paper. Through Tuesday, Jan. 29. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Fifty-odd paintings, sculptures, and drawings skimmed from a dozen or more East Village galleries; some of the artists have been heard of before and others haven't, but the quality is uniformly high. Through Saturday, Jan. 26.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—Eleven sculptures laid out on the floor and made up of rectangular metal plates, three hundred and twenty-two in all, varying in size from piece to piece. Through Wednesday, Jan. 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Eugene Brodsky / Muriel Castanis—Large canvases combining Rhoplex, acrylic, and wood. / Stiffened, gauzy robes draped over, and delineating, human figures that aren't there. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In anterooms, specially treated photographs of Renaissance murals by Denny Moers, and color photographs, by Nancy Webber, of people who look like familiar art subjects (for example, a Botticelli angel, Gwen John's self-portrait, Gauguin's Tahitian woman).

Daniel Buren—Two walk-through architectural installations made of striped canvas. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Michael Chelminski—Landscapes of Maine, Connecticut, and Brittany in oils, watercolors, and pastels. Through Feb. 6. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Sandro Chia—Heroic-sized paintings of not-so-heroic figures—an artist showing his works to a family of Teddy bears, for instance. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Natalie Edgar—Recent abstract paintings and etchings. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Peter Flaccus—Abstract paintings in thick, rich colors, applied with both palette knife and brush. Through Feb. 6. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Don Hazlitt—Small wall pieces constructed of painted wood in which ocean liners, factory chimneys, airplanes, houses, and other elements are clustered together. Through Feb. 6. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Diane Kaiser—Sculptures combining painted wood and mirrors, plus small pieces in fired clay. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St.)

Aristodimos Kaldis (1899-1979)—A retrospective that highlights his larger, late-career paintings. Through Feb. 10. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Jackie Lipton—Abstract images painted in oil and wax on canvas. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Robert Morris—A two-gallery show. Apocalyptic paintings of firestorms, shown in sculptured frames that not only continue the flame motif but are studded with human remnants—skulls, hands, feet. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ More firestorm paintings, plus outsize sculptures, some related to the main theme and others not. Through Feb. 9. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Sigmar Polke—Very large and enigmatic paintings by this eminent German artist, the subjects ranging from a grim barbed-wire fence in a work entitled "Lager" (camp) to a satiric five-panel piece in which President Reagan contemplates the European problem; the fifth panel shows a coffin lid. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Curtis Ripley—Ceramic sculptures, along with drawings and paintings that refer to them. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Susan Smith—Paintings that incorporate found architectural elements—broken tile, wallpaper, wall sections. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Marco Tirelli—Paintings of long-legged chairs, ladders, stools, easels, pillars, and other standing objects, bunched together on crowded canvases. Through Wednesday, Jan. 30. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Susana Torre and Allan Wexler—Two architects who have applied their skills to a show of environmental installations. Through Feb. 16. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Peter Voulkos / Jean-Marc Prouveur—Ceramic works. / Didactic photographic triptychs whose central panels show public memorials of the world wars. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Jay Weiss—Paintings in vivid acrylic colors and, in most cases, with a surrealist touch. Through Feb. 23. (Christian, 90 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: The works of ten artists. Through Feb. 16. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **GLADSTONE**, 152 Wooster St.: Drawings and paintings by Günther Brus, Arnulf Rainer, and Hermann Nitsch, as well as photographs by Mr. Nitsch. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. . . . **55 MERCER STREET GALLERY:** Paintings, sculptures, and photographs selected by Joseph Masheck. The eighteen artists include Paul Benney, Carla Tardi, and Robin Weglinski. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. . . . **KIND**, 136 Greene St.: Paintings by seven artists, ranging in subject from tribal dancing (by Christof Kohlhofer) to a bird's-eye view of Battery Park (by Cham Hendon). Through Saturday, Feb. 2. . . . **MANHATTAN ART**, 81 Greene St.: Sculptures and drawings by fourteen artists, including Mark di Suvero and Brice Marden. Through Saturday, Feb. 2.

OTHER GALLERIES

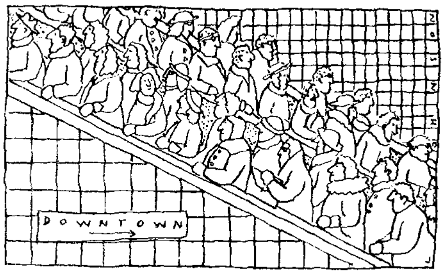
Gary Kuehn—Drawings, 1963-64, for sculptures, some of which are also on view, and other works. Through Feb. 9. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Jän Muller (1922-58)—Twenty-five paintings, including large figurative works and landscapes from the last two years of the artist's life, smaller canvases, and several mosaic abstractions from 1953. Through Feb. 23. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

George Peck—Abstract paintings, including diptychs contrasting the city and the country. Through Feb. 9. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott—Forty-odd prints from the twenties and thirties, including portraits of Edna St. Vincent Millay and Edward Hopper, and views of New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)



Paul Caponigro—Two hundred prints spanning his thirty-year career, including photographs of New England woods, Southwestern deserts, and Stonehenge. Through Feb. 17. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—Older works recently printed, under the artist's supervision, from original negatives. Through March 2. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Close—This artist is having his first New York show of photographs, which are as mammoth as his paintings; two are seven feet by twenty-two. Through Feb. 16. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Irene Fay / Clarence John Laughlin (1905-84)—Black-and-white photographs, mostly landscapes. / Representative photographs. Through Feb. 9. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Nan Goldin—Color photographs of men and women in Berlin and New York. Through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Christminster, 336 E. 5th St. Opens at 1, Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Duane Michals—More than fifty works, including painted photographs and color prints. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Patricia Nolan / Jan Staller—Painted black-and-white photographs of cityscapes. / Prints of New York City, mostly at night. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Holly Roberts—Paintings on paper and painted photographs. Through Feb. 8. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Doris Ulmann (1882-1934)—Platinum portraits of Appalachian artisans, and of blacks on the Lang Syne Plantation in South Carolina. Through Feb. 9. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **LEDEL**, 168 Mercer St.: A hundred works by nineteen Cuban photographers who captured historical events and daily life in Cuba from 1959 to the present. Through Feb. 24. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Portraits of couples by Diane Arbus, Brassaï, August Sander, and others. Through March 2.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The John M. Crawford, Jr., collection of Chinese paintings and calligraphy is being shown in two parts, this first part containing about eighty hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's show of equestrian attire and tack-room art consists of uniforms, sportswear, saddles, coaches, paintings, and sculptures. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of Abstract Expressionist paintings and collages by Lee Krasner, who died last June. Through Feb. 12. Complementary shows are at the Brooklyn Museum and at Cooper Union's Great Hall lobby, Third Ave. at 7th St. (The Modern is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, collages, drawings, and prints by Robert Motherwell, one of the original Abstract Expressionists. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Jonathan Borofsky's retrospective includes paintings, drawings (on walls and ceilings), motorized figures, and also a piece begun in 1969—a stack of numbered graph paper entitled "Counting from 1 to Infinity"—that partly explains his habit of using numbers as his signature. Through March 10. . . . ¶ A show of sculptures that were created when Abstract Expressionism flourished; among the twenty-two artists are

David Smith, Louise Bourgeois, Isamu Noguchi, and Louise Nevelson. Through March 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Forty-two abstract geometric compositions by François Morellet, a French painter and sculptor. Through March 25. . . . ¶ An exhibit of thirty-plus works on paper by Lee Krasner, which complements the retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Feb. 25. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Pierre Le-Tan, André François, Jean-Michel Folon, and Nicola Bayley are among the artists represented in a show of illustrations by Europeans which appeared in books and newspapers, as magazine covers, and as posters. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Four full-length portraits by James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903) and pastels and prints are included in an exhibit that marks the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the artist's birth. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Jewish Heritage in American Folk Art," a display that includes paintings, cut-paper documents, wood carvings, samplers, and a nineteenth-century quilt embroidered with an American flag in combination with a Star of David. Through March 15. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than seventy-five Italian illuminated manuscripts and single leaves (devotional and secular books) of the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Through Feb. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Mark Wheaton (music) and John Zorn and others (performance with music), Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:30; Brainworks, with Dr. Know (music), Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:30; Pleasure (music) and Birdsongs of the Mesozoic (a four-member band), Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:30; concerts by two solo drummers, Charles K. Noyes and Jerome Cooper, Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3; Little Cedric and the Haley Singers (gospel singers), Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8:30; Butch Morris (improvised music), Friday, Feb. 1, at 8:30; Africana All-Stars (music), Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—Among the many shows: collaborative works between artists and writers (Toyce Anderson and Toni Morrison are one pair), and paintings by two artists (Joel Handorff and Marc Lida) who make night scenes their specialty.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 23: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Ariel Bybee, Alfredo Kraus, and James Morris; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 24: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Teresa Kubiak, Gianna Rolandi, Maria Ewing, and John Alexander; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 25: "Otello," with Margaret Price, Jean Kraft, Plácido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 26: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Ariel Bybee, Alfredo Kraus, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 26: "Wozzeck," with Hildegard Behrens, Ragnar Ulfung, Richard Cassilly, and Christian Boesch; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 28: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Gwendolyn Bradley, Brenda Boozer, and Stephen Dickson; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 29: "Otello," with Margaret Price, Jean Kraft, Plácido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 30: "Wozzeck," with Hildegard Behrens, Ragnar Ulfung, Robert Nagy, and Christian Boesch; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 31: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Ariel Bybee, Alfredo Kraus, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 1: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Gianna Rolandi, Maria Ewing, and James King; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 2: "Otello," with Margaret Price, Jean Kraft, Plácido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 2: "Wozzeck," with Hildegard Behrens, Ragnar Ulfung, Richard Cassilly, and Victor Braun; Jeffrey Tate. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Bel Canto Opera—Igor Chichagov conducting the final performances of Franz Lehár's opera "Giuditta," in English. Staged by Christian Angermann. (Joan of Arc Junior High School, 154 W. 93rd St. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

Handel Opera Festival—A performance of "Ariodante" in concert form is the second in a series of four operas to be presented, all honoring the composer's tercentennial. With June Anderson and Erie Mills, sopranos; Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano; James Bowman, countertenor; Neil Rosenshein and Frank Lopardo, tenors; Dimitri Kavrakos, bass; the Orpheon Chorale; and Raymond Leppard conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 7:30.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre— Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's "The Inquisitive Women" (in English), conducted by Andrian Bryttan and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. 749-2802, Ext. 504. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Klaus Tennstedt conducting a Beethoven-Dvořák program on Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8; Friday, Jan. 25, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 26, and Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8 (all with Bella Davidovich, piano). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting Act I of Wagner's "Die Walküre" in concert form on Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8; Friday, Feb. 1, at 8, a nonsubscription concert; Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 7:30 (all with Eva Marton, soprano; Peter Hofmann, tenor; and Martti Talvela, bass).

Prague Symphony—Jiri Belohlavek directing a performance of Dvořák's cantata "The Specter's Bride," with Magdalena Blahusiakova, soprano; Michael Sylvester, tenor; Ivan Kusnjer, baritone; the Hartt Chamber Singers; and the Worcester Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra—Ton Koopman conducting and playing the harpsichord in an all-Bach program, performed by this group making its first appearance here. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting a Haydn-Berg-Beethoven program, with Håkan Hagegård, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 30-31, at 8.)

National Symphony—Mstislav Rostropovich conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin, and Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Los Angeles Philharmonic—Michael Tilson

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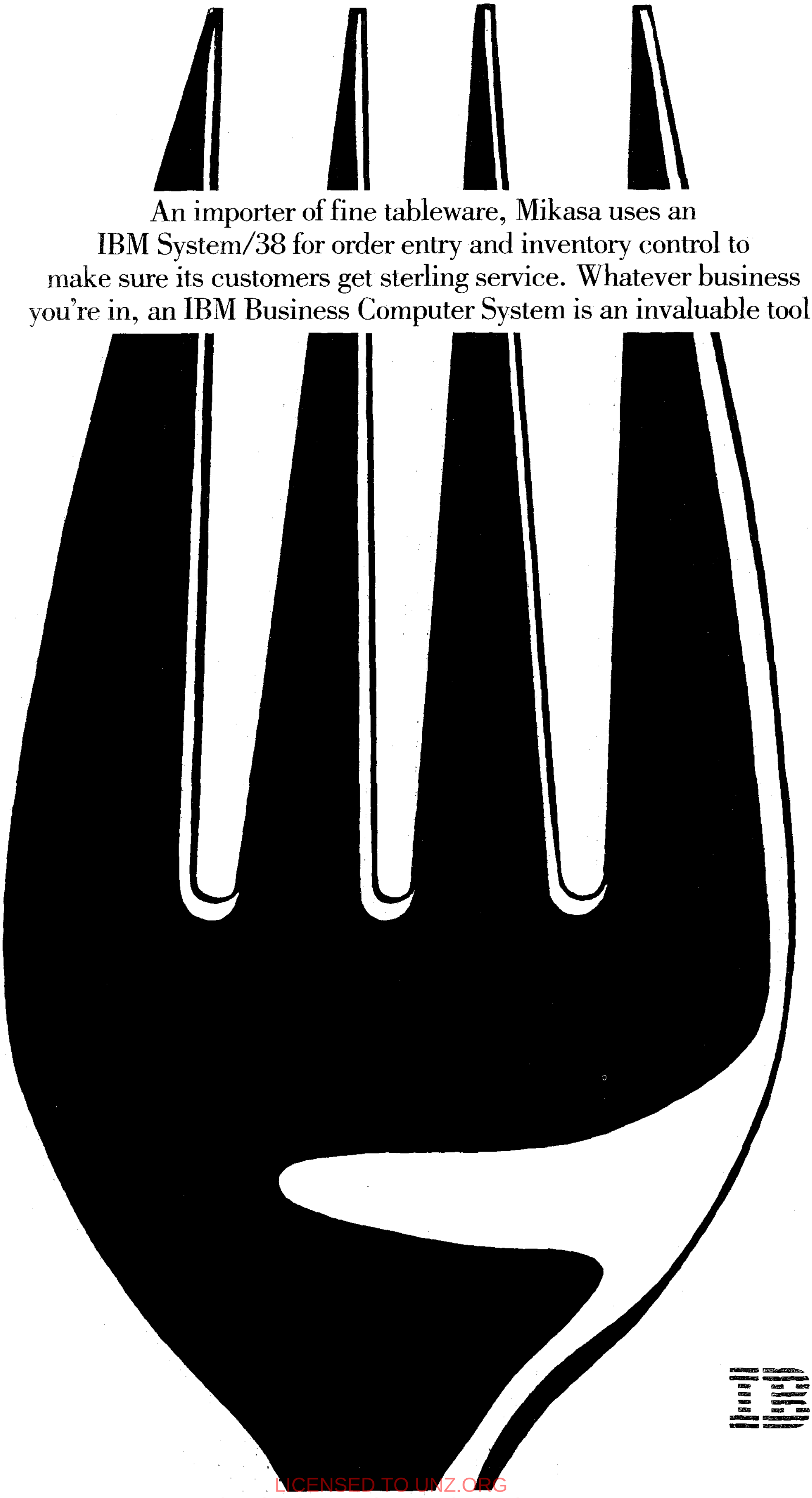

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Thomas conducting, with Ilana Vered, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—At **Kaufmann Concert Hall,** 92nd Street Y: Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 23-24, at 8, James Galway conducting and acting as flute soloist in a varied program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8, Gerard Schwarz conducting a Bach-Handel program, with Judith Blegen, soprano, and Neil Balm, trumpet. . . . **Alice Tully Hall:** Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3, Alexander Schneider conducting a Bach-Handel program, with Jaime Laredo, violin, and Peter Planyavsky, organ.

I Musici—Pina Carmirelli, violin, and eleven other musicians who perform without a conductor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Symphony Orchestra of the Curtis Institute of Music—Max Rudolf conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 3.)

Orpheus—With Nina Beilina, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Paul Dunkel conducting, with Marvis Martin, soprano; Harriet Wingreen, harpsichord; Hamao Fujiwara, violin; and Samuel Baron, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music's Grande Bande—A program entitled "Harpsichords & More Harpsichords," with music by Bach, Scarlatti, and Handel. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

I Nuovi Virtuosi di Roma—Angelo Stefanato conducting and playing the violin in an all-Vivaldi program. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting a Berg-Bruch-Berlioz program, with Young Uck Kim, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2.)

Mannes Chorus—Amy Kaiser directing a Handel-Mozart program. (St. Ignatius Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Young Uck Kim and Peter Serkin—The third in a series of five concerts presenting music by Mozart for violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Paul Neubauer—Viola, with the Solisti New York conducted by Ransom Wilson. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Scott Jackson Wiley—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8. For tickets, call 757-3255.)

Sandra Goodman and Robert Schwartz—Mezzo-contralto and piano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Music from Marlboro—A Mozart-Beethoven-Dvořák program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Alaria Chamber Ensemble—With Patricia Spencer, flute. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The second in a series of four concerts performed by various faculty members of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Colorado String Quartet—An all-Haydn program. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

Cleveland Quartet—With Eugene Istomin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The sixth in a series of concerts, this one performed by the Smithson Quartet. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Arthur Haas—Harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Music Spectrum—Boris Berman, piano; members of the Yale School of Music faculty; and others, in a program commemorating the tenth anniversary of the death of Dmitri Shostakovich. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Milton Thomas—Viola. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Janos Starker—The second of two concerts presenting Bach's suites for unaccompanied cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

William Blaine—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Gidon Kremer and Daniel Phillips, violin; Kim Kashkashian, viola; and Yo-Yo Ma, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 29-30, at 8.)

American String Quartet—A Berg-Schubert program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—A program called "Berlin: The Cabaret Years," with Martha Schlamme, vocalist; Mineko Yajima, violin; Peter Rosenfeld, cello; and Cameron Grant and Elizabeth DiFelice, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Kiri Te Kanawa—Soprano, with Roger Vignoles, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Misha Dichter—The second in a series of three concerts, this one a program for solo piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—An all-Babbitt program, with Judith Bettina, soprano; John Sampen, saxophone; Sanford Sylvan, baritone; and David Starobin, classical guitarist. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Rudolf Firkusny and Lynn Harrell—Piano and cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

League-ISCM—A program of music by Susan Blaustein, Jeffrey Levine, and others, performed by Margaret Ahrens, soprano; the Atlantic String Quartet; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The fourth in a series of six concerts each featuring a guest violist, this one a Mozart-Dvořák program, with Kim Kashkashian. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Elmar Oliveira, violin; Robert Routch, horn; Emanuel Ax, piano; and members of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 5.)

Neal Lo Monaco—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Continuum—A program of music by Scott Joplin, George Gershwin, Duke Ellington, Aaron Copland, and others, performed by Jeannette Walters, soprano; Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano; the La Guardia School for the Arts Jazz Ensemble; and an orchestra conducted by Mr. Sachs. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Chamber Music at BAM—Miriam Fried, violin; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; and Garrick Ohlsson, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Downtown Chamber and Opera Players—Two programs of works by contemporary composers, influenced by jazz and popular music. Peter Maxwell Davies' "Yellow Cake Revue" (New York première) will be presented both evenings. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 26-27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 477-1594.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden:** Knicks vs. Indiana, Saturday, Jan. 26, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles Clippers, Monday, Jan. 28, at 7:30. . . . **Byrne Meadowlands Arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Los Angeles Clippers, Thursday, Jan. 31, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2.

Hockey—At **Madison Square Garden:** Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Jan. 24, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Sunday, Jan. 27, at 7:35. . . . **Nassau Coliseum:** Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Jan. 26, at 5:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **Byrne Meadowlands Arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Islanders, Friday, Feb. 1, at 7:35.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Assault Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 26.

Track—Wanamaker Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 25, at 6.)

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—David Leavitt reading from his own short stories. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8. No tickets necessary, but seating is limited.) . . . ¶ Grace Schulman and Edward Hirsch reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 28, at 8.) . . . ¶ Louise Erdrich reading from her own poetry and novels. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Grace Schulman and Philip Schultz reading from their own poetry. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Maxine Chernoff reading from her own poetry and David Leavitt reading from his own fiction. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Winter Antiques Show—The thirty-first annual show, featuring American and European furniture, paintings, silver, porcelain, and the like, assembled by seventy-two dealers. In addition, there will be a loan exhibit of ten American paintings from the Brandywine River Museum in Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania. A benefit for the East Side House Settlement. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Jan. 26, through Sunday, Feb. 3. Weekdays, 11 to 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)—Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2: English furniture, as well as rugs and decorations. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 28, at 2, and Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 10:15 and 2: The individual hand-colored aquatints from a complete set of John James Audubon's "The Birds of America." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 30-31, at 2: American eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese Export porcelain, from the Mottahedeh Collection. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 31, at 10:15 and 2: American silver and Chinese Export porcelain. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 26.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Jan. 24: "Transes" (1981; directed by Ahmed El Maanouni), a documentary.
Jan. 25: At 7:30, "Je Tu Il Elle" (1974; Chantal Akerman; in French); and at 9:30, "Film About a Woman Who . . ." (1974; Yvonne Rainer).
Jan. 26: At 4, A new film by Jackie Raynal and "Je Tu Il Elle;" at 7, "Committed" (1984; Sheila McLaughlin and Lynne Tillman); and at 9:30, "Invisible Adversaries" (1978; Valie Export).
Jan. 27: At 4, "Riddles of the Sphinx" (1977; Laura Mulvey and Peter Wollen); at 7, "Nightshift" (1981; Robina Rose); and at 9:15, "India Song" (1974; Marguerite Duras; in French).
Jan. 29: "Je Tu Il Elle" and "Film About a Woman Who . . ."
Jan. 30: "Committed" and "Riddles of the Sphinx."
Jan. 31: "India Song."
Feb. 1: At 7:30, "Committed;" and at 9:30, "Riddles of the Sphinx."
Feb. 2: At 4, "Nightshift;" at 7, "Je Tu Il Elle;" and at 9, A new film by Jackie Raynal and "Invisible Adversaries."

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Jan. 24: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.
From Jan. 25: "The Perils of Gwendoline" (Just Jaeckin), with Tawny Kitaen.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 24: "Micki & Maude" (†); and "The Survivors" (1983; Michael Ritchie), with Robin Williams and Walter Matthau.
From Jan. 25: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Flamingo Kid" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Starman" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Jan. 31: "Dune" (†).
From Feb. 1: "Heavenly Bodies" (Lawrence Dane), with Cynthia Dale.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Cotton Club" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Jan. 24: "Micki & Maude" (†).
From Jan. 25: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (John Schlesinger), with Timothy Hutton and Sean Penn.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Jan. 24: "Emmanuelle 4" (Francis Giacobetti), with Sylvia Kristel.
From Jan. 25: "The Perils of Gwendoline" (Just Jaeckin), with Tawny Kitaen.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Killing Fields" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Flamingo Kid" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.
Theatre 2: "Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 24: "Micki & Maude" (†). From Jan. 25: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 24: "Starman" (†). From Jan. 25: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (John Schlesinger), with Timothy Hutton and Sean Penn.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Jan. 23: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
Jan. 24-30: "Barry McKenzie Holds His Own" (1975; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Barry Humphries.
From Jan. 31: "Moving Out" (Michael Pattinson; an Australian film).

BARONET
CORONET
tom funk

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 13.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Blood Simple" (Joel Coen), with John Getz.
Theatre 2: "Birdy" (Alan Parker), with Matthew Modine and Nicolas Cage.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Maria's Lovers" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Nastassja Kinski and John Savage.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 24: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon. From Jan. 25: "Fandango" (Kevin Reynolds), with Kevin Costner.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Mrs. Soffel" (†).
Theatre 2: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"That's Dancing!" (Jack Haley, Jr.).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Flamingo Kid" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Cotton Club" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"A Soldier's Story" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Avenging Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Betsy Russell.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 24: "Walking the Edge" (Norbert Meisel), with Robert Forster. From Jan. 25: "Superstition."

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Chambre 666" (1982; directed by Wim Wenders; in several languages, with English subtitles), "Reverse Angle" (1982; Wim Wenders), and "A Short Confession by Luis Buñuel" (1980; Martine Lefevre; in French), three short films.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 29: "Falasha—Exile of the Black Jews" (Simcha Jacobovici), a documentary. Jan. 30-31: "All Nudity Shall Be Punished" (1973; Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese) and "Conjugal Warfare" (1975; Joaquim Pedro de Andrade; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). From Feb. 1: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" (1978; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese) and "Gabriela" (1984; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "L'Homme Blessé" (Patrice Chéreau; in French).
Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 24: "Emmanuelle 4" (Francis Giacobetti), with Sylvia Kristel. From Jan. 25: "Bizet's Carmen" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Choose Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
Theatre 3: "Maria's Lovers" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Nastassja Kinski and John Savage.
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 31: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn. From Feb. 1: "Man of Flowers" (Paul Cox; an Australian film), with Norman Kaye.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 24: "Kaddish" (Steve Brand), a documentary. From Jan. 25: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (John Schlesinger), with Timothy Hutton and Sean Penn.
Theatre 2: "That's Dancing!" (Jack Haley, Jr.).
Theatre 3: "Starman" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"That's Dancing!" (Jack Haley, Jr.).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A Passage to India" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Jan. 28: A festival of Simone Signoret films.
From Jan. 29: To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Stop Making Sense" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Mrs. Soffel" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "A Love in Germany" (Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault.
Theatre 2: "Man of Flowers" (Paul Cox; an Australian film), with Norman Kaye.
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Inheritors" (Walter Bannert; in German), with Nikolas Vogel.
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.
Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Cotton Club" (†).
Theatre 4: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre 1: "That's Dancing!" (Jack Haley, Jr.).
Theatre 2: "The Flamingo Kid" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 31: "Maria's Lovers" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Nastassja Kinski and John Savage. From Feb. 1: "Choose Me" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 24: "Pinocchio" (†). From Jan. 25: "Micki & Maude" (†) and "Body Double" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 24: "Avenging Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Betsy Russell. *From Jan. 25: "The Perils of* Gwendoline" (Just Jaeckin), with Tawny Kitaen.
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 24: "Walking the Edge" (Norbert Meisel), with Robert Forster. From Jan. 25: "Starman" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Johnny Dangerously" (directed *by Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.*
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 31: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds. From Feb. 1: "Heavenly Bodies" (Lawrence Dane), with Cynthia Dale.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 24: "Surf II: The Nerds Strike Back." From Jan. 25: "Runaway" (Michael Crichton), with Tom Selleck.
Theatre 4: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.
Theatre 5: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.
Theatre 6: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Starman" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 24: "Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg). From Jan. 25: "Micki & Maude" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "The Cotton Club" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Jan. 24: "Dune" (†).
From Jan. 25: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (John Schlesinger), with Timothy Hutton and Sean Penn.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Pinocchio" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 24: "The Mutilator" (Buddy Cooper). From Jan. 25: "Superstition."
Theatre 2: "Walking the Edge" (Norbert Meisel), with Robert Forster.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "The Flamingo Kid" (†).
Theatre 2: "Avenging Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Betsy Russell.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

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Theatre 1: Through Jan. 24: "Emmanuelle 4" (Francis Giacobetti), with Sylvia Kristel. From Jan. 25: "The Perils of Gwendoline" (Just Jaeckin), with Tawny Kitaen.
Theatre 2: "Maria's Lovers" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Nastassja Kinski and John Savage.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560); on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Jan. 31: "Repo Man" (1984; directed by Alex Cox), with Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton.
From Feb. 1: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Jan. 31: "Places in the Heart" (1984; Robert Benton), with Sally Field.
From Feb. 1: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 24: "The World According to Garp" (1982; George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams, Glenn Close, Mary Beth Hurt, and John Lithgow; and "The Hotel New Hampshire" (1984; Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges.
Jan. 25-26: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "A Man and a Woman" (1966; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
Jan. 27-29: "Barry Lyndon" (1975; Stanley Kubrick), with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson.
Jan. 30-31: "Contempt" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli; and "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina.
Feb. 1-2: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.

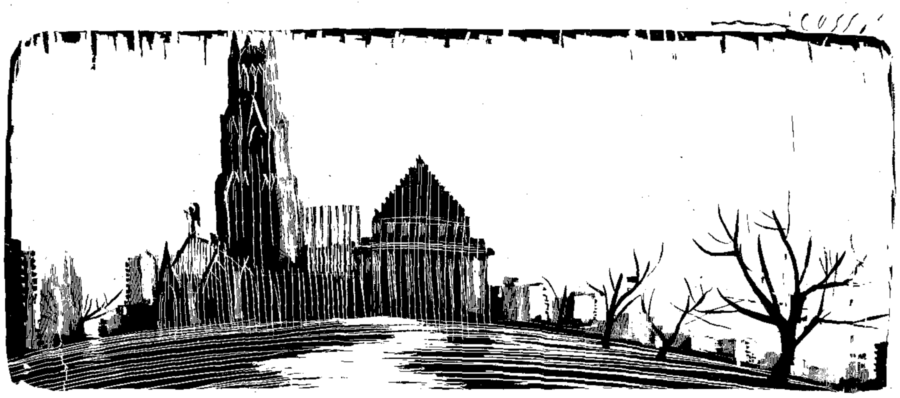
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Jan. 24: The Second U.S. Erotic Film Festival.
From Jan. 25: "Once Upon a Time in America" (1984; Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Jan. 23: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (1982; Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty; and "Top Secret" (1984; Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.
Jan. 24-26: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
Jan. 27-28: "The Thing" (1982; John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell; and "Dawn of the Dead" (1979; George A. Romero), with David Emge and Ken Foree.
Jan. 29-30: "Top Hat" (1935; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; and "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness.
Jan. 31-Feb. 2: "Fame" (1980; Alan Parker); and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Jan. 24: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Throne of Blood" (1957), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Jan. 25-26: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt; and "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones.
Jan. 27: "The Right Stuff" (1983; Philip Kaufman), with Sam Shepard, Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, and Scott Glenn.
Jan. 28-29: "Moulin Rouge" (1953 †) and "Lust for Life" (†).
Jan. 30-31: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
Feb. 1-2: "Under Fire" (1983; Roger Spottiswoode), with Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman, and Joanna Cassidy; and "Who'll Stop the Rain" (1978; Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Jan. 23: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Dick Powell, and Gloria Grahame; and "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957; Alexander Mackendrick), with Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, Martin Milner, Sam Levene, and Susan Harrison.
Jan. 24: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Woyzeck" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Eva Mattes.
Jan. 25: "The 4th Man" (1982; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch), with Jeroen Krabbé and Renée Soutendijk; and "A Woman in Flames" (1984; Robert Van Ackeren; in German), with Gudrun Landgrebe.
Jan. 26: "Under the Volcano" (1984; John Huston), with Albert Finney, Jacqueline Bisset, and Anthony Andrews; and "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright.
Jan. 27: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons; and "Tess" (†).
Jan. 28: "Autumn Sonata" (†) and "Face to Face" (†).
Jan. 29: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt; and "Between the Lines" (†).
Jan. 30: "In the White City" (1983; Alain Tanner; in Portuguese, French, and English, with English subtitles), with Bruno Ganz; and "The Left-Handed Woman" (†).
Jan. 31: "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale; and "Burden of Dreams" (1982; Les Blank), a documentary.
Feb. 1-2: "Don Giovanni" (1979; Joseph Losey; in Italian), with Ruggero Raimondi.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 24: "Lovely to Look At" (1952; Mervyn LeRoy), with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, and Marge and Gower Champion; and "Broadway Rhythm" (1944; Roy Del Ruth), with Ginny Simms and George Murphy.
Jan. 25-26: "Lady Be Good" (1941; Norman Z. McLeod), with Eleanor Powell, Robert Young, Ann Sothern, and Lionel Barrymore; and "Swing Time" (1936; George



Stevens), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness.

Jan. 27-28: "The Cat and the Fiddle" (†) and "Show Boat" (1936 †).

Jan. 29: "Look for the Silver Lining" (1949; David Butler), with June Haver and Ray Bolger; and "The Helen Morgan Story" (1957; Michael Curtiz), with Ann Blyth, Paul Newman, and Richard Carlson.

Jan. 30: "Centennial Summer" (1946; Otto Preminger), with Jeanne Crain, Cornel Wilde, Linda Darnell, William Eythe, and Walter Brennan; and "You Were Never Lovelier" (1942; William A. Seiter), with Rita Hayworth, Fred Astaire, and Adolphe Menjou.

Jan. 31: "Reckless" (1935; Victor Fleming), with Jean Harlow, William Powell, and Franchot Tone; and "The Flame Within" (†).

Feb. 1-2: "Show Boat" (1951 †) and "Till the Clouds Roll By" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Jan. 23: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French), with Léa Massari; and "Beau Père" (1981; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.

Jan. 24: "Peyton Place" (1957; Mark Robson), with Lana Turner, Hope Lange, and Arthur Kennedy; and "Valley of the Dolls" (1967; Mark Robson), with Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke, and Sharon Tate.

Jan. 25: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "A Brief Vacation" (1973; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Florinda Bolkan.

Jan. 26: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Dodes'ka-den" (1971; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

Jan. 27: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus;" and "The Missionary" (1982; Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith.

Jan. 28: "Permanent Vacation" (1980; Jim Jarmusch); and "Union City" (1980; Mark Reichert), with Dennis Lipscomb and Deborah Harry.

Jan. 29: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (1982; Joe Layton); and "Which Way Is Up?" (1977; Michael Schultz), with Richard Pryor.

Jan. 30: "Skidoo" (1969; Otto Preminger), with Jackie Gleason and Carol Channing; and "Head" (1968; Bob Rafelson), with the Monkees.

Jan. 31: "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs; and "The Balcony" (1963; Joseph Strick), with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, and Lee Grant.

Feb. 1: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns; and "Driller Killer" (1980; Abel Ferrara).

Feb. 2: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 23: "Ball of Fire" (1942; Howard Hawks), with Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper; and "Lady of Burlesque" (1943; William Wellman), with Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea, J. Edward Bromberg, and Iris Adrian.

Jan. 24: "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas; and "Two-Faced Woman" (1941; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett.

Jan. 25: "The Shout" (1979; Jerzy Skolimowski), with Alan Bates, Susannah York, and John Hurt; and "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.

Jan. 26: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film); and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

Jan. 27: "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru; and "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.

Jan. 28: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour; and "The Woman Next Door" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

Jan. 29: "Stella Dallas" (1937; King Vidor), with Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles, Tim Holt, and Marjorie Main; and "B.F.'s Daughter" (1948; Robert Z. Leonard), with Barbara Stanwyck and Van Heflin.

Jan. 30: "Anna Christie" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, and Marie Dressler; and "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.

Jan. 31: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (†); and "Summer and Smoke" (1961; Peter Glenville), with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel.

Feb. 1-2: "Murder Ahoy" (1964; George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple; and "Murder at the Gallop" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Jan. 24 at 2:30 and 6: A program called "A History of Camera Movement II." . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 2:30: "Nowhere to Go" (1958; directed by Seth Holt), with George Nader, Maggie Smith, and Bessie Love. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 6 and Jan. 26 at 2: "The Ladykillers" (1955; Alexander Mackendrick), with Katie Johnson, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, and Peter Sellers. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 5: "Nowhere to Go." . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 2: "The Maggie" (1954; Alexander Mackendrick), with Paul Douglas and Alex Mackenzie. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 5: "Scott of the Antarctic" (1948; Charles Frend), with John Mills, Derek Bond, Harold Warrender, and Kenneth More. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 2:30: "The Maggie." . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 6: "The Long Arm" (1956; Charles Frend), with Jack Hawkins and Dorothy Alison. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 2:30: "I Believe in You" (1952; Basil Dearden), with Cecil Parker, Celia Johnson, Godfrey Tearle, Harry Fowler, and Joan Collins. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 6: "The Scapegoat" (1959; Robert Hamer), with Alec Guinness, Bette Davis, and Irene Worth. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 2:30 and 6: A program called "A History of Camera Movement III." . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 2:30: "His Excellency" (1952; Robert Hamer), with Eric Portman and Cecil Parker. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 6 and Feb. 2 at 2: "Sammy Going South" (1963; Alexander Mackendrick), with Fergus McClelland, Edward G. Robinson, and Constance Cummings. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 5: "Dunkirk" (1958; Leslie Norman), with John Mills, Richard Attenborough, and Bernard Lee.

Theatre 2: Jan. 24 at 3 and 6:30: "Celso and Cora" (1983; Gary Kildea), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 3: "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish, with English subtitles), with Zbigniew Cybulski. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 6:30: "The White Sheik" (1951; Federico Fellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi and Brunella Bovo. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 2:30: "Millhouse: A White Comedy" (1971; Emile de Antonio). . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 5:30: "No-Man's Land" (1931; Victor Trivas; with German, French, and English dialogue), with Ernst Busch. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 3: "The Romantic Englishwoman" (1975; Joseph Losey), with Glenda Jackson, Michael Caine, and Helmut Berger. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 6:30: A program of films by Barbara Hammer, who will be present. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 3 and 6:30: "The African Queen" (1951; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 3 and 6:30: "Street Music" (1979; Nick Doob), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 3: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962; Sidney Lumet), with Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, and Jason Robards, Jr. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 6: "Bluebottles" (1928; Ivor Montagu) and "Day Dreams" (1928; Ivor Montagu), both with Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 2:30: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941; John Ford), with Walter Pidgeon, Roddy McDowall, and Maureen O'Hara. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 5:30: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with James Mason, Shelley Winters, Sue Lyon, and Peter Sellers.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A showing of more than twenty-one half-hour programs produced for "Paper Tiger Television," a weekly broadcast on cable public-access channels C and D, will be shown Tuesdays from 1:15 to 7:45, Wednesdays through Saturdays from 11:15 to 4:45, and Sundays from 12:15 to 5:45. Closed Mondays. On Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 6:30, a live "Paper Tiger Television" program will be presented, featuring Flo Kennedy. Seating will be first-come, first-served.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Waverly, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Autumn Sonata (1978)—Eva (Liv Ullmann), the spiritually distraught, dowdy wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her majestically worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. Ingmar Bergman's whole film is like the grievances of someone who has just gone into therapy—Mother did this to me, she did that to me, and that and that and that. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. In Swedish. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 28.)

Between the Lines (1977)—Directed by Joan Micklin Silver, from a screenplay by Fred Barron, about a spirited underground Boston weekly called the *Back Bay Mainline.* Mrs. Silver's film is anecdotal and illustrative, crammed with good characters. The plot is engagingly unaggressive and unsystematic, leading to a climax in which the newspaper is bought by a ruthless smoothie in a tie and a suit who is ready to sack and replace the whole raffish staff. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 29.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. And, with Murphy busting his sides laughing in self-congratulation, the camera jammed into his tonsils, damned if the audience doesn't whoop and carry on as if, yes, this is a wow of a comedy. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

Bizet's Carmen—Directed by Francesco Rosi, this version has a clean, raw vivacity and is supremely romantic. Julia Migenes-Johnson's Carmen revitalizes the story. Her strutting, her dark, messy frizzy hair—her sexual availability—attract the middle-class clod Don José (Plácido Domingo) and drive him crazy. Rosi lets the music carry the passion; what he supplies is ideal conditions for the viewer to experience the opera as a totality. Rosi's handling suggests the most fluently

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stylized movie musicals. With Faith Esham as Micaëla and Ruggero Raimondi as Escamillo. In French. (10/29/84) (Greenwich Playhouse; starting Jan. 25.)

Body Double—Brian De Palma, working with material that he has grown past: a murder mystery set in L.A., in the overlapping worlds of "serious" acting and performing in porno films. The big, showy scenes recall "Vertigo" and "Rear Window" so obviously that the movie is like an assault on the people who have put De Palma down for being derivative. Things pick up close to the midway point, when Melanie Griffith arrives and gives a tickling performance as Holly Body, a porno star with a punk-vamp haircut and a sprig of holly tattooed on her rump. But most of the movie lacks zest. With Craig Wasson, Deborah Shelton, and Gregg Henry. (11/12/84) (Olympia Quad; starting Jan. 25.)

The Cat and the Fiddle (1934)—Ramon Novarro is a disaster, but Jeanette MacDonald has some nice light-comedy scenes, and this M-G-M musical, based on a Broadway show, has pace and flavor. With Charles Butterworth doing one of his classic befuddled roles, Vivienne Segal, Frank Morgan, and Jean Hersholt. A good score by Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach that includes "The Night Was Made for Love" and "Poor Pierrot." Directed by William K. Howard. (Regency; Jan. 27-28.)

Choose Me—Written and directed by Alan Rudolph, this romantic comedy-fantasy is about a group of lovers whose madnesses and illusions interlock, and it's giddy in a magical, pseudo-sultry way. And though you can't always tell the intentional humor from the unintentional, this low-budget picture has a marvellous cast, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, Geneviève Bujold, Rae Dawn Chong, and Keith Carradine. (12/24/84) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Feb. 1.)

The Cotton Club—The only goal of the director, Francis Coppola, seems to be to keep the imagery rushing by—for dazzle, for spectacle. The action is centered on the famous Harlem late-night supper club—a speakeasy with a great floor show, in which "colored" headliners performed for a white clientele. There's so much going on you can't take your eyes off it, but none of it means anything. Richard Gere flashes a pretty smile and is more agreeable than usual, and a few of the actors playing mobsters—Julian Beck, Bob Hoskins, and Fred Gwynne—seem to be invincible. But from the way Coppola directs the cast here, people exist to reflect light. With Lonette McKee, Nicolas Cage, Gregory and Maurice Hines, Diane Lane, James Remar, Gwen Verdon, Honi Coles, and Joe Dallesandro. (1/7/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

Dune—David Lynch directed, and he did the adaptation of Frank Herbert's ecological sci-fi fantasy, but he doesn't make the story his own. Lynch lays out Herbert's grandiose vision of a galactic system, and hordes of characters parcelled out over four planets, and a messiah who is preordained to lead the righteous in a holy war. The movie is heavy on exposition, and the story isn't dramatized—it's merely acted out (and hurried through), in a series of scenes that are like illustrations. With Kenneth McMillan, Sting, Brad Dourif, Linda Hunt, Leonardo Cimino, Alicia Roanne Witt, Sian Phillips, Max von Sydow, Francesca Annis, José Ferrer, Freddie Jones, Richard Jordan, Virginia Madsen, Everett McGill, Dean Stockwell, Sean Young, Silvano Mangano, Jürgen Prochnow, Paul L. Smith, Jack Nance, and Kyle MacLachlan as the warrior messiah. (12/24/84) (Movieland; through Jan. 24. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Jan. 31.)

Face to Face (1976)—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). Her skill lies in hauling others out of nightmares without falling prey to them herself. Why, then, does she take a near-fatal overdose of sleeping pills? Bergman makes it seem no enigma that this apparently reposeful woman is within reach of the long arm of blight. The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 28.)

The Flame Within (1935)—A fancy bummer, written and directed by Edmund Goulding, with Ann Harding, in her most solemn pulpit manner, playing an analyst who falls in love with her patient. The complications are well-nigh endless. This ultraserious study of dipsomania, erotomania, and acute melancholia manages to have a little incidental music by Jerome Kern. With Herbert Marshall, Louis Hayward, and Maureen O'Sullivan. (Regency; Jan. 31.)

The Flamingo Kid—With Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna, directed by Garry Marshall. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gramercy, Gotham Cinema, U. A. 85th St. East, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

The Killing Fields—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his début as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Sutton, Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

The Left-Handed Woman (1980)—Peter Handke wrote and directed this moving, mysterious film about a young German wife and mother living near Paris who suddenly understands that she must live apart from her husband and from almost everyone else in the world. Watching it, we struggle a little at first against such an all-encompassing alienation, but the beautifully photographed (by Robby Müller) quiet scenes and the thrilling pauses of the movie, to say nothing of the presence and gravity of Edith Clever in the central role, silence and reward us with the unanswerable logic of art. With Bruno Ganz, Markus Mühleisen, and Bernhard Minetti. In German. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 30.)

Lust for Life (1956)—Unlike the usual Hollywood lives of artists, this biographical movie about Vincent van Gogh (Kirk Douglas) and his loneliness and his frustrated attempt at friendship with Gauguin (Anthony Quinn) is thoughtful, ambitious in a dedicated way, and remarkably free of howlers. Perhaps just because it is so concerned with fidelity to the facts, it's less exciting than one might hope; something seems to be missing (a unifying dramatic idea, perhaps). The cast includes James Donald, Pamela Brown, Henry Daniell, Lionel Jeffries, Jill Bennett, and Everett Sloane. Vincente Minnelli directed. Norman Corwin adapted Irving Stone's best-selling biography. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 28-29.)

Micki & Maude—With Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking; directed by Blake Edwards. (Reviewed in this issue.) (St. Marks Cinema, 34th St. East, and Baronet; through Jan. 24. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad, and Embassy; starting Jan. 25.)

Mrs. Soffel—This love story with a Victorian madwoman heroine is based on an actual case that goes back to 1902, when the wife of the warden of the Allegheny County Jail in Pittsburgh helped two prisoners—the Biddle brothers—escape from Murderers' Row, and ran off with them. Diane Keaton has some startling moments as the sickly, frustrated, unstable Kate Soffel; Mel Gibson is superb as the passionate opportunist Ed Biddle, and Matthew Modine is very fine as his younger brother Jack. The young Australian director Gillian Armstrong doesn't lay out the reasons for what happens; she evokes them partially, suggestively. The themes don't fully emerge, but there isn't a single image that looks ordinary or stale. With Edward Herrmann. (1/7/85) (Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec

(José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric theme song in a dubbed voice. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 28-29.)

Murder at the Gallop (1963)—Modest, relaxed follow-up to "Murder She Said." Margaret Rutherford again as Agatha Christie's dotty, blustering Miss Marple; she rides a horse in this one and does the Twist, as well as attempting to solve crimes. With Robert Morley, Flora Robson, Stringer Davis, James Villiers, and Duncan Lamont. George Pollock directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 1-2.)

A Passage to India—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragicomedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. He enlarges the scale of Forster's irony, and the characters live in more sumptuous settings than we might have expected. But they do live. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. If Lean's technique is to simplify and to spell everything out in block letters, this kind of clarity has its own formal strength. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified or that it's like a well-cared-for, beautifully oiled machine, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so. Having built up to the courtroom drama, Lean isn't able to regain a narrative flow when it's over; the emotional focus is gone, and the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. With the exception of Alec Guinness (whose caricature of an inscrutable Brahmin is simply in the wrong movie), the cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox as the dogged liberal Fielding and Nigel Havers as Ronny, and also Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz as Stella. Cinematography by Ernest Day; music by Maurice Jarre; production design by John Box. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (Ziegfeld.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids, though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Jan. 24.)

Show Boat (1936)—This classic musical-melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs and the novelistic Edna Ferber plot, full of heartbreaks and miscegenation and coincidences, is hard to resist in any of its versions. This one from Universal has a believability that was lost in the 1951 M-G-M version (see below). It features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson singing "Ol' Man River," and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan, who sings "Bill" and "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man." James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, Donald Cook, and Queenie Smith. The screenplay is by Oscar Hammerstein II, from the 1927 Ziegfeld musical that Kern and he wrote, based on the Ferber novel. The lyrics for "Bill" were written by P. G. Wodehouse. (Regency; Jan. 27-28.)

Show Boat (1951)—The most lavish and least convincing of the three movie versions of Edna Ferber's novel, with the singing valentine Kathryn Grayson mangling the Jerome Kern songs. Marge and Gower Champion come through with some lively dancing, but almost everyone else sinks. Howard Keel is too good for what he's given to do, Ava Gardner (at her most beautiful as Julie) looks as if she's dying to parody her lines, and Joe E. Brown is allowed only one brief dance. With William Warfield, Robert Sterling, and a shameful performance by the miscast Agnes Moorehead. George Sidney directed. (Regency; Feb. 1-2.)

A Soldier's Story—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster (Adolph Caesar) has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play," and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is like the trumped-up, creaky yet powerful socially conscious plays-into-movies of the past. But the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," and he has also given it a beautiful sense of pace. With Denzel Washington, Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, David Harris, and Dennis Lipscomb. (11/26/84) (86th St. East, Quad Cinema, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy.)

Starman—With Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen, directed by John Carpenter. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Jan. 24. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Jan. 25.)

Stop Making Sense—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment. The sound is better than live sound—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. (11/26/84) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Sweet Bird of Youth (1962)—Paul Newman as the gigolo Chance Wayne, and Geraldine Page as the battered, fading star Alexandra Del Lago, in Richard Brooks' slicked-up version of Tennessee Williams' flamboyant pop fantasy. This hysterical twaddle features a sadistic attack on Newman, engineered by Ed Begley, a crooked political boss, and a climactic telephone soliloquy by Miss Page. Shirley Knight, Rip Torn, and Mildred Dunnock are also involved in the madness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 31.)

Tess (1980)—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. For a reader, the shock of the 1891 book is that Tess isn't simply a woman at the mercy of men, society, and nature; she's also at the mercy of her own passions. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) is strictly a victim of men and social conventions. The film takes a sympathetic, feminist position toward her—in a narrow and demeaning sense. She isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson, Peter Firth, John Collin, Tony Church, and just about everyone else in the supporting cast. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 27.)

Till the Clouds Roll By (1946)—This monster thing, spawned at M-G-M, was meant to be the life of Jerome Kern. Robert Walker was the actor given the role (unlucky Walker was also miscast as Brahms), and he was surrounded by an all-star troupe that included Judy Garland, Lena Horne, Van Johnson, Dinah Shore, Tony Martin, June Allyson, and Frank Sinatra, who, in perhaps the most ill-conceived sequence in this staggeringly ill-conceived venture, sings "Ol' Man River" in white tie and white tails. There are twenty-two songs by Kern, most of them reasonably well performed, but not one performed memorably. Richard Whorf directed; Vincente Minnelli staged some of the sequences. (Regency; Feb. 1-2.)

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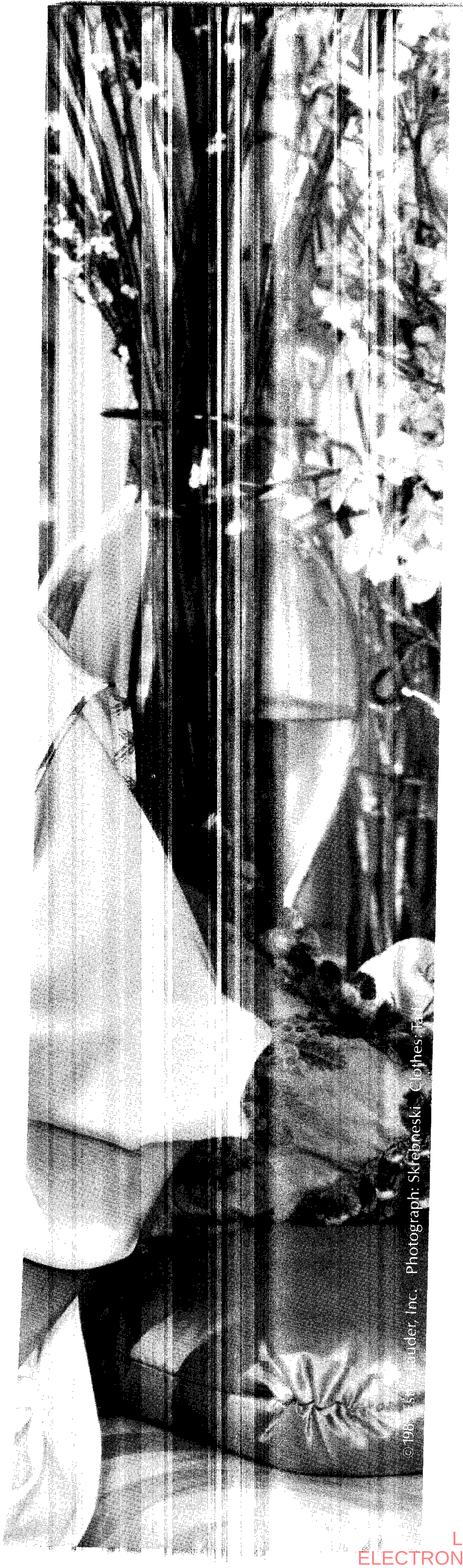

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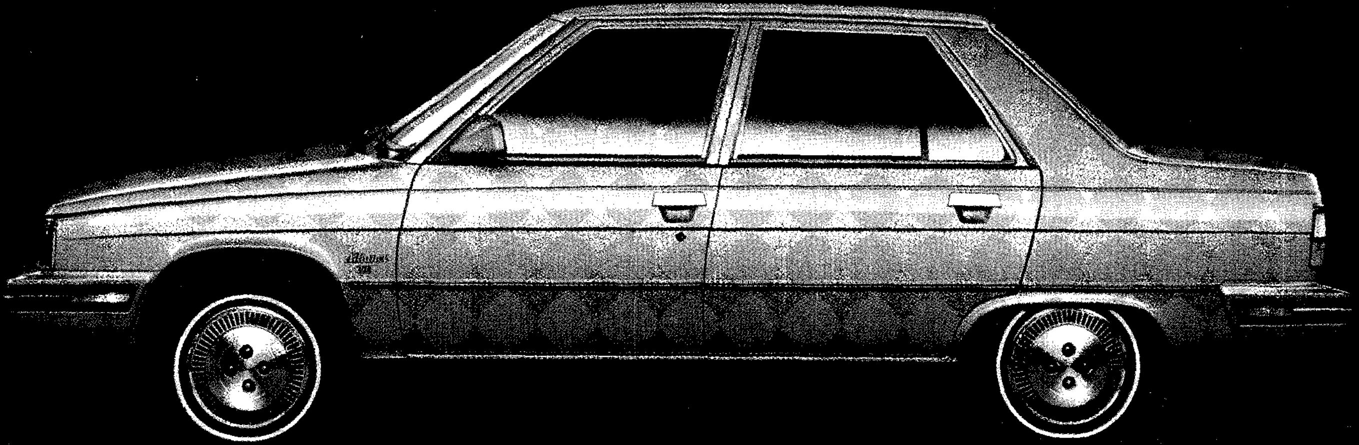

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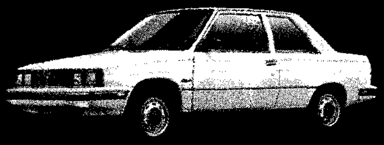

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

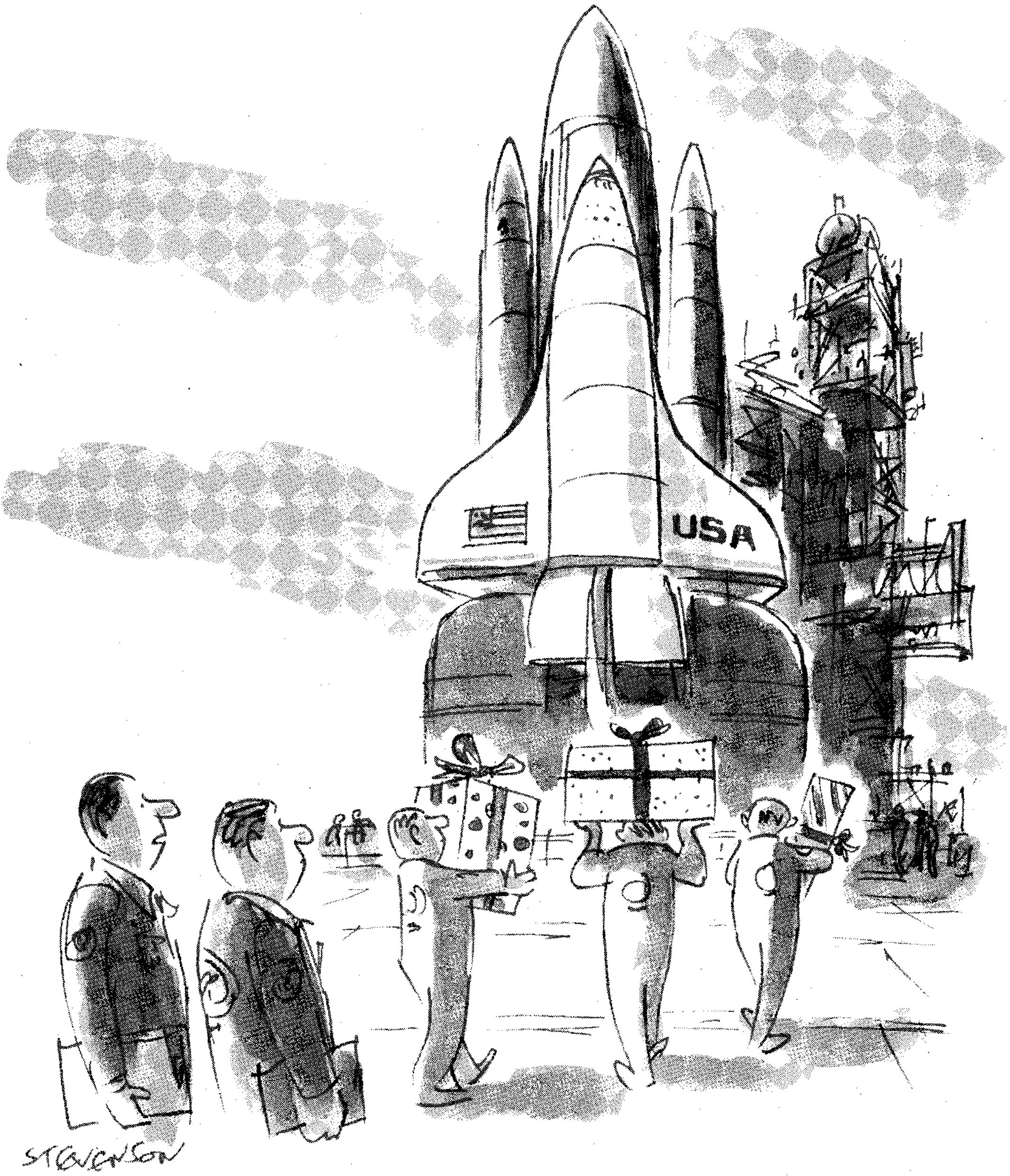
Notes and Comment

FOR almost fifty years, this magazine has occupied offices in a building whose lobby serves as an arcade connecting West Forty-third Street and West Forty-fourth Street. The building was put up in the nineteen-twenties by James T. Lee, a prominent lawyer and real-estate developer of the day (later to become a grandfather of Jacqueline Onassis). Mr. Lee took great pride in his buildings. In the case of No. 25, he commissioned Starrett & Van Vleck, a leading architectural firm, to draw up the plans; it provided a red brick exterior vaguely Georgian in style and a lobby with classical barrel vaulting and an appropriate amplitude of marble and travertine. Until a few years ago, a painting of Mr. Lee was to be seen in the lunette above the Forty-third Street entrance; it depicted him scrutinizing the plans for the building as they lay unfurled on his desk, much as Julius II might have scrutinized Michelangelo's plans for the improvement of the Sistine Chapel.

West Forty-fourth Street has always conveyed an air of quiet, unassuming dignity, in part because it is a street dominated by clubs, hotels, and institutions, most of them dating back at least to the turn of the century. In the block between Fifth and Sixth Avenues stand the mansard-roofed Mansfield Hotel, an architectural echo of *la belle époque;* the General Society of Mechanics & Tradesmen, bearing a frieze borrowed, on a much reduced scale, from the Parthenon; the Harvard Club; Touro College, which was built as the Yale Club; the New York Yacht Club; the Royalton Hotel; the Algonquin Hotel; and the august limestone-and-granite pile that houses the Association of the Bar of the City of New York. In the block west of Sixth Avenue we find the Belasco Theatre; the 123 Building, formerly the high-and-mighty Hotel Langwell; the Manhattan Church of the Nazarene, formerly the Lambs Club, designed by Stanford White; the Hudson Theatre; and a small cluster of once fashionable buildings, a couple of which have recently been occupied by "S.R.O." hotels. In reference to a hit play on nearby Broadway, "S.R.O." would mean "standing room only," but in this instance the initials mean "single-room occupancy"—a convenient euphemism for hotels that are often used as shelters for people homeless and on welfare.

Quiet and unassuming West Forty-fourth Street? Yes, but we live, as we all know, in an age of ever-increasing vandalism, and just over two weeks ago a violent act of vandalism was perpetrated on West Forty-fourth Street, placing in jeopardy the lives of hundreds of people in the neighborhood. Around six in the evening, in the midwinter dark, at an hour when no demolition of property may ordinarily be carried out in the city, a big crane and a wrecking crew moved into the street and started knocking down four buildings, including two untenanted S.R.O. hotels. The crew had never been issued a demolition permit, nor had it troubled to arrange for the gas and water lines to be turned off. The crane smashed through the outer walls of the buildings and began yanking the guts of the buildings into the street. If a spark had happened to ignite the gas in the lines, a fearful explosion could have taken place. Soon a neighbor, in understandable panic, telephoned the police, and a squad car arrived in time to prevent a major catastrophe. The street, already filled with rubble, and therefore impassable, was officially sealed off.

Now, what was going on here? This was obviously a perhaps unprecedented act of large-scale vandalism, or even terrorism, but it wasn't ideological in nature, as it might have been in the Middle East or in Northern Ireland. On the contrary, it was vandalism based on nothing more complicated than greed—the greed of somebody so eager to make a financial killing that he appears to have ignored the possibility that the actual killing of human beings might be involved. According to what has emerged in the press so far, a developer had been assembling a large parcel of land in the area, including the four buildings that the wrecking crew went to work on. Around the same time, the City Council was set to consider a measure declaring an eighteen-month-long moratorium on the demolition or conversion of S.R.O. hotels. As it was proposed, the measure would be retroactive to a date that would make it impossible for two of the four buildings to be torn down; if the buildings remained, the developer would fail in his intention to erect a vast high-rise structure on the site. Hence



"I suspect we're being misled about the nature of the payload."

• •

the wrecking crew. Hence the exposed gas and water lines. Hence the rubble in the street, falling among passersby.

The city has filed a ten-million-dollar suit against whoever may turn out to be responsible for the crime. At the moment, no one seems to know who is responsible. The apparent owner named in the city's complaint has denied any responsibility for the demolition. The demolition company named has declined to comment. To cover the perplexity, the city's complaint also refers to "John Doe" and "Jane Doe." If so wanton an act could be carried out on West Forty-fourth Street, a few yards from Times Square, how readily it could be carried out anywhere in the five boroughs! It is plain that the party or parties eventually found guilty must be punished by more than the mere payment of fines. Meanwhile, our old, beloved Forty-fourth Street isn't, and won't be, quite what it was.

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Boats

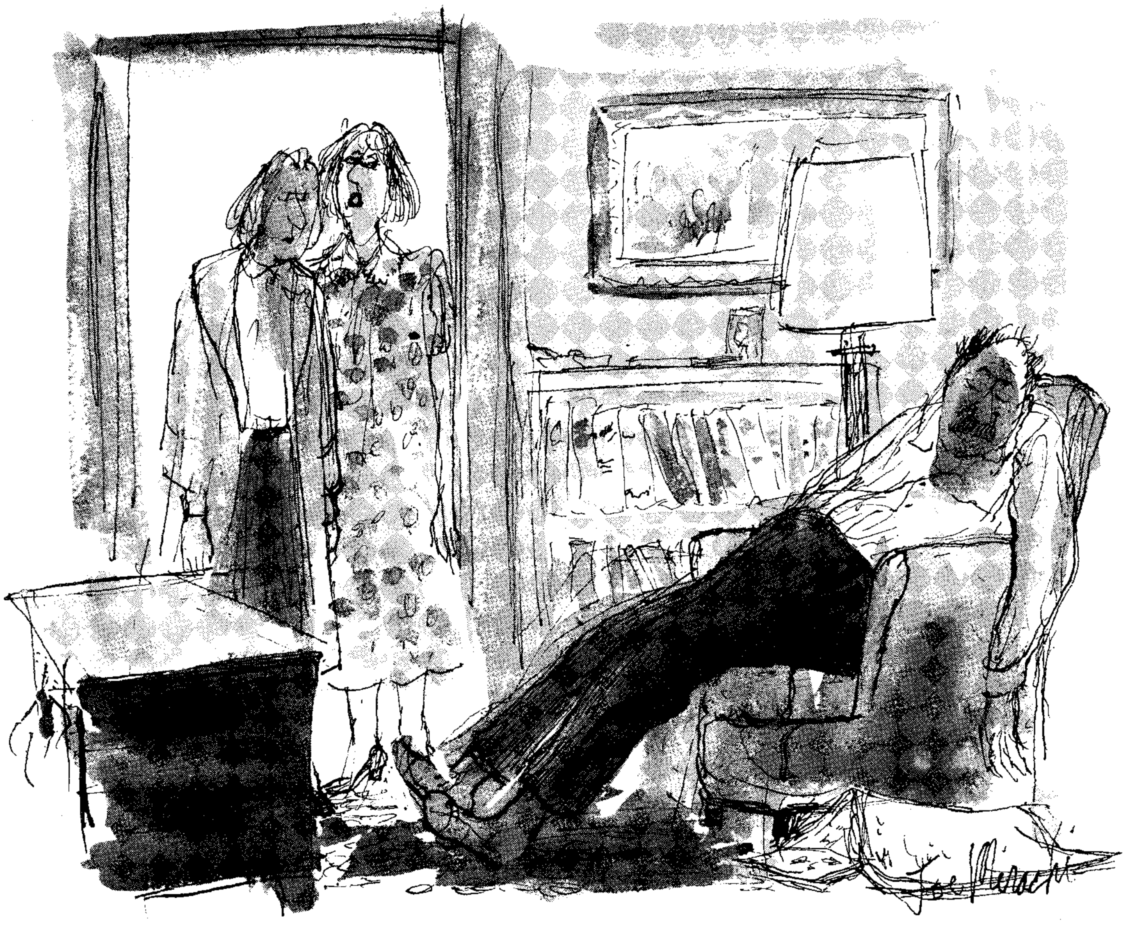
OUR friend the out-of-town sailor breezed through Manhattan for his annual look at the National Boat Show (recently at the Coliseum) and dropped off the following report:

This was the seventy-fifth New York Boat Show since the series began, in 1905, and the show's management took the dangerous step of marking the occasion with a small display of antique motorboats and marine equipment—dangerous because some of the early boats on view have the kind of warm, come-hither glow to them which seems to be the exclusive property of varnished wood, a substance as rare as diamonds aboard most modern pleasure craft. The first boat visible—it was in the Coliseum's lobby—was a twenty-five-foot naphtha-driven launch named Anita, a dainty, slender runabout sporting a scallop-edged fabric awning. She certainly carries her years gracefully: according to a press release, she was exhibited in the first New York show, at which time she was already three years old. Several thousand naphtha launches were built, but, partly because of the volatility of the fuel, a close relative of cleaning fluid, only half a dozen survive today. The other old-time boats were tucked away on a sort of mezzanine annex of the Coliseum's ground floor, and chief among them was a handsome 1931 Chris-Craft speedboat, the property of Mr. G. Dale Murray, who is the chairman of the board of Murray Chris-Craft—one of a very few marine firms to have bridged the eighty-year chasm from the first show to this one. Another fascinating part of the antique exhibit consisted of outboard motors, mostly from the early years of the century—no-nonsense, solid-looking contrivances that were among the most fragile and temperamental pieces of machinery ever fabricated by man.

Out on the floors devoted to contemporary boats and equipment, the trend toward faster powerboats and ever more elaborate electronic devices seemed to press on unabated. At least one boat on display, the Hustler 32 Limited Edition, has recorded speeds of over a hundred miles an hour; the prospect of a number of such conveyances loose on the waterways may give one pause—especially since no license of any kind is required for driving them. The Hustler comes equipped with mirrors on the cabin overhead and a bar, so one may conclude that serious racers are not the only customers the builder has in mind.

Among the electronic navigation devices at the show, some of the most arresting were the new depth recorders, which paint a cross-section of the sea bottom, often in several shades, on a constantly unrolling paper scroll. The result, given properly craggy topography, can be weirdly beautiful—and useful, too, presumably. The talking instruments that were the epitome of progress a couple of years ago seem to have largely vanished, however. I remember a depth sounder that would groan "Too deep," over and over, when it reached the end of its scale, and I remember thinking what an unpleasant shipmate it would make. Perhaps other people thought so, too.

Somewhere in every boat show is at least one craft designed—according to its builder—to do everything. This year, it was the Saroca, a sixteen-and-a-half-foot vessel that called to mind a modernistic canoe well along in pregnancy: very narrow at the ends but with a marked bulge just aft of amidships. Two small cockpits at bow and stern could accommodate paddlers, while a much larger one, occupying most of the middle of the boat, could take an oarsman's fixed or sliding seat, or a couple of sleeping bags flanking a dagger-board trunk, sort of like a hollow bundling board. With its several options, the boat is supposed to be suited for sailing, rowing, and canoeing (hence "Saroca"), and for fishing, hunting, and camping. One may also attach a small outboard motor (an addition that might reasonably yield "Sarocamo," or maybe "Ousaroca"). Unlike many such combinative efforts, the Saroca looked as if, in the hands of a reasonably skilled operator, it might do most, if not quite all, the things claimed for it.



"Super Bowl XIX is history, and Edgar has settled down for his long winter's nap."

Philosophically opposed to the protean Saroca is the serious rowing boat, which seems to be enjoying a small revival: three purveyors of these craft were exhibiting their wares side by side at the show. The vessels obviously derive from the one-man and two-man shells of competitive rowing, but the varnished brightwork hulls of a generation ago have inevitably given way to fibre glass. The spoon-bladed wooden oars look the same as they used to, though—better, in some cases—and they help make up for the hulls' rather antiseptic appearance. The boats themselves are somewhat more seaworthy than their ancestors were, mostly because of flotation material, but their outrigger rowlocks, their sliding seats, and their extremely narrow beam combine to keep them firmly in the class of single-purpose small craft. Though the mariners who use them may not be offshore yachtsmen in the usual sense of that term, there is surely a spiritual similarity between the sailor who races to Bermuda and, say, the lone rowers who regularly take their Alden Singles (sixteen feet by twenty-five inches) from the New Hampshire shore to the Isles of Shoals, six miles out in the North Atlantic; or Rob Jackson and John Aaranson, who have raced their Small Craft Double (twenty-four feet by thirty inches) thirty-six statute miles from Catalina Island, off the California coast, to Marina del Rey, on the mainland, at an average speed of nearly seven miles per hour. To someone like me, whose normal idyll afloat is that of Kenneth Grahame's Water Rat—"simply messing about in boats"—this sort of single-minded endeavor is unappealing, but the purposeful elegance of the rowing boats on view set my adrenaline pumping so vigorously that several large tots of grog were indicated, not to slow the pulse so much as to paralyze the check-writing hand. In the end, only the grim prospect of Columbus Circle in January could shatter the spell—and for many glassy-eyed visitors, stumbling into the dusk with their sackfuls of bright-colored literature, it was obviously too late.

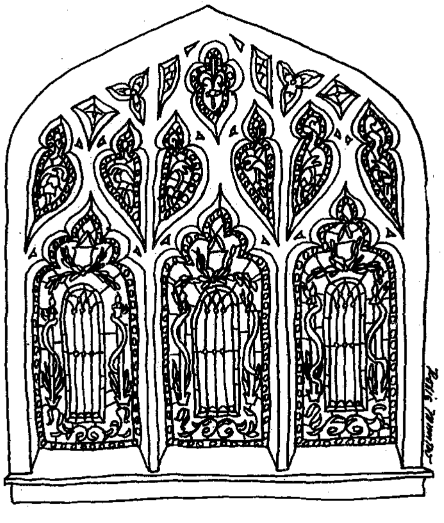
Halley's Comet

An astrophysicist friend writes: Beginning with the blast-off of two Soviet rockets, last month, a total of five spacecraft are being launched from the planet Earth to rendezvous with Halley's Comet. The comet makes its once-in-a-lifetime visit to the solar neighborhood about every seventy-six years, and, this trip, it will be nearest the sun on February 9, 1986. The spacecraft will come up with it about a month later. Until now, astronomers have had to settle for earthbound views of Halley's and the thousand-odd other comets recorded over the centuries.

Comets, throughout history, have stirred up all sorts of speculations and fancies: views of comets as pieces of planets, as orbiting hailstorms, as dirty snowballs; views of comets as omens of defeat in battle or of the untimely demise of an emperor; views of comets as carriers of flu, as sowers of life on earth; theories that it was a comet that signalled the Norman invasion, that served as the Star of Bethlehem, that brought on the bubonic plague, that blackened the sky and killed off the dinosaurs; comparisons of a comet's head to the eye of an ox and its tail to the fan of a peacock; drawings of angry comets splitting the earth while the moon looks on merrily; sweepstakes on guessing the date of a comet's arrival. Fitted out with various scientific instruments, the five spacecraft—the two from Russia (both of which contain United States contributions), two from Japan, and one from a consortium of countries in Europe—are expected to find out at close range exactly what a comet is and does, and to radio their data back to Earth, ninety-one million miles away.

Halley's Comet is special in several respects. Its orbit, which reaches past Neptune at the farthest point, is still sufficiently small to have been well charted, but its flashy display is more like that of "younger" comets, of much larger orbits and less frequent appearances. Halley's is the first comet whose periodic sightings were reckoned to be returns of the same object. Taking the credit for this idea was Edmond Halley, scientist extraordinaire and general snooper: an Englishman who measured the areas of counties by cutting up the map and weighing the pieces, and who figured out a scheme for the first life-insurance tables; a man who persuaded his colleague Isaac Newton to finish the "Principia" and dogged him into inserting an exhausting section on comets in its second edition. For thousands of years before Halley's work, people believed that every comet streaking through the solar system was on a one-way trip. When Halley took up comets, his friend Newton, having just discovered the law of gravity, explained to him that comets, like all bodies orbiting the sun, ought to have trajectories in one of four shapes: hyperbola, parabola, circle, or ellipse. The first two don't turn around and close on themselves; the last two do. Halley looked into the latter possibility and convinced himself that comets recorded in 1531, 1607, and 1682 (this one seen by him at age twenty-six) were the same object, orbiting the sun in an elongated ellipse. Halley's triumph, which he was not around to enjoy, was the dutiful return of his comet in December of 1758, as he had predicted.

Last time through, in 1910, Halley was three days behind schedule. This couldn't be explained just on the basis of a planetlike orbit about the sun, and gave rise to the prevailing "dirty snowball" theory of comets. According to this theory, deep inside a comet's head is a solid nucleus, a few miles in diameter, that is made of ice, dust, and minerals. As a comet nears the sun, the ice and dust on its sunny side evaporate and stream off, nudging the comet in the opposite direction. This additional rocketlike force on a comet can account for its off-cue behavior. These same vapors boiled out of the tiny nucleus create the comet's head and its tail, which can trail on in a flimsy wisp for many millions of miles. Zipping through the solar system as it does, with a body larger than the sun's and a total mass far smaller than the moon's, a comet has more style than substance. No one knows for sure how big the central snowball is, or even whether there is one, but the cameras on the spacecraft should find out.

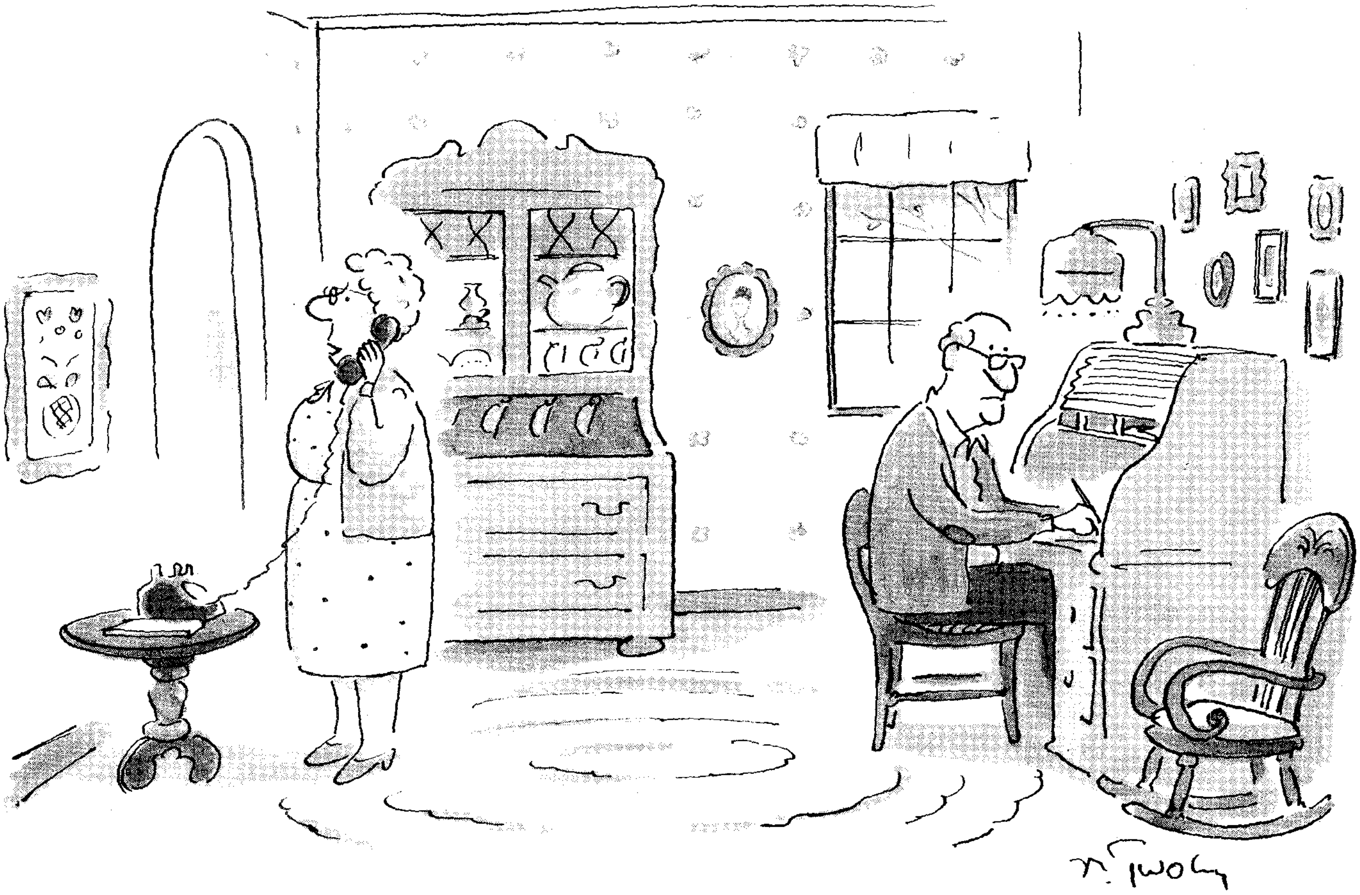


The thing that many scientists will be waiting for is news of precisely what's inside a comet's nucleus. If comets condensed out of the same embryonic gas and dust as our solar system did, they will still contain those ingredients in their original form. Planets and moons, heated by the sun and squeezed by their own weight, have melted and congealed, and so blurred the record of their birth, but comets spend most of their time far from the sun and have little weight to support. Comets, therefore, could shed light on the origin of the solar system.

As I, like others, look forward to the beamed-down photographs and chemical readouts of Halley's Comet, what strikes me is the mission's lack of practical value. At a cost of hundreds of millions of dollars, the world will not learn new methods for producing plastics, will not get back better silicon computer chips grown in space or new communication networks. The countries involved are not likely to boost their national prestige nearly so much as we and the Russians did in the frantic post-Sputnik race to space. And comets are poor places to put military bases. All we'll get is a better hold on this strange universe we find ourselves in—like my four-year-old daughter, who knows nothing of plastics or politics but who asks questions about the world ("Why is the sky up and not down?" "Where does the rain come from?") and is comforted and delighted by the answers.

Up Front

GO out in the driveway and lift the bonnet on the Rolls. Either one, the Corniche or the Silver Shadow—it doesn't matter. Now look at the back of the radiator grille for a couple of letters stamped in the steel. If it says "TT," your grille was personally assembled over the course of an entire day by Tony Kent, one of ten workmen in the Rolls grille shop at Crewe, in Cheshire, and a fan of American football, which comes on the telly Sunday nights. "I used to think it was a sissy game, because they all wore pads everywhere," Mr. Kent ("Tony, really") said, in a broad North Country accent. "What I've decided is, the guy who has the best job is the one



"Oh, everything is just fine. Yes, I'm still with Edward."

• •

who runs on the field every so often and kicks the ball. They can make two hundred thousand dollars, I hear. And most of them are English."

Tony, on tour in America to promote his company's cars, walked us through Carriage House Motor Cars, on East Sixty-first Street, the other morning. Banks of lights made the polished cars in the showroom glow as if they'd been rubbed with suntan lotion, but Tony had eyes only for the grilles. Occasionally, he'd summon a salesman and ask him to open a hood. "I wouldn't know how, myself," he said. "I've never driven a car in my life. I get to work on my moped." One look inside, and he would tell us who had made the grille. " 'DD'—that's Dennis Jones," he said after inspecting a Silver Shadow. "He's been there a bit longer than me. It's a small department where I work, and there's no aggro—that means aggravation—at all. Everyone thinks they do the best job, naturally, but you can't tell one from another unless you look inside. Here's a 'W'—that's a lad named Derek. Moulton's his last name, and the 'M' upside down is a 'W.' He works nights. I taught him. In fact, I was *his* apprentice when I worked at British Rail, and then he came to Rolls—it's all turnabouts and swings. This 'Q,' it's Bob Selway. He's the oldest in the shop—about fifty-six. And this here is an 'R.' That's Ian Mumford. He's the newest—only eighteen months—but it's a good job. I imagine it's a little boring for the young lads. They've just come from day school or night school, they know everything there is to know, and now they're doing the same old thing all day. It bores them, doesn't it? But when you get to my stage—I'm forty-five—it doesn't seem boring. If I wasn't doing this, I'd be doing something else, wouldn't I? I hope I would, anyway."

Assembling the eleven-piece grille frame (the ribs in its center and the Flying Lady hood ornament are handled by different unions) requires a morning of hand shaping and filing and an afternoon of soldering. Though all the surfaces look flat, they are actually bowed several degrees. "It's called entasis—it goes back to when they built the Parthenon," Tony said. "It's curved, so it looks flat. If it was flat, it'd look curved." He showed us his soldering iron, his rasps and files, and the six-inch steel rule he's used since he was a fifteen-year-old apprentice; he was carrying his tools in a New York Hilton laundry bag. "This trip to America is like a dream," he said. "Of the ten of us, six put our names in the hat to go, and the foreman drew me. The others aren't jealous, so long as I bring them something back. Sometimes it's been quite embarrassing. I was at an auto show in California showing how I solder a grille. And people were applauding. To me, it's only an ordinary job." We were standing in front of a hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars' worth of lustrous green Corniche. "They don't give you one of these for working there," Tony said. "After you've been there twenty-five years, you get an ashtray." When we lifted the hood, we could see the "TT" as plain as day. "This grille's mine," Tony said. "You can inspect it all you want, but it looks perfect to me."

CATS

WHEN Kate woke up in the night and felt the warmth of one of the cats against her legs, she could tell which cat it was by reaching out to touch its fur. Cass was sleek, soft as mink or sheared beaver—coats she had touched once when she went with Alice Rand to the Lord & Taylor salon—and he was fine-boned, delicate as the yellowed cat skeleton she remembered from her high-school biology classroom of nearly thirty years ago. Tibb, who was younger, was coarser, and his skeleton was both bigger-boned and more compact—a tougher version of catness than Cass—and it was Tibb who was more likely to be playful. Where Cass would nuzzle Kate's hand and shift into a new sleep position, Tibb, often as not, would go over on his back and embrace her wrist with the needles of his claws. Sometimes when the two cats were on the bed, one on either side of her, she would lie in the dark and stroke both of them, marvelling at the peculiar sensuality of her life.

LATELY, after a long time of keeping to herself, she had begun to get involved with a man. His name was Barry, and she had met him at the county clerk's office in June, when she was renewing her driver's license. He stood just behind her in the short line leading to the counter. When she pushed her old license toward the clerk, the man spoke. "Same birthday," he said.

For a moment, she hadn't realized he was talking to her, and then—because no second voice responded—she turned and looked at him.

"We have the same date of birth," he said. "June 15th."

"Yes," she said. She smiled at him—a nervous smile, she imagined, for what sort of answer to his flat statement did the man expect? *Isn't it a small world. What a funny coincidence.* Did he truly think there was something portentous here? "But probably not the same year."

"Nineteen forty-seven," he said.

She shook her head. "No, not quite."

He looked expectant.

She laughed. "You don't really expect me to tell you that I'm older than you, do you?"

Now he was sheepish. "Of course not," he said.

Then it was her turn to be photographed—she wished they could have reused the old picture; it actually looked like her—and she sat on a wooden bench nearby until the new license came out of the laminating machine. The man—tall, with a trim mustache, exactly thirty-seven years old—sat next to her on the bench.

"I hate to see what it's going to look like," she said. "The picture."

He cocked his head to look at her. "I shouldn't think you'd have to worry about that," he said.

When he asked her to have lunch, she decided to accept. He flattered her, he seemed unthreatening, and if he turned out to be married—well, this was only lunch.

In the restaurant, they sat at a table by a window, where they were surrounded by hanging planters and overlooked the river, so slow-moving at this time of year that it held the shade of the nearest bridge in a perfect inverted arch.

He extended his hand across the table. "Barry Miner," he said.

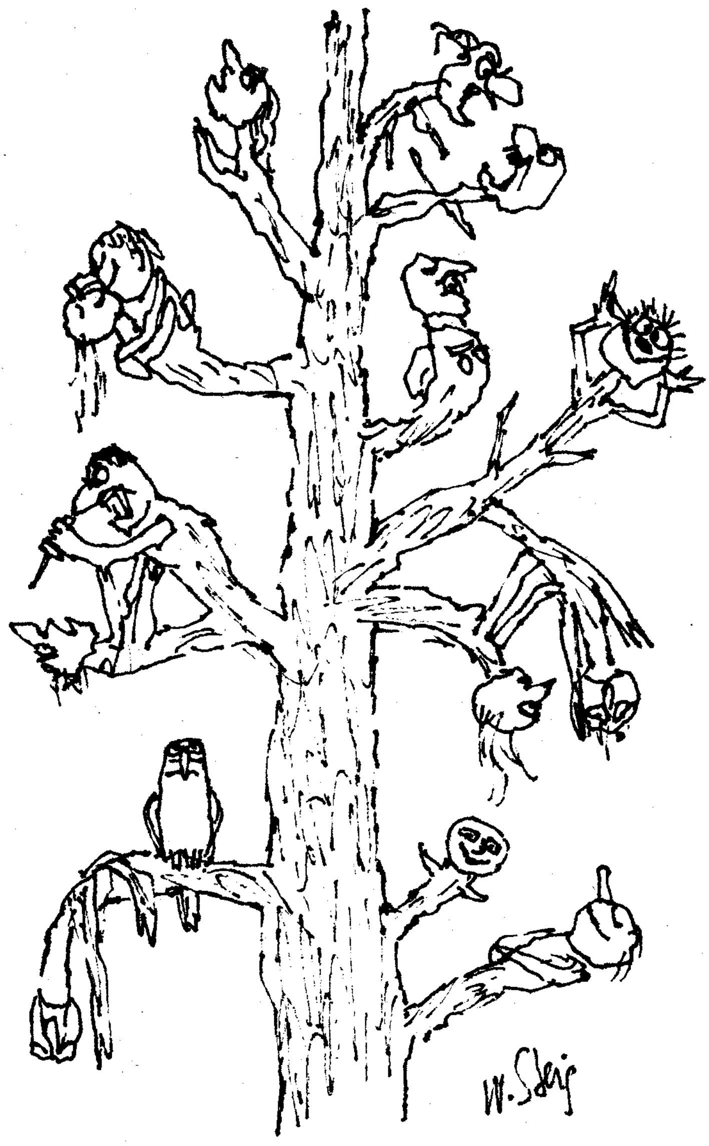
She took the hand for a moment—it was warm, dry—and released it. "Kate Eastman."

She was nervous then, and that meant she talked too much. She said far more about herself than she had done, or had had the opportunity to do, in the two years since her divorce. She confessed that she was older than he was, by five years, and that she had two grown sons. She told him—brightly, as if it were something she was by now entirely comfortable with—how fortunate she was to have married a man decent enough to stay with her until the boys were sent through college. She told him she had just started working as a paralegal in the office of one of her former husband's friends.

Through all of this he listened intently, never taking his eyes from her face, and finally she tried to encourage him to talk. "What is it you do?" she said.

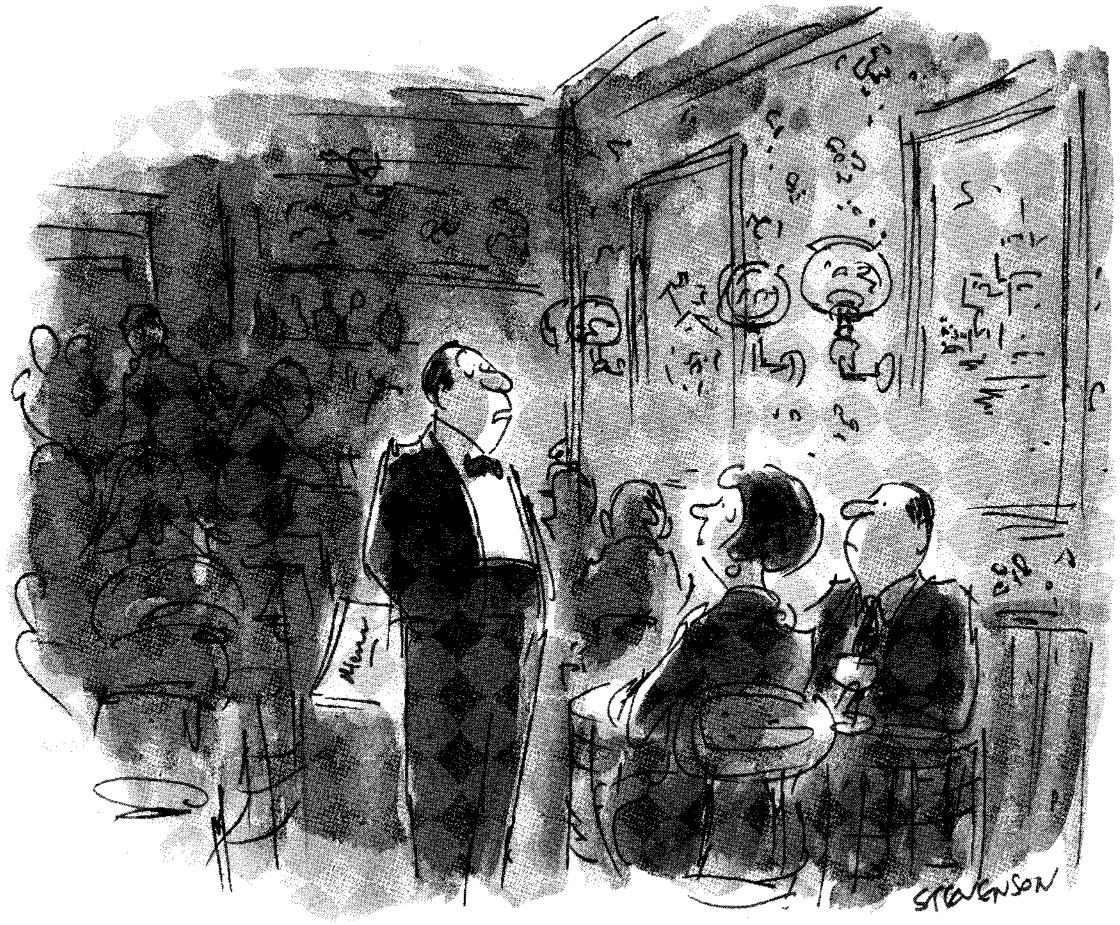
"I'm a psychotherapist. In that clinic across from the courthouse."

"Oh, heavens. I'd better watch what I say."



Tree of Life

And she wondered about what she had already let out that might have marked her in his eyes as a "case."



"Tonight's specials are a kind of hamburger thing with a weird sauce; some sort of strange fish; a veal—I think it is—stuffed with God knows what, and . . ."

IN the weeks that followed, she became more comfortable with Barry, less breathless. She learned all over again—such a long time since she had forgotten!—that her own silences could draw a man out, that she did not need to interrogate him. He told her that his mother had recently died of cancer—something he revealed almost apologetically, almost as if the woman had done it because it was popular.

"We all worry about it," Kate said, defending her. "It's a terrible, fearful thing, and women have to deal with it."

He had gone silent then—rebuked, perhaps—and she felt vaguely guilty. That was the first night she went to his apartment, the first time she let him persuade her into bed. Afterward she was flustered by what she had done and woke him long before dawn to tell him that she had to leave, that she couldn't be out all night.

"But you live alone," he said.

"Not exactly," she said. And she told him about Cass and Tibb while she put on her clothes to go home to them.

AT first he seemed amused by her fondness for the cats. She realized she had let herself in for a good bit of teasing from him, as if she were an eccentric—tolerable despite her odd behavior.

"Do you talk to them?" he asked her once.

"Certainly," she said. She was in bed with him, the second time—later on she would be chagrined to notice that she could remember each time they went to bed by some curious talk that had passed between them—and he was on one elbow, searching her face for God knew what knowledge he thought she was keeping to herself. "Shouldn't I?"

"You don't catch yourself sometimes and feel a little foolish?"

"What for?"

"For talking to animals?"

She pondered, not certain how he expected her to respond. "I'd feel foolish if they answered back," she said. "Is this a real discussion, or are you just filling in the time until you get excited again?"

He laughed then, and hugged her. "I'll have to meet them myself," he said. "The cats."

"They'll think you take the world too seriously."

"I suppose. At least I take you seriously."

"I wonder why. I almost feel as if you're picking me apart."

"I don't know what it is," he said. "I guess it seems to me that women like you live your lives on the edge of your emotions."

"Women like me?"

"Older, living without men." He reached out to touch the wisp of hair that had fallen alongside her right temple. "You're at risk somehow."

"But men without women . . . ?"

"Not the same. Men are more inner-directed."

"You have such piercing blue eyes," Kate said. "I'm glad I'm not one of your clients."

But she was thinking about what he had said, and whether she thought it was true or not. What came immediately to mind was her husband—her ex-husband—and how, when he worked on the car, sometimes a bolt would be rusted and immovable, or something would break or get scratched while he was trying to remove it. She remembered how he would come into the kitchen, his hands black with grease and orange with rust, sit at the kitchen table, put his head in his dirty hands, and sob quietly. How she would stroke his hair, try to console him. How finally he would stop crying and lift his face to her, and she would smile because the grease and rust had made splotchy patterns on his cheeks.

"So am I," Barry said.

"So are you what?"

"Glad you're not one of my patients."

I should hope so, she thought. *All that fuss over talking to pets.*

LESS than a week later she invited him to her house to spend the weekend. She imagined things were getting "meaningful," that when a woman began to make a habit of a man, "something should come of it"—a statement she dimly recalled hearing from her mother.

"I think he has me at a real disadvantage," she said once in the midst of a conversation with Alice Rand. "I haven't been courted in twenty-five years. I don't remember what's expected of me, let alone what's expected of *him*."

"There aren't any expectations anymore" was Alice's response—Alice, who had chosen "career" in place of marriage and thought all men were children; who had finished law school and now, nearly fifty years old, was a partner in the firm. "Maybe you should just enjoy your disadvantage," she said.

Still, Kate expected something from this weekend. Barry was so intense with her—so relentlessly attentive. She appreciated the attentiveness. She waited for it to come to something.

Saturday after dinner he said, "I don't think it's healthy for you to live in this solitary way. It isn't normal."

"How much time does a therapist spend with 'normal' people?" she said.

"You know what I mean." He sighed in what she imagined to be a professional exasperation. "You should have more contact with the world. Maybe you should entertain, play bridge, give a party once in a while."

"I'm a terrible bridge player. I have no card sense."

"Monopoly, then. Trivial Pursuit."

"And I hate giving parties—running around pouring salt on the carpet where the burgundy got spilled, rubbing Vaseline into the piano to get rid of the rings from wet glasses." She poured more coffee. "The cats are sociable enough, and a lot easier to live with."

He sat back in his chair and looked at her. "Easier than me, I suppose," he said.

NOW RENTING

Nobody remembers
the original site
of course
what was there to remember

somebody
nobody remembers
wanted a little building
nobody knows why

on the original site
and cleared it
no doubt
had to

later somebody
wanted a little
more space
and set up a scaffold

around the first building
and built the walls higher
and then tore down
the scaffold

then in time somebody
put up more scaffolding
and tore down
the whole building

and dug a hole
in the original site

and put up a bigger
building and tore

down the scaffolding
to the accompaniment
of music announcing
a golden age

but somebody with vision
soon put more scaffolding
on top of the building
and raised the whole structure

even higher than before
and tore down the scaffolding
but a while after that
somebody put up more scaffolding

clear above the top of the building
and tore down the building inside it
and went on adding scaffolding
with glass pictures on it

all the way up
of a glass building
never built
on that site

with nobody
inside it
at all the windows
to see the motionless clouds

—W. S. MERWIN

• •

"I don't know," she said. How ought she to deal with that wistful expression on his face? "I truly don't."

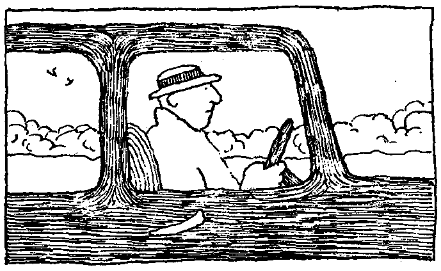
"Why don't you find out?" he said.

"How?"

"Live with me."

She set the coffeepot back on the stove. Alice was right: Mother would never have expected that, and Kate gave the proposition—it certainly wasn't yet a proposal—her careful consideration. Would she give up the solitude? Probably. Could she be married again, to someone like Barry? She thought so; she had imagined it often enough. Would she move in with him? She didn't know. She was distracted all day, and slept badly all night.

At the breakfast table on Sunday, Barry rattled the comics while she cooked bacon and eggs. Domestic bliss. Sunday had always been the one day of the week when she felt most like a woman, when she could wear a frilly robe without feeling overdressed.



Barry cleared his throat. "What was all that racket at three in the morning?" he said.

"It was my fault," she said.

"No, it was those damned cats—on and off the bed, scratching the box springs, meowing in my ear. What was the matter with them?"

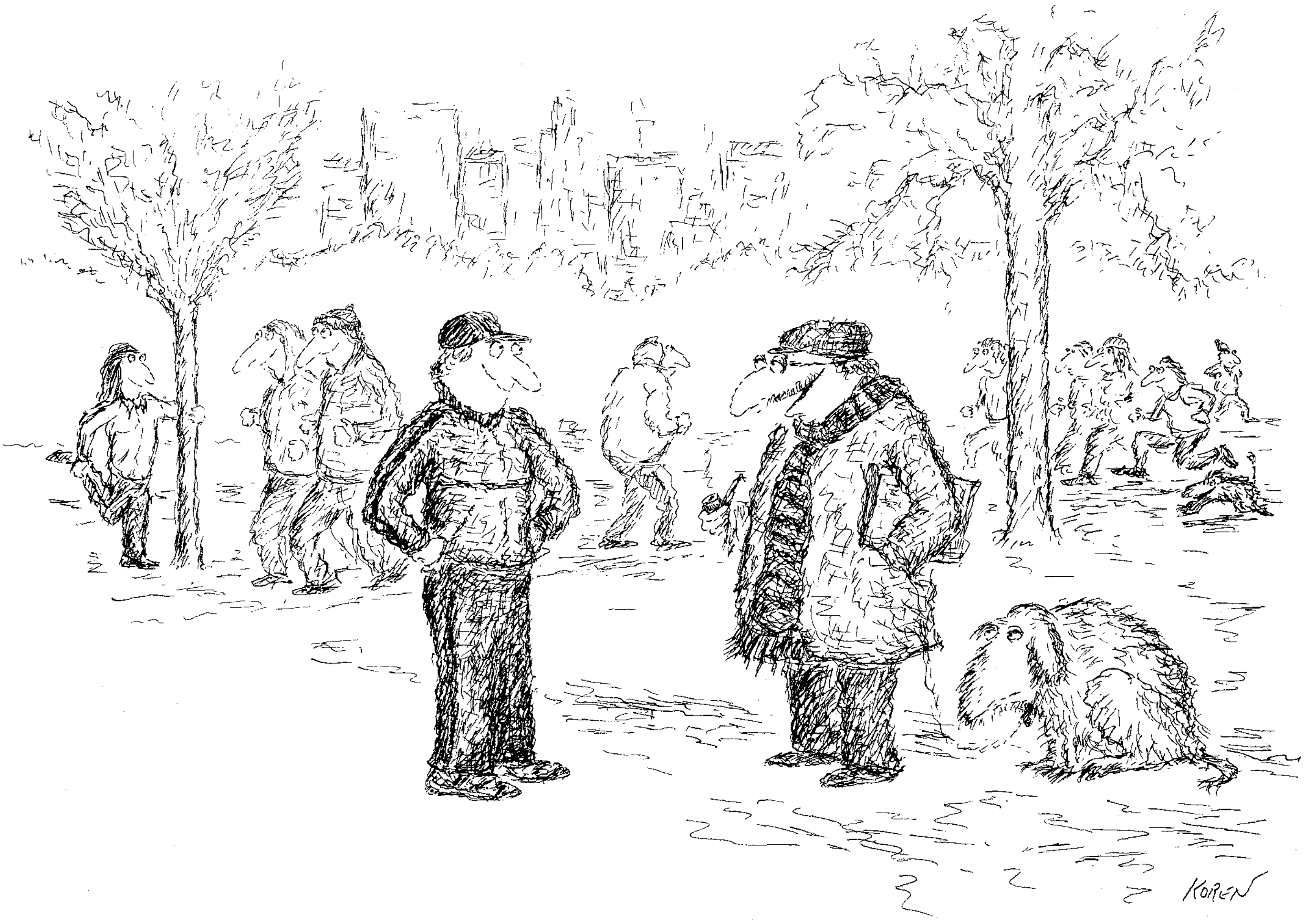
"It took me a while to figure out. I kept thinking they wanted to be let out, but every time I got one of them near a door, he bolted back inside. After I'd gotten out of bed three times—" She stopped, the spatula poised above the frying pan. "How do you like the yolks? Runny? Hard? In between?"

"Between."

"After three times I finally got the message. The cat dish was totally empty—not a grain of chow to be seen. It's the first time they've ever confronted an empty food dish, and it put them in a tizzy."

"I'll bet," he said.

"Once I'd filled the dish—and the water bowl was low, too—they quieted down."



"As for me, I'm in various stages of deterioration."

• •

"What time was all this, actually?"

"I think it began around quarter of three, and I didn't solve the problem until four-fifteen or so. Some mother, aren't I?"

He shook his head. Sadly, she thought.

She turned the eggs and brought two plates down from the cupboard. "I've been thinking about what you said. About moving in with you."

"And?"

"And I've been thinking about some of your favorite words. 'Healthy' is one of them, and 'normal.' " She arranged three strips of bacon on each plate. "But they always seem to be applied to things I do. How about you?"

"Am I healthy and normal?"

"I mean, how normal is it to be thirty-seven years old and never married?"

HE seemed not to have been offended by the question. Instead, the next time he visited her he was even more serious toward her. He stood at the living-room window looking out over her three acres with their cedars and plums and spruce, and talked, solemnly and at great length, about women and his life. He was an only child. His father had died when he was three, he was raised by his mother and his mother's elder sister, and he had never really known male comradeship—a "male role model." He hadn't owned a dog, or turtles or gerbils or a pony—none of the masculine trappings of conventional boyhood. His aunt had a canary that sang in a brass cage. He remembered his first day of kindergarten: he hadn't even gone into the school building at the boys' entrance but instead went in with the girls, holding hands with Betty Jean, the daughter of his mother's best friend, who lived next door. Still, he told Kate, he believed he was well adjusted. Did she really believe he ought to have married? Wasn't that what men expected of women, and didn't women despise the expectation?

Kate had no answer to that. Hers was an opposite experience, she told him: Three brothers, a he-man father —duck hunter, fisherman, camper— still robust in his early seventies; the attentions of uncles and boy cousins and, in school, plenty of boyfriends. She had married a man her father approved of, had given birth to two boys, had been surrounded all her married life by males—husband, sons, a succession of male dogs, the two cats. Perhaps she'd been out of line with the marriage comment, but Barry could see, couldn't he, how different her life had been.

"You don't have to apologize," he said.

"I'm not," she said. Good Lord, did he think she was?

A WEEK passed. Kate wondered how long she would put off deciding whether or not to live with him, but she convinced herself that she only wanted to give him time to understand her. For one thing, it seemed important that he accept the cats.

"Sometimes when I get up in the morning, only one of them will be at the porch door," she said to Barry. "If it's Cass, I'll give him his breakfast and then let him out again. 'Go find

NOT UNWELCOME

your brother,' I'll say. And sure enough, in five or ten minutes Tibb appears. And vice versa."

"If Tibb comes home alone, you send him after Cass?"

"Yes."

He sipped her bitter coffee. "I thought they weren't brothers," he said.

"They aren't, really. But they think they are. It can't do any harm if I let them go on thinking so, can it?" She smiled at him. "As a psychologist, what's your opinion?"

"I think it's all coincidence, of course. The other cat just happens to come back shortly after the first has gotten fed. I think it's all right to be silly over animals, so long as you know you're being silly."

"How can it be silly if it pleases me and doesn't hurt anyone else?"

"I said it's O.K., if you know you're doing it."

"But you see," she said, "it isn't coincidence. If it only happened once in a while—that would be coincidence. It happens regularly."

He sighed. "If you say so," he said.

"Do you think I'm crazy?" she said. "Or only neurotic?"

GRADUALLY, Barry began to be impatient. She caught him watching her, one eyebrow raised, as if he expected her to blurt out what he wanted to hear. He sat on the edge of the bed after they made love, his hands folded, his head bent in thought. He made her terribly nervous; she wondered if he wanted her to feel guilty. Guilt he could probably cope with.

"I don't mean to press," he said one day. They were having drinks together, in a bar near the courthouse. "But I wish you'd give me an answer. You know how I feel about you."

She thought she did.

"I realize how much you like living on the outskirts," he said. "But think about the conveniences of living in town. Shopping. Closer to your work. The gas you'll save."

"I think about Cass and Tibb."

He looked away, revolved a sweating tumbler between his hands.

"I know you think I'm foolish," she said. "But I couldn't give them up, and I couldn't ask them to be house cats, never able to go outdoors—to hunt, to have all that freedom."

"They could go outside," he said.

"In all the town traffic," she said. "I'd be worried sick. I'd—" She stopped herself, having at that instant an image of one or the other of the cats—they looked so much alike that in the distance of the image she couldn't tell which it was—stiff and dead in a gutter, gold eyes staring, empty. "What might happen," she said. "I can't even think about it."

"And I suppose that means you can't think about living with me." His eyes were averted; his mouth was petulant.

Indirection, she thought. We reach a place without knowing we were headed toward it. And then she thought: *What other answer has he left me?*

"I'm sorry," she said. "I suppose it does."

HE stopped calling her—which was a kindness, Kate thought. At least it was not sex he wanted from her, or not sex only, and for a while she luxuriated in having reclaimed her bed. She imagined the cats were pleased: they were less restless beside her. And she slept better as well—though one morning she woke out of a nightmare in which Cass appeared in the bedroom with a small rabbit squirming in his jaws. Awake, she couldn't decide if the rabbit was a gift or a warning.

That evening, when she fed both cats and let them out, the disturbance of the dream was forgotten. She talked with them as she held the door, saying to Tibb, "Now, you be careful," and to Cass, "You take care of your brother, won't you?"

Later she stood at the kitchen window, putting together a salad for her own supper. The cats were moving down the long driveway—Cass in the lead, purposeful, rarely looking back; Tibb following, stopping, then trotting to catch up. Watching them go, she felt a welling-up of emotion she hadn't known since the days when her sons went off to school together.

That's love, she told herself. *There's nothing foolish about love.*

—ROBLEY WILSON, JR.

•

We offer with pride this truly beautiful Colonial home for gracious living. Only six months old, owner is relocating.—*Adv. in the Times Magazine.*

He has a short attention span.

SUNNY

Sunny turned from where she stood at the living-room door and walked down the long hallway. She was leaving them all behind: her parents' best friends, her aunt and uncle, her older sister—who was now like one of the adults—even her father, who sat in his usual armchair, more distracted than ever.

"Nothing dies easy," Sunny heard her aunt say in her matter-of-fact way. Her aunt lived across the river in New Jersey, and had grown up in Alabama with Sunny's mother, her baby sister. When Sunny was a little girl—now she was twelve—she thought people from New Jersey talked like her aunt and her mother. "You know," her father would say on family occasions, "if only New Jersey had won the Civil War—no income tax." Or, "Grits—you know, like they eat in Jersey."

"Raising rabbits is nothing," her aunt was saying. "Any fool can do that. But the harvesting was beyond me."

Sunny had entertained the company earlier, when they'd just gotten in from the cemetery and everybody was shivering, their eyes and noses red from the November cold or from weeping. She told them about her summer work camp, run by German refugees, where the kids sang folk songs and the Mozart Requiem, wove belts, threw pots, and where the sporty kids, the tennis players, were the oddballs. She looked up during the laughter and saw her father staring out the window, the other adults beaming at her.

On her way down the hallway, Sunny passed the kitchen and bathroom, her parents' room and the mound of coats lying damp on the bed, and, at the end, the room she shared with her little sister, who had been sent to the upstairs neighbors for the day. A few feet beyond was the apartment door. Sunny hesitated and then she lunged, opening and closing the door behind her with a slinky, practiced motion, breathing in the air of the outer hall with relief.

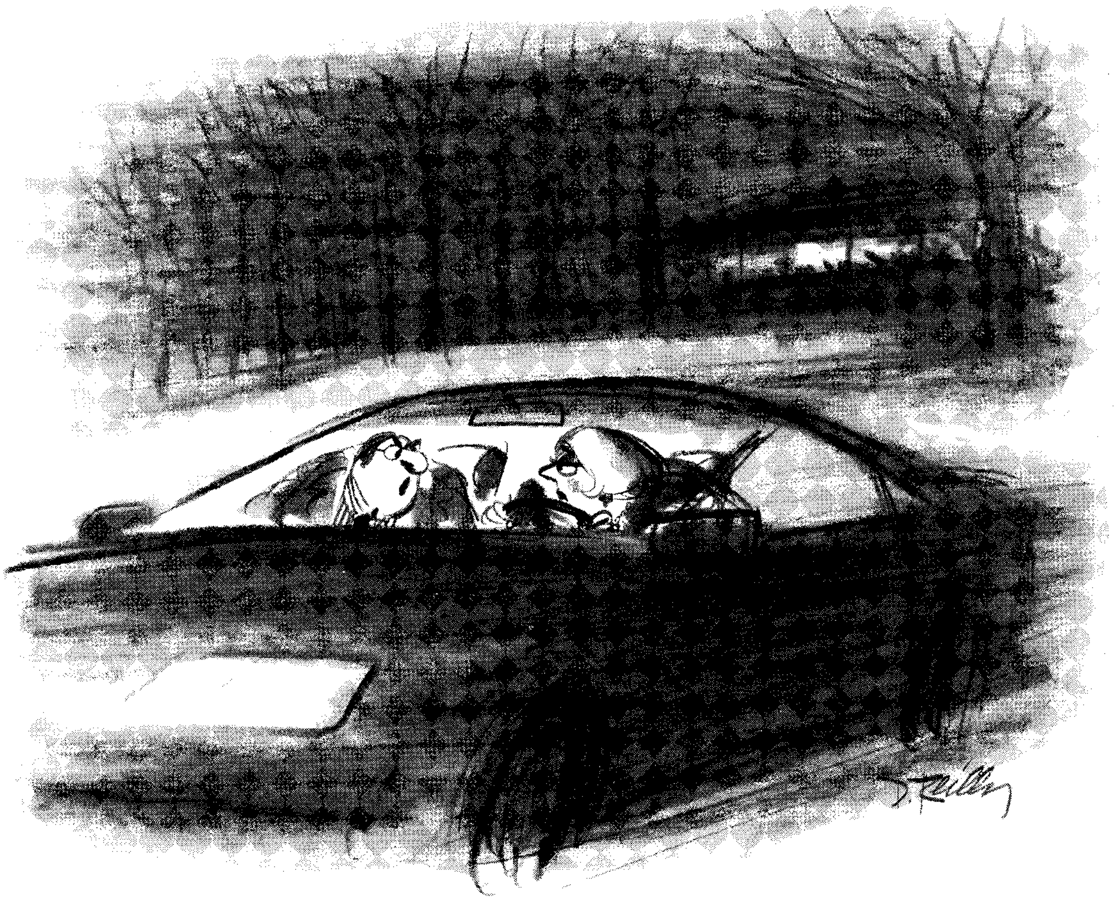
Sunny rushed down three flights of dim-lighted marble stairs, her feet passing over grooves made from years of tenants' walking up and down. She slid along the mosaic-tiled hallway mopped by Luis, the super, twice a week, and arrived at Betty and Russell's door, on the side of the building that faced the street and got all the noise.

Betty and Russell had moved into the building after Sunny's family, and their daughter, Bebe, who was six, was born around the same time as Sunny's little sister. Sunny thought she could remember when she was the baby of her family. Bebe looked like Betty, and they both wore their straight blond hair in bangs like Mrs. Eisenhower's, across broad foreheads. Sunny and her sisters looked like their mother—dark hair, thick eyebrows, lips that were shapely and full, as though they might burst at any time.

Sunny pressed her forehead to the door of Russell and Betty's apartment. She knew the bumps and lumps of the shiny brown paint job better than she knew her own face. She leaned against the door for coolness, and listened for sounds from inside, trying to hear if Betty had the radio on, if Russell and Betty were talking, or if Bebe was playing in her room.

She rang the doorbell, heard its echo: they weren't home. She'd been good all day. She hadn't cried or laughed, hadn't complained, but now she might cry. Then she heard the swing of the peephole above her and Betty's voice: "Sunny? Is that you?"

Betty had had polio when she was a child, and she had a little crackle in her voice, so that Sunny loved hearing Betty say the most inconsequential things. Russell wasn't around as much as Betty. In the years Sunny's family had known him, he'd been a medical student, then an interne and a resident, and now was a pathologist at a hospital downtown. He had chosen his specialty for the regular hours, for which Sunny's mother, who usually didn't comment on people one way or another, praised him at the dinner table to Sunny's father. Later, recalling her mother's remark, Sunny wondered if



"Will you please stop telling people that I'm 'very supportive'?"

her father had criticized Russell. He'd once told her never to trust a pretty man.

When Betty met Russell, she was engaged to another boy, a basketball player, and she'd broken off her engagement twenty-four hours later, she told Sunny, not because Russell proposed right away—he'd never do such an impulsive thing—but because, seeing him once, Betty understood what real love could be. Russell's voice was as smooth as Betty's was crackly, sweet as butter toffee.

"It's me," Sunny said, just above a whisper. "Can I come in?"

"Sure," Betty said, in two syllables, like Sunny's father. She opened the door and put a finger to her lips, saying, "Bebe's just started her nap. I didn't expect to see you today."

"They're all up there," Sunny said. "We just got back from the cemetery."

"Maybe I should go," Betty said, looking at her jeans and sweatshirt, a hand up to her hair.

"Daddy would probably like it," Sunny said, "but that's not why I came. I don't want you to think—"

"Don't worry, chickie. Russell's got to go to the hospital soon. I'll change into a skirt and go back with you for a minute."

Russell and Betty's was like Sunny's, a series of rooms off a long hallway. At the end was the kitchen, and off that the maid's room, where Russell and Betty slept. They'd given the big bedroom at the beginning of the hall to Bebe, and had to leave their dresser in the hallway. To get to the kitchen, you had to turn sideways and squeeze.

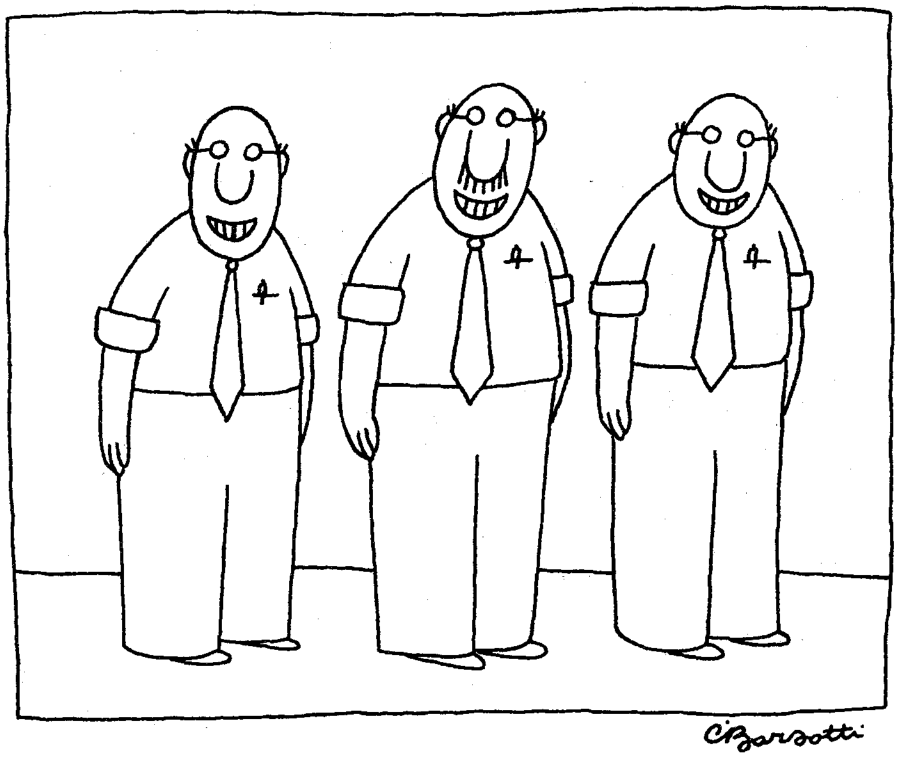
Russell stood at the kitchen counter, the evening paper spread before him, spooning Cheerios and milk into his small mouth. "Hello, Sunny," he said gravely. Russell was in his whites, pens sticking up from the pocket of his baggy jacket. When he looked at her, Sunny didn't know what to do. She wished she were in the bedroom with Betty, who was looking in the crammed closet for proper clothes. Her mother had been in a hospital uptown, not the one where Russell worked.

Sunny watched as he finished his cereal, slowly and deliberately, washed the bowl and spoon, and laid them on the drainboard, where they dripped. He wiped the counter, then tossed the sponge in the sink.

"We were awfully sorry about your mom," he said. Russell looked straight at Sunny, not avoiding her eyes, as some did. Others stared too long, and Sunny didn't know what to do. Russell had probably seen lots of dead people, Sunny thought. It was his job to look at dead people.

"I know you were," she said. She examined a headline in his paper. There had been a plane crash out West, caused by the first blizzard of winter. Sunny had never been West, nor had she been South. Her mother and aunt had talked about jumping into the Studebaker and taking Sunny to Alabama. They'd shown her their favorite photograph of themselves as girls—in braids and middy blouses on the porch steps of their childhood home. The whole idea of travelling South, of leaving New York and going past New Jersey, had always frightened Sunny, for where was the guarantee that they would be able to return? She had once believed that if they went to Alabama her mother would change back into the girl in the middy blouse.

35 YEARS IN THE SAME LOCATION



"Now I'm ready," Betty said. She wore a dark pleated skirt and a white top that made her look like an auditorium monitor. She lacked only a red band across her chest.

"Russ," she said, "stay a minute. I don't want to leave Bebe alone."

Since her mother had grown ill, and even more since she died, Sunny had heard people take deep breaths coming into the apartment, as if they were coming into a place with a bad smell. But the apartment was the same. There was still a faint odor of mothballs in the living room and of wax on the hall floor. Today there were also good food smells from the kitchen, where casseroles, roast chickens, cakes, and cookies had been set on the counters and table, helter-skelter, some not even unwrapped. Sunny wanted to be hungry, but she wasn't.

"Don't stay too long," Russell said.

Betty kissed him, and Sunny looked away and started down the hall.

"Bye, Russell," she called out when she heard Betty's footsteps behind her.

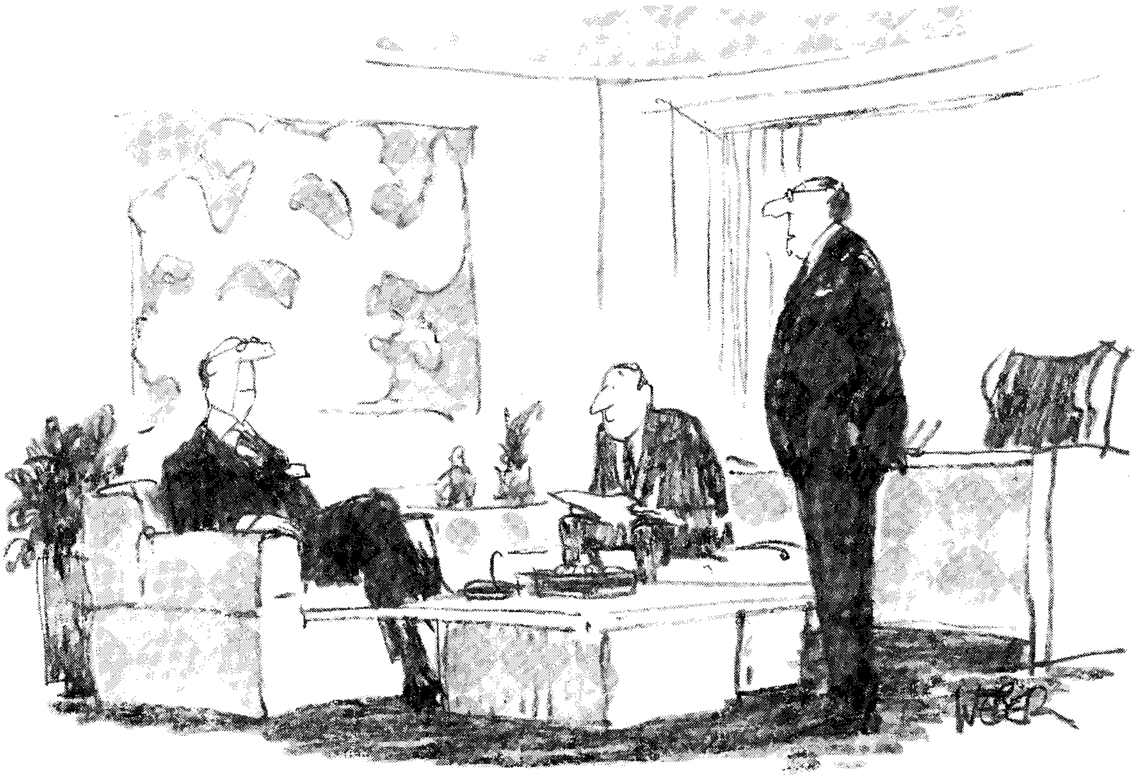
"Bye, Sunny," she heard him reply faintly.

They stopped at Bebe's door and watched her sleep.

"She just falls off like it was a cliff," Betty said.

When Betty closed the door to the apartment and turned to double-lock it, Sunny wanted to push her aside and open the door, to rush down the hall to see if Russell was still there and Bebe was really sleeping in her room.

BACK upstairs, everything was quieter. Sunny's father was still in his armchair. Her older sister looked prim in stockings and her best dress, squeezed onto the couch with their aunt and uncle.



"Fair warning, Ted. What follows is plainly calculated to be seductive."

Sunny's father half rose before Betty reached his chair, saying, "Don't get up. Please." He introduced Betty as their neighbor, then Betty brought a chair from the kitchen and joined the circle. They'd run out of stories, Sunny thought—something that had never happened before.

"Betty's getting her Ph.D.," Sunny's father said, naming the university where Betty was studying. "She's so smart she's going to straighten us all out. Once she gets her Fud."

Betty looked embarrassed, but she smiled and asked Sunny's aunt how her daughter in Mexico was doing. The conversation picked up. Like a kite, Sunny thought. Just when it looked as if it was coming down, a puff of air came by to save it.

Sunny's cousin in Mexico had left New Jersey when Sunny was three, and married a man from Oaxaca. Every year she promised to visit, but there was never enough money or one of her children got sick at the last minute. Once Sunny's aunt had gone down there and returned with a stomach bug, and now she was telling Betty that her grandchildren spoke English like foreigners. They shouldn't have been talking about her cousin, Sunny thought.

Her father stood abruptly, and everyone looked up at him. His voice sounded the way it did when he had hay fever. "I thank you for coming, folks," he said. "But I'm afraid I've had it. It's been a long day."

Sunny looked out the window, to the right, to the west, where she could see the Hudson if she craned her neck or leaned out as she'd been told not to over the nine floors of apartment building below. She was afraid that her father would go to his bedroom and close the door, and the company would stay. She had been taught always to knock before she opened her parents' door. Her mother had been behind the door, ill, for months, and yesterday Sunny had opened the door to find her father sunk in a frightening, deep sleep. Everybody rose as Sunny's father reached the living-room door, and they crowded together, shuffling down the hallway, gathering from his room their coats, pocketbooks, umbrellas, saying that they, too, must leave and they hoped they hadn't stayed too long and how sorry they were. They didn't say if they were sorry, too, that they let the conversation drift to rabbits and Sunny's cousin, to summer camp, sorry that they might have, even for a second, forgotten why they were there and whom they had just buried, seen for the last time.

WHEN Sunny was a child her little sister's age and younger, she woke sometimes in the night and stood at the door of her room and cried into the hallway for her mother, calling softly and repeatedly. Her mother came—pulling her robe around her, hurrying to Sunny—saying that Sunny sounded like a baby bird chirping for its mama. She accompanied Sunny down the passage to the bathroom and guided her back into bed, tucked her in, smoothed her way to sleep past her dreams.

Now Sunny stood, her sleeping sister behind her, peering into the hallway. It seemed to her the same as it ever had, dark and endless, too frightening to enter.

TONIGHT Betty was meeting Russell at their favorite restaurant in Chinatown, and Sunny sat on the bed in the little room, helping Betty dress. When Betty dressed to go out, not to a seminar or to study in the library, she tried on different outfits in front of the closet mirror, buttoning blouses and dresses wrong, pulling up zippers halfway, and then she stripped them off and started again. The year before, Sunny had come after school to babysit while Betty attended her seminars two afternoons a week, but now, Betty said, Sunny was old enough to stay with Bebe at night. Betty seemed to be settling on a yellow angora sweater set and a straight wool skirt that matched it perfectly.

"You look nice," Sunny said. Betty looked grownup and comfortable for once, just like Sunny's mother when she was dressed up to go out.

Betty smoothed the skirt over her belly, stroking the soft fabric. "It's not too tight?" she asked.

"I don't think so."

Most of the time now Sunny wore the same clothes—a wraparound hopsacking skirt and an army shirt, sometimes with a bandanna—and tried not to think about it. She had gone to Broadway the week before to buy underwear for her little sister, but she dreaded the time when her own clothes would wear out and she'd have to ask her father for money for new clothes, then go and buy them by herself.

Betty turned, keeping an eye on her reflection in the mirror, patting her stomach, then said, "Oh, well. I'd better get going."

When Betty left, Sunny played a few rounds of Chinese checkers with Bebe, until the little girl grew bored and began rolling the marbles all over the metal board. Sunny tucked her in, though Bebe said she wasn't ready for bed yet, and turned off the light and sat on the edge of Bebe's bed, telling her the story of Hansel and Gretel until Bebe fell into her usual heavy sleep.

Then the apartment was too quiet. The clock on the hall dresser ticked. Sunny looked in the refrigerator and didn't find anything. She checked the cabinets and extracted a soup cracker from its box.

In the living room, she looked through Betty and Russell's records. First she played a Weavers album, letting her tears well up at "Greenland," a dreadful place where the land was never green; next she put on an old album of Woody Guthrie. On most songs he sang too fast and the sound was uneven, as if the recording had been made in the back of a pickup out on the road somewhere.

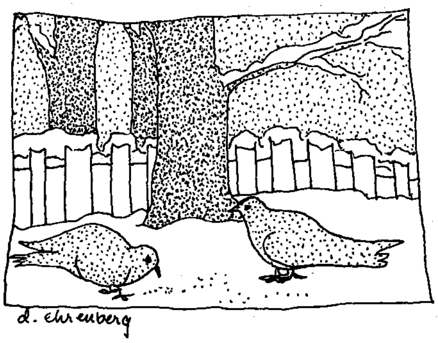
> Roll on, Columbia, roll on,
> Roll on, Columbia, roll on!
> Your power is turning
> our darkness to dawn,
> So roll on, Columbia, roll on!

Sunny stared at the picture of Woody Guthrie on the front of the album. He was looking down at the guitar he held in his arms. A deep shadow cut into the hollow of his cheek. Sunny sucked in her cheeks and wished they had less flesh to them. She stared at the picture, straining to hear everything in the music. She wondered what the Weavers and Woody Guthrie said to one another—if they talked like Betty and Russell and her father, or if they had a special way of talking that sounded like the words to their songs.

While Betty dressed, Sunny had talked. Now she couldn't recall a thing she'd said, only the sound of her voice rattling on, talking and talking. She wished she could talk about her mother in an ordinary way, but she couldn't talk about her at all without crying. Lately, her mother seemed farther away than dead, down a passage too dark to see into, too thick to call out in. Sunny only talked fast to Betty. At home she felt so silent that sometimes she thought she would never speak again as long as she lived.

When the record ended, Sunny went down the hall to Bebe's room. The floor was covered with linoleum, and Sunny slid along the slick surface, feeling the bumps in the floor through her socks. She stopped herself by grabbing onto the molding on Bebe's door, and she pushed open the door quietly.

Bebe always slept the same, curled on her right side, her bangs shoved off her forehead. A jigsaw puzzle of the United States covered the floor, complete but for Florida, which lay scattered in pieces across the room. Sunny's mother had given Bebe a poster of the Cheshire Cat, which hung over the bed, pinned to the wall with thumbtacks Betty had brought from school. Nothing was ever taken from Bebe's room; more toys, dolls, and books were added. Sunny decided not to listen to another record that night, because she might not be able to hear Bebe if she woke and called out. They trusted Sunny to babysit at night now because her mother had died and that made her older. Sunny walked back down the hall, touching both walls as if she could not move without their support.



AFTER Christmas, Sunny's father hired a housekeeper—Desi, a gigantic black woman with a scar from ear to ear across her throat. Sunny's older sister said it was from a knife fight. Their father said it was probably from a thyroid operation, but no one asked Desi, who was silent and methodical in her work. She overcooked the green beans and used canned fruit, which Sunny's mother would never do.

Sunny's older sister was applying for college, and she and Sunny's father talked each night at the dinner table about her prospects. Her little sister had started to take violin lessons, and she walked all by herself twice a week to her teacher's house on Central Park West. Often when Sunny went to their room after school, she found her standing in the middle of the room, violin clamped between her chin and shoulder, frowning until her two eyebrows were one. When Sunny saw her with her friends in front of the building, she seemed older than Bebe, yet Sunny had to swallow hard and stop herself from ordering her upstairs at once, where she'd be safe. Sunny hated babysitting for her little sister.

Dinners, while Desi waited in the kitchen for them to finish and her sisters talked, Sunny kept her eyes on her plate. If her father asked her a question, she ducked her head and mumbled. If he asked her to say it again, she looked up and spat out what she'd already said.

"BIG news from downstairs," her father said one night. "I bumped into Russell in the lobby. They're expecting another child. Isn't that marvellous? She gets her Fud at

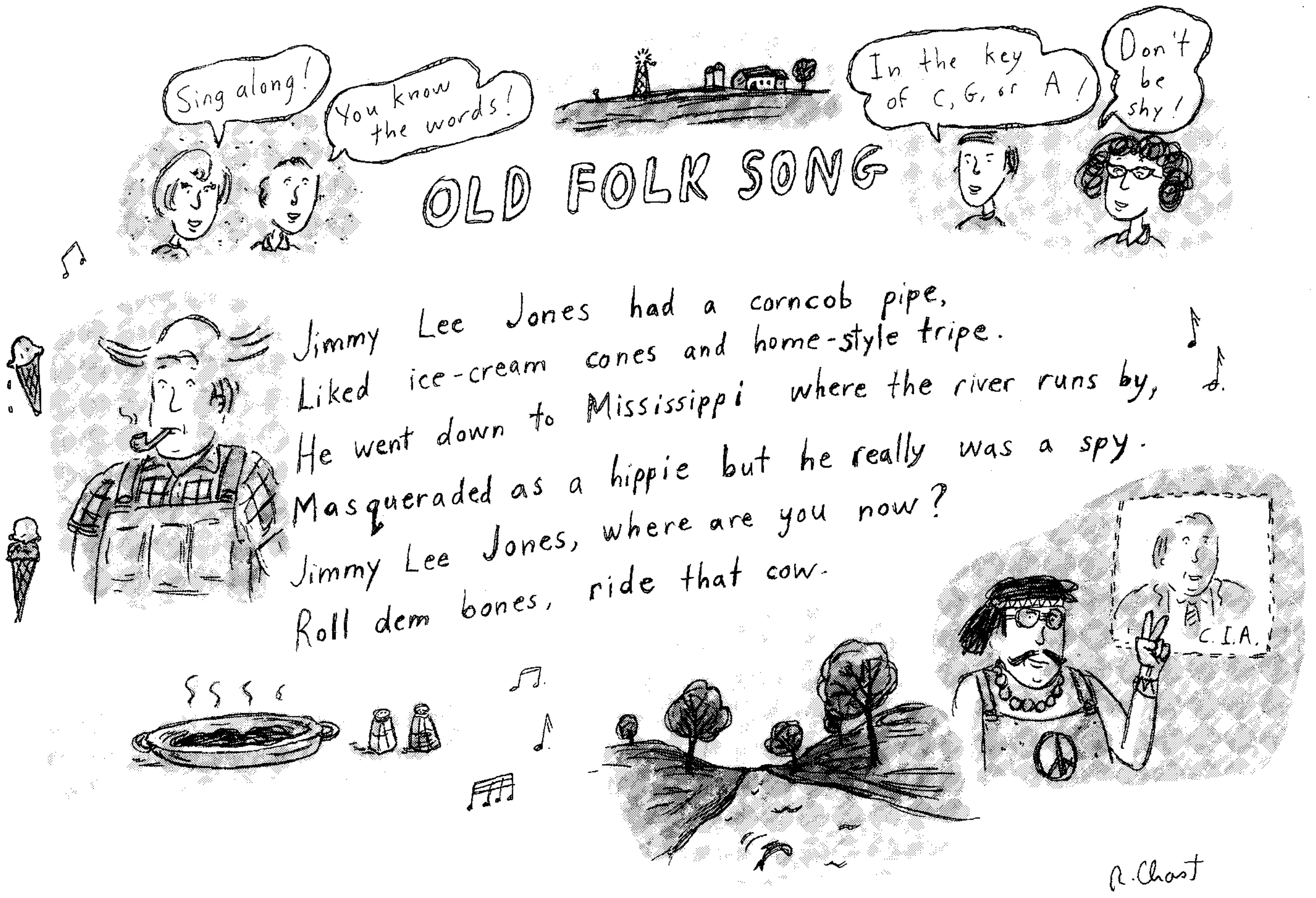
MORNINGS IN WHITBY

Smoke from smoldering sea coal—
bitter, harsh, and salty as the air—
veils the gray slate roofs,
the harbor lamps, the quays, the steps,
the figures on the dreaming bridge.

The waters of the early-morning tide
wash the harbor with the tranquil light
that lies also on misted tiles
from which whole families
of chimneys rise, working ghosts of brick.

—JAMES KIRKUP

• •


Sing along!
You know the words!
OLD FOLK SONG
In the key of C, G, or A!
Don't be shy!
Jimmy Lee Jones had a corncob pipe,
Liked ice-cream cones and home-style tripe.
He went down to Mississippi where the river runs by,
Masqueraded as a hippie but he really was a spy.
Jimmy Lee Jones, where are you now?
Roll dem bones, ride that cow.
C.I.A.
R. Chast

• •

the end of the school year, a new baby in the summer, and they're looking very seriously for a house to buy in the sticks."

"What do you mean?" Sunny asked, looking up from her plate. She'd been cutting her liver and bacon into smaller and smaller pieces, hoping it would go away.

"Just what he said, dummy," her older sister said. "Betty's having a baby and they're moving away. Don't you talk to them? You practically live there."

Sunny couldn't imagine why Russell and Betty wanted a baby. Nor could she imagine their becoming people like her parents' friends in Larchmont and New Rochelle, people with plenty of room. Betty and Russell would forget her, even Bebe would, and everything else about their city life. Once they left the street, that would be the last Sunny saw of them. When she thought this, she felt as if they were already gone and she was only a memory.

SUNNY met Betty by accident in the elevator the next day, and Betty told her what she already knew. Betty stood, holding the elevator door open with her foot, her arms full of books and a grocery bag.

"I started to tell you a few times," Betty said. "I'm sorry."

"It's O.K.," Sunny said. She kept her eyes fixed on the panel above the door where the numbers of the floors were illuminated. She could hear thumping from below. Someone wanted the elevator.

"Russell's at the hospital late tonight," Betty said in her crackly voice. "Come down and keep us company?"

"I don't know."

"Come down for noodle casserole?"

"O.K.," Sunny said quickly. Another time—when her mother was sick, before Sunny knew Betty and Russell were moving—she would have been happy for the invitation. She grasped the wooden railing at the back of the elevator and said, "You'd better let go. Someone wants the elevator."

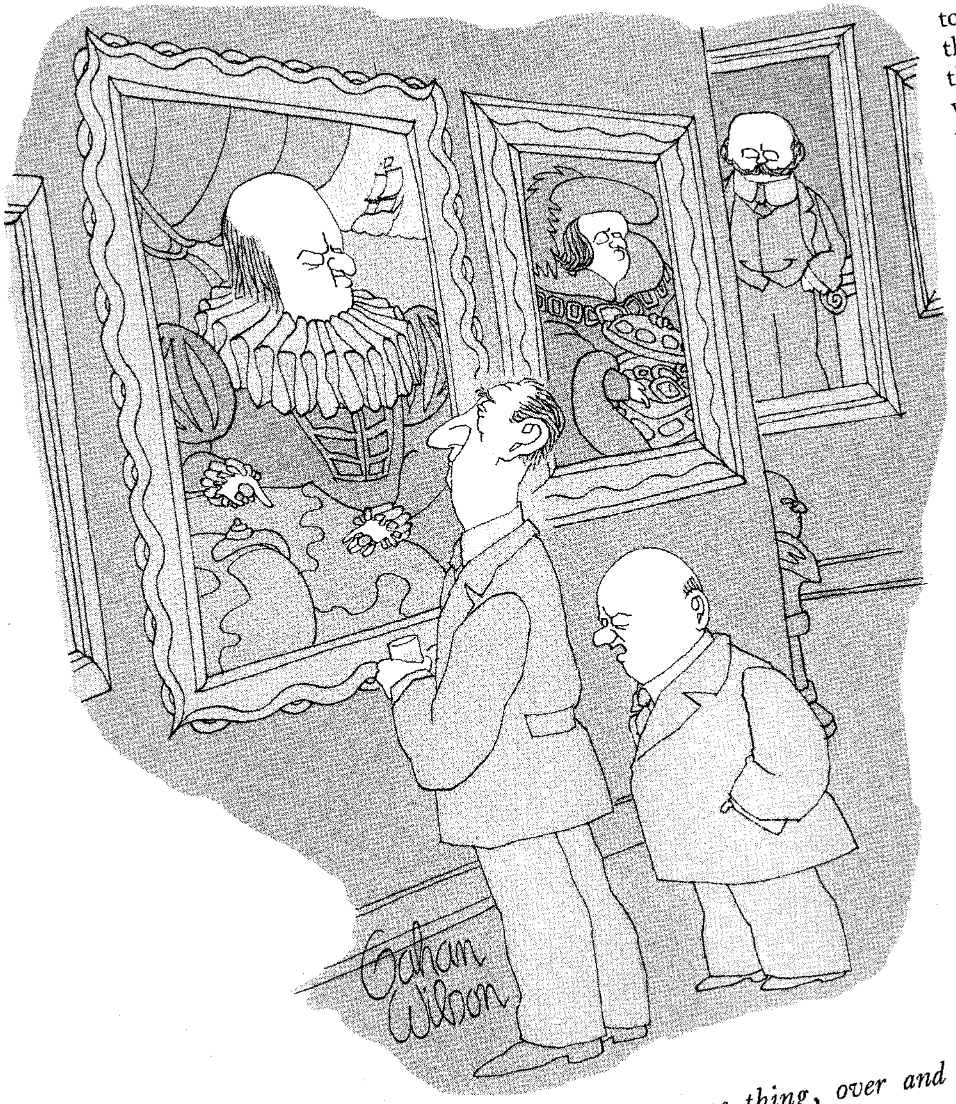
AFTER that, when Sunny went to dinner at Betty and Russell's or came to babysit for Bebe, she didn't talk in her old way. Now it was Betty who talked—about the baby kicking, or finishing her thesis, or houses they'd seen on weekends. Sunny listened as Betty once had, and she wondered what she could say or do to make things the way they had been.

One night when winter was over, Betty told Sunny that they'd finally found a house. She had made Sunny's favorite meal of lamb chops and frozen green beans with almonds, and when she told Sunny the news Sunny felt tricked into feeling good. She put down her fork and asked, "Where is it?"

Betty said, "It's on the other side of the river, Sunny. But it isn't the Confederacy, it's still New York State. You'll love it. I want you to come out a lot."

"Sure," Sunny said.

Her father had been talking about sending her to camp again, trying to get rid of her for the summer, but she wanted to see the city in the hot months. When her mother was alive, the whole family went for the summer to New Jersey. They rented a house down the street from Sunny's aunt, from people who went home to Canada to visit their relatives. Sunny wished everyone would stay in one place. She never wanted to leave Manhattan Island. Now her father would



"I'm afraid we're pretty much the same thing, over and over."

• •

tell her to visit Russell and Betty, as if a trip across the river would serve some medicinal purpose.

Betty said, "It isn't for two months. We still have lots of time."

"Sure," Sunny said.

"The house has a white porch," Betty said.

Sunny thought of the house in Alabama, the little girls in braids on the porch steps.

"That's just peachy," she said, and then was ashamed of herself. To make things better, she said, sounding a little like her mother, "I can't wait to see it."

SCHOOL was finally over, and Sunny helped Betty pack, and she babysat for the last time for Bebe while Russell and Betty went out for Chinese food.

All through the week of packing, Betty wore the same blue-and-white checked maternity dress. She washed it at night, and the smell of ironing greeted Sunny each morning. Sunny's mother had taught Betty to iron the right way, the small parts first, but Betty still rushed and left deep, neat creases in the fabric.

Sunny made trips each day to the liquor and grocery stores for empty cartons. The pile of boxes at the centers of all the rooms grew, until on the last night nothing was left in the apartment but one dish for each of them—not even the ironing board and the iron.

The morning they were leaving, Sunny woke feeling that she'd missed something important or had forgotten to do something she'd promised. She put on her clothes from the day before and started downstairs. She was out in the elevator before she remembered that nothing had really happened yet. She decided that after they left she'd go back into Betty and Russell's apartment and stay for a while. She wanted to know what it would feel like to be there without people or furniture, or the poster of the Cheshire Cat. She wondered if she might be able to see what was no longer there. No one would know where she was. Even she wouldn't be quite sure.

All morning she helped Russell and Betty by playing with Bebe until the moving men showed up. Then the apartment was emptied faster than anyone could have guessed. Two small suitcases—one for Russell and Betty, one for Bebe—were loaded into the old brown station wagon in which Betty, Russell, and Bebe would drive across the river.

When they were in the car and she was still on the sidewalk, Sunny was startled when Betty said what she herself was thinking. "You should be coming with us."

For a second, Sunny thought she would do it.

"Oh, there isn't room in the car," Sunny said. "I'll come soon."

She waved goodbye and watched as the car disappeared around the corner. Then she turned away and went back into the apartment house. She rang for the elevator and thought of the heavy, solid door of Betty's apartment. In the elevator she pushed the button for Betty's floor. She leaned her head against the elevator wall, her spine pressed against the wooden railing. She could remember when she was so small that she could reach up to the railing and hang on like a monkey. Her mother told her not to do that, that someday the railing would come off in her hands. So when Sunny was alone in the elevator she always grabbed the railing, hitching herself up the wall and bending back. She liked to imagine that if the railing did pull free she would fall backward very slowly. But Sunny felt different now—as if something unexpected might happen at any moment.

—LAURA FURMAN

•

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST
(DOWNTOWN DIVISION)

[From the takeout menu of Unique Szechuan, in Greenwich Village]

HAPPY LOVING VALENTINE 8.25
Lobster (as a boy) out of shell and chicken breast (as a girl) together with red bell pepper, snow peapods, black mushrooms and baby corns in delicately white sauce.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

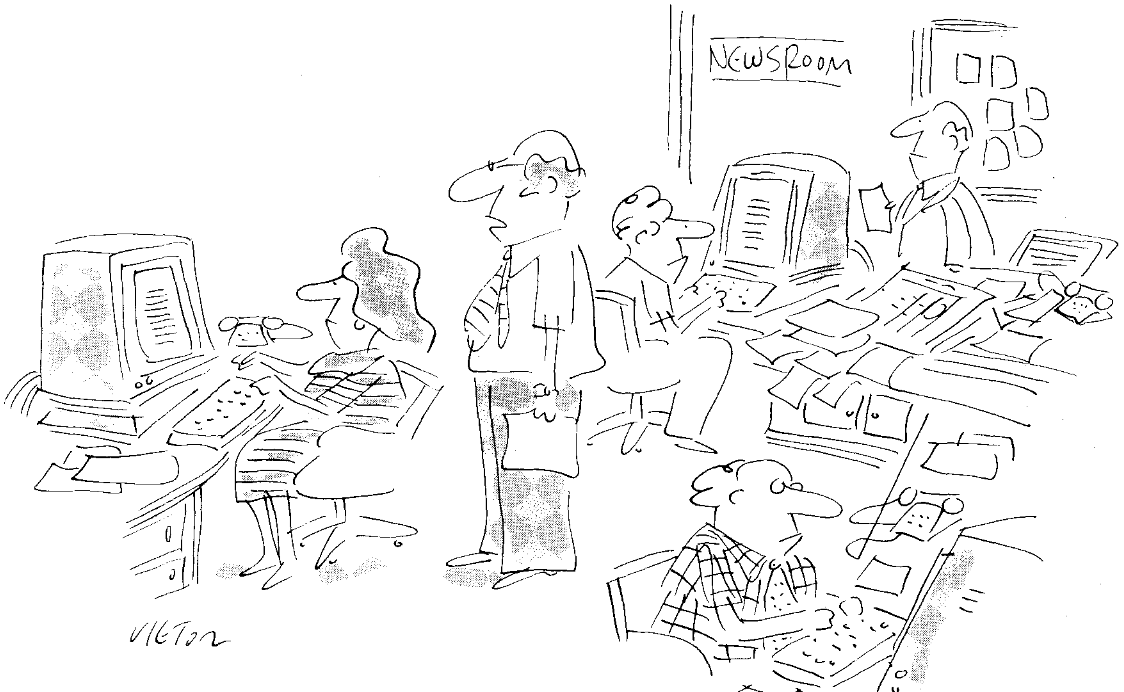
YOU CANNOT REFINE IT

ON the outskirts of the aromatic tobacco town of Durham, North Carolina, some fifteen miles from my home, there is a modest state historical site called Bennett Place. Generally, it is known to have something to do with the Civil War, but most people are not sure what. No great battle was fought on that land, and thus the tourist is deprived of the popular pastime of imagining immense armies clashing on rolling hills or in dense undergrowth and of trying to suppose what the scene must have been like when a battle resulted in ten thousand casualties on each side in a single day. Under a trestle bridge for the Southern Railway, around a bend of an undistinguished byway, past a large metal farm-implement shed, a vista opens to a wide pasture bordered by a low, well-pointed stone wall. Pressed up against the wall, near the traffic of the road, are a two-story log cabin—a reproduction of one that stood on the spot in 1865—and several outbuildings. In the cabin's front room is a simple foldout desk. Upon it rests a plain porcelain pitcher. In one of the back rooms, a cannonball-post bed—a genuine antique—is neatly made up with a cotton quilt. Past the log buildings, looking somewhat out of place but suggesting a significance beyond nineteenth-century yeoman farming, two marble Corinthian columns rise, to the north and south, and are joined by a slab bearing the word "Unity."

To my mind, Bennett Place marks the most fascinating event of the American Civil War. It is the site of a peace, not a battle—a peace more important, I think, than Appomattox. The figures who sat around the simple desk, who drank not water from the pitcher but clear corn whiskey from the Union medical stores, interest me more than Grant and Lee. Appomattox was a simple military surrender of one hostile army to another. While it is fixed in the American mind as the end of the war, it actually disarmed only twenty-five thousand Confederate troops, leaving a hundred thousand more still in the field. Bennett Place, on the other hand, became the neck of the hourglass between the two epic phases of that period—the war and the Reconstruction. There the paramount issue of the next decade was joined: whether the aim of the government would be "to bind up the nation's wounds," to exercise "malice toward none . . . charity for all," or to remake the South without slavery and to redistribute political power. Reconciliation and Reconstruction were antithetical; they could not be carried out simultaneously.

General William Tecumseh Sherman, the dominant figure in what occurred at Bennett Place, is considered by some to be the inventor of "total war": the first general in human history to carry the logic of war to its ultimate extreme, the first to scorch the earth, the first to consciously demoralize the hostile civilian population in order to subdue its army, the first to wreck an economy in order to starve its soldiers. He has been called our first "merchant of terror," and seen as the spiritual father of our Vietnam War concepts of "search and destroy," "pacification," "strategic hamlets," and "free-fire zones." As such, he remains a cardboard figure of our history: a monstrous arch-villain to unreconstructed Southerners, and an embarrassment to Northerners, who wonder whether "civilized war" died with him, whether without him the atomic bomb might not have been dropped or Vietnam entered. He remains one of the few figures of American history who can elicit an instant emotional response.

Over the years, I had visited Bennett Place a number of times. Beyond the plain buildings was the visitors' center—a shabby mobile home. Inside were the usual trinkets, a few weapons, a kepi, a tattered battle flag, a *Harper's Weekly* sketch of Sherman and his opposite number, Confederate General Joseph Johnston, hard at work on the surrender agreement. But when I returned in the fall of 1982 the site had been transformed. In place of the mobile home rose a new, buff-colored permanent building with a high-peaked roof and a commodious but empty display room. The room awaited the usual sort of bland and uncontroversial official "interpretation," or description, of the meeting that had occurred at Bennett Place. The room's emptiness excited rather than disappointed me. For a moment, I longed to



"It's news, but it's not newsworthy."

Dana Fradon

"How come you always side with the striped bass?"

be a museum director—so many possibilities presented themselves. Bennett Place could be a monument to peace and national unity. It could explore the complex psychology of a conqueror-villain, debunking the Sherman myth without minimizing the horrors of his march, stressing his brilliance as a military tactician without shrinking from his contribution to a wider concept of "acceptable" behavior in warfare. It could dramatize what he was in 1865, what he did at Bennett Place, how he fell overnight from the heights of heroism—not because of his brutality throughout the South but because of his generosity at that spot. In short, it could make the peace process exciting.

As one who grew up in the North but has spent his adult life in the South, I have come to view a Southerner's attitude toward Sherman as a kind of litmus test. Years ago, I was inclined to dismiss the whole question of Sherman as an Old South hobgoblin, and anyone who admired him as a throwback. But Vietnam and my concern about its aftermath changed that. Sherman's career and his historical reputation, I thought, could be read as a parable, and I wondered how it was to be interpreted. What, I wondered, is the Southern fixation with the Sherman myth? Why is it still felt strongly in some quarters? What is his legacy? And, last, how could it happen that, at the moment of total victory, this embodiment of brutal warfare nearly gave away all that the Civil War had been fought for? So I set off to retrace Sherman's route and to fill, at least in my own head, that empty room at Bennett Place.

West Point. This seemed the right place to start listening for the echoes of General Sherman. Here, from 1836 to 1840, the young Sherman read about Napoleon's "corps system." He studied the science of fortification, and he learned something about the tactics of "guerrilla warfare." The military preoccupation at that time was an Indian war in Florida. To defeat the Indians, he was taught, first destroy their supplies. But he also studied ethics, and, by all accounts, he took to the subject. The military-ethics textbooks in those days were James Kent's "Commentaries on American Law" and William Paley's "Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy." Kent's view of human nature was bleak and Hobbesian. Only through strong government could man hope to avoid the primitive chaos of fighting; when the social compact broke down, when laws were disobeyed and war resulted, all morality dissolved. Paley's view, on the other hand, was utilitarian, but he counselled that certain practices, such as the use of poison and assassination, must remain outside the limits of war between civilized nations. Recourse by one side to these barbarities, Paley argued, would quickly be imitated by the other side, without giving the advantage to either party. This would merely widen the license of war and aggravate its horrors and calamities.

I went to Thayer Hall to see Chaplain Major John Brinsfield, who was then an assistant professor of history, and who in June, 1982, had published an article in the journal of the United States Army War College on the ethics of General Sherman. Major Brinsfield taught an elective course called History of the Ethics of Warfare—at the time, the only course devoted solely to military ethics given at any of the three military academies. A short, stout officer greeted me, peering out from behind black-rimmed glasses and wearing a uniform adorned by three rows of military ribbons. His deportment was almost too deferential at first, and in the course of the day we spent together Major Brinsfield emerged as something of an anomaly. I believed that the walls of Thayer Hall would have very big ears for many of his words to me that day, but the Major was unperturbed, and said he felt that as long as his research was solid he was safe in saying whatever he wanted to.

Just as startling as his demeanor was his scholarly defense of General Sherman. Major Brinsfield is a Georgian. One of his great-great-grandfathers surrendered to General Sherman not once but three times: at Vicksburg,

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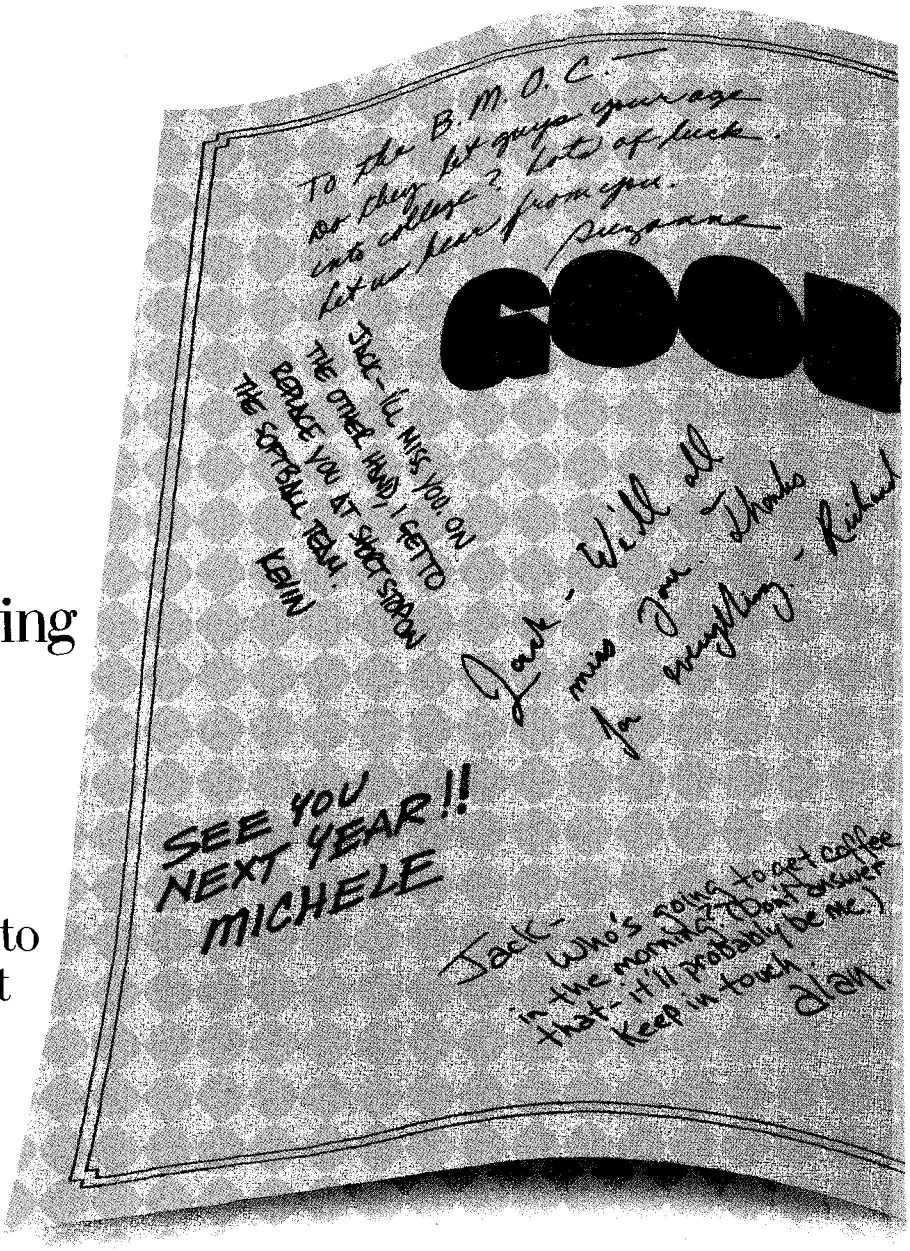
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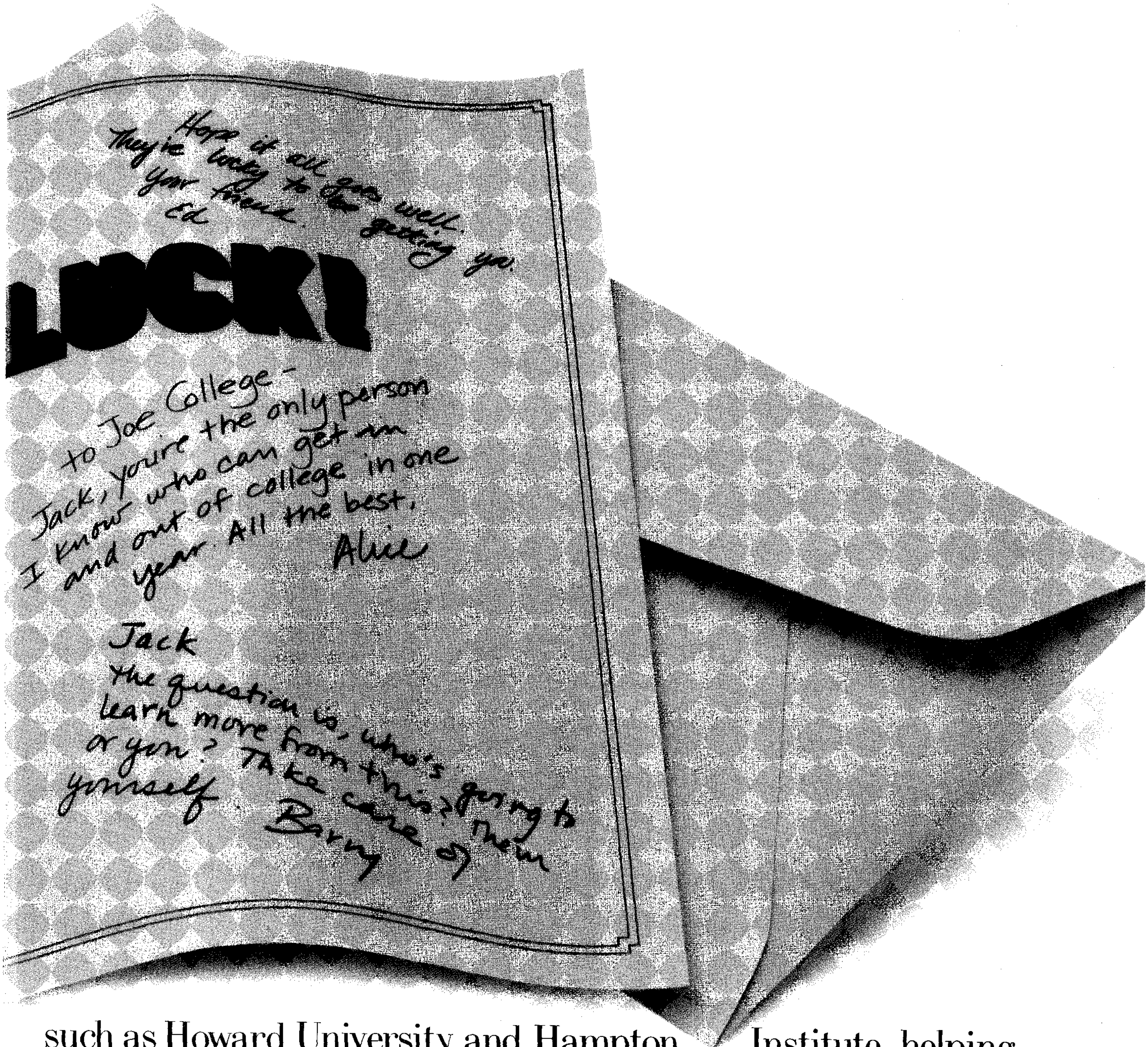

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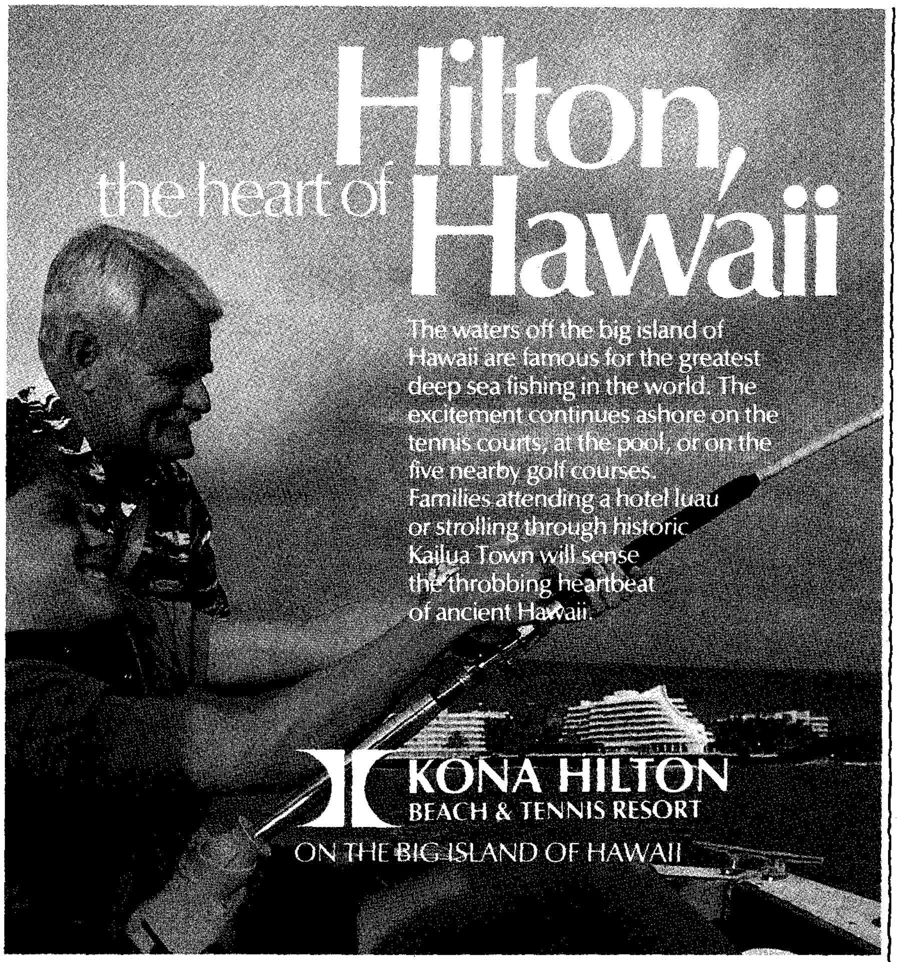

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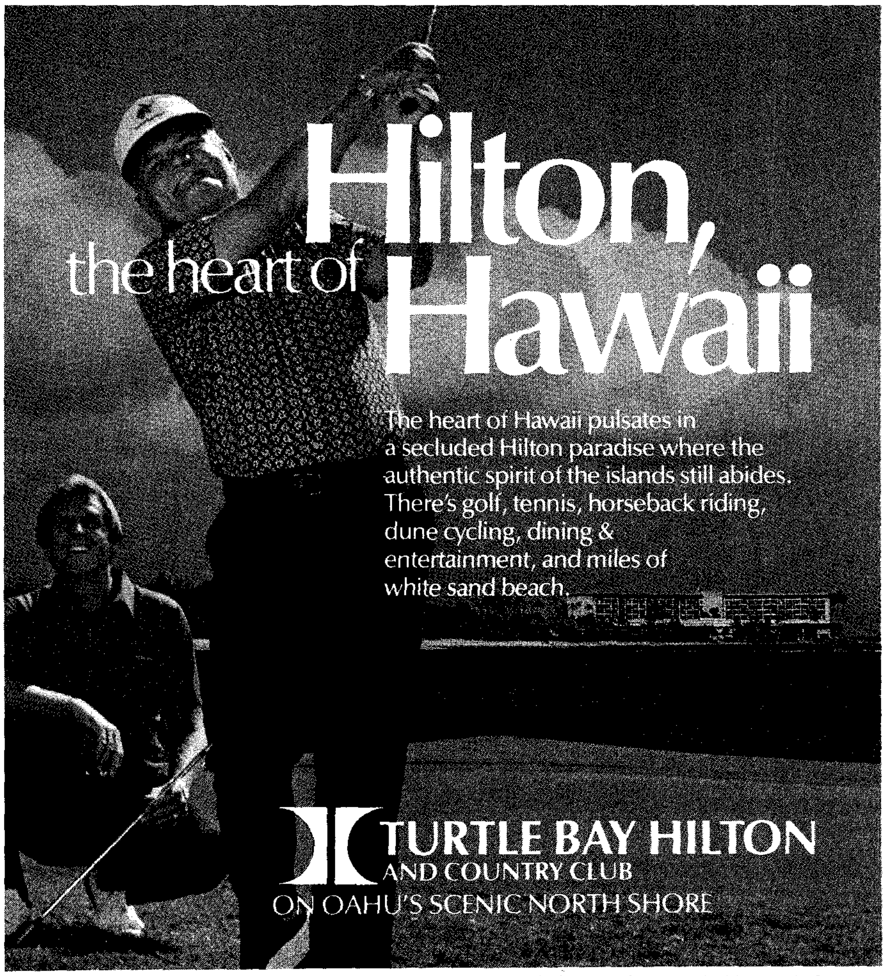

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at Missionary Ridge, and after Appomattox. His forebears had lived near Dalton, Georgia, directly in the path of Sherman's army as it pushed toward Atlanta. But his family folklore is the reverse of what one might expect. In a time of great deprivation, his ancestors were fed out of Sherman's stores. This secured for Sherman the lasting gratitude of succeeding Brinsfield generations. Major Brinsfield spelled out for me some of the issues that have traditionally been considered in his ethics course: for instance, the weapons designated "unacceptable" by the Geneva Convention because they cause "undue suffering" are not those that could obliterate the human race but things like hollow-tipped dumdum bullets that expand upon impact, or plastic or glass land mines, whose fragments cannot be detected by a medical X-ray. Such is the lag in the Geneva Convention in dealing with contemporary weaponry. In Brinsfield's view, therefore, the West Point cadet in the nuclear age is presented with a double message: he is schooled in an individual code of honor about cheating, lying, and stealing, and is even required to report these offenses if he witnesses others committing them; and, conversely, he is taught that as a commander he must use whatever means are necessary and legal to achieve a military goal, including the nuclear arsenal.

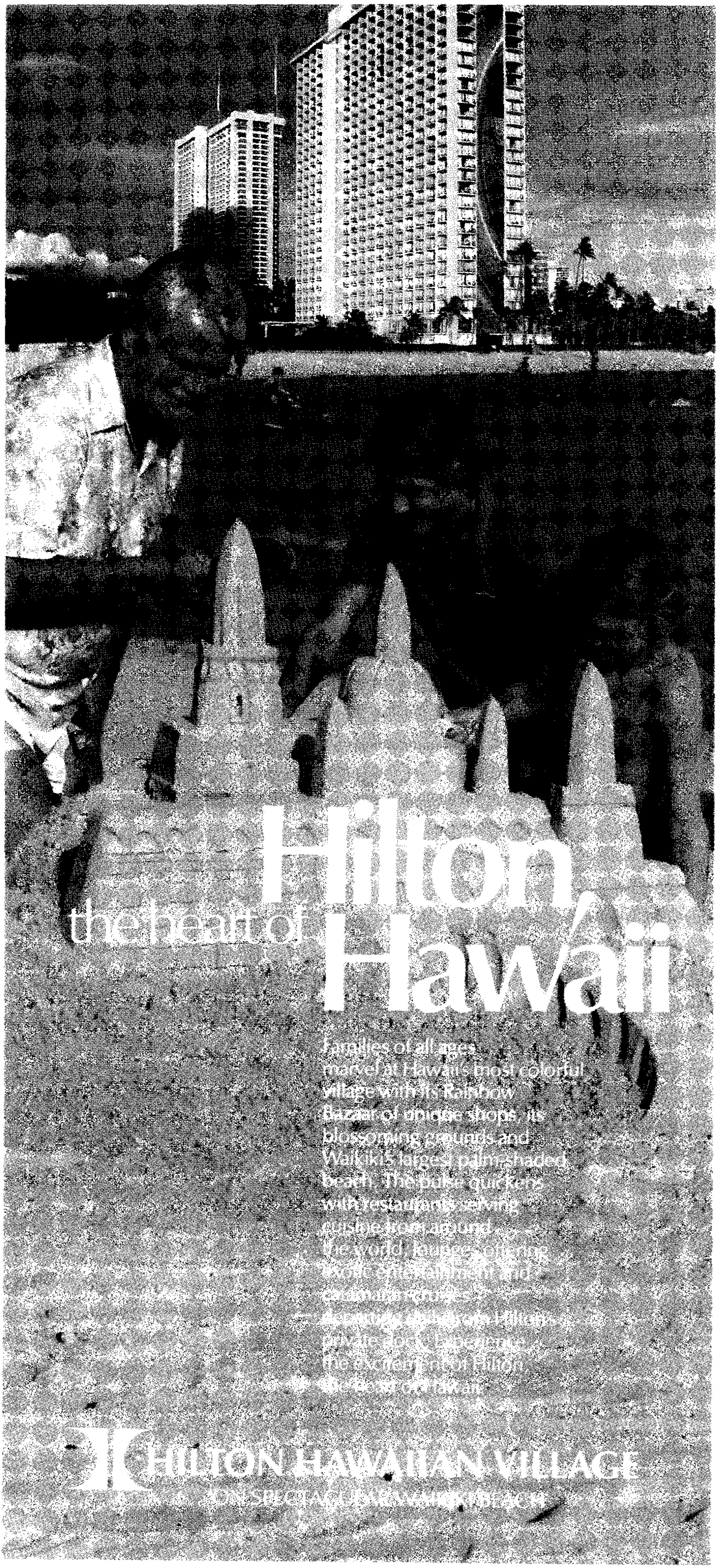
The seeming impossibility of this dilemma is what drew Major Brinsfield to the ethics of General Sherman, perhaps nostalgically. While the fatalities of the Civil War were a staggering six hundred thousand, at least ninety per cent of them were soldiers. In a nuclear war, more than ninety per cent of the fatalities would be civilians. Although Sherman's troops made war on the people of the South, at least the cruelty was generally face to face. And although Sherman had a policy of reprisal, it was on a scale comprehensible to the human mind. Sherman may have extended the limits of acceptable conduct in warfare, but his own conduct, by Brinsfield's measure, could be judged against the two historical standards of military engagement enshrined in the Rules of Land Warfare. These two standards are "proportionality" (use no more force than is necessary to achieve your objective) and "discrimination" (distinguish between combatants and innocents). Nonetheless, in Sherman's campaign, Brinsfield believes, these standards were gradually but relentlessly destroyed.

It could be argued that once these

standards were destroyed the course of military warfare led to the saturation bombing of the Second World War, to Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and to the American policies of escalation in the Vietnam War. In Sherman's approach to Southern guerrilla acts against his troops, for example, one can find the intellectual roots of the American policy of "sustained reprisal" in Vietnam. That policy of tying American air strikes against North Vietnam to specific Vietcong acts of terror in South Vietnam was proposed by McGeorge Bundy in 1965 and authorized by President Johnson after a Communist attack on the United States compound at Pleiku killed nine and injured seventy-six. Bundy's thinking was Sherman's.

The chairman of the History Department, Colonel Roy Flint, was eager to get his word on Sherman in, and he asked me to visit his quarters in Thayer Hall. Seated before a map of Korea, Colonel Flint, lean, gray-haired, terse in speech, conformed more closely to my picture of the professional soldier. He had been a battalion commander during the Tet offensive, and though he had supported the "self-imposed" rules of engagement, according to which his troops could fire into areas where there were civilians only if they had been fired upon, he had sometimes chafed under the restrictions. The "genius of Sherman," Colonel Flint remarked, was to realize that the military defeat of the opposing army was not his only mission. Rather, his mission was punitive and psychological, and must be felt by the civilians behind the troops. By taking a "reasonably carefully controlled army"—"reasonably," I gathered, was the operative word—through the South, Sherman "reintroduced" terror into the art of war. Terror was by no means an original idea with Sherman, Colonel Flint continued. From the Vandals and the Goths to the Thirty Years' War, war was total, in the pre-nuclear sense. Limited war came about as a revulsion against the Thirty Years' War, and war became total again in the nineteenth century with Napoleon, not Sherman. Napoleon, through his corps system, dispersed his armies along parallel routes and had them live off the land as they marched through Europe. Grant, Sherman's immediate superior, adopted the Napoleonic strategy during the campaign against Vicksburg, in Mississippi, in 1863, and Sherman widened it the following year in Georgia.

Grant had not given Sherman a set



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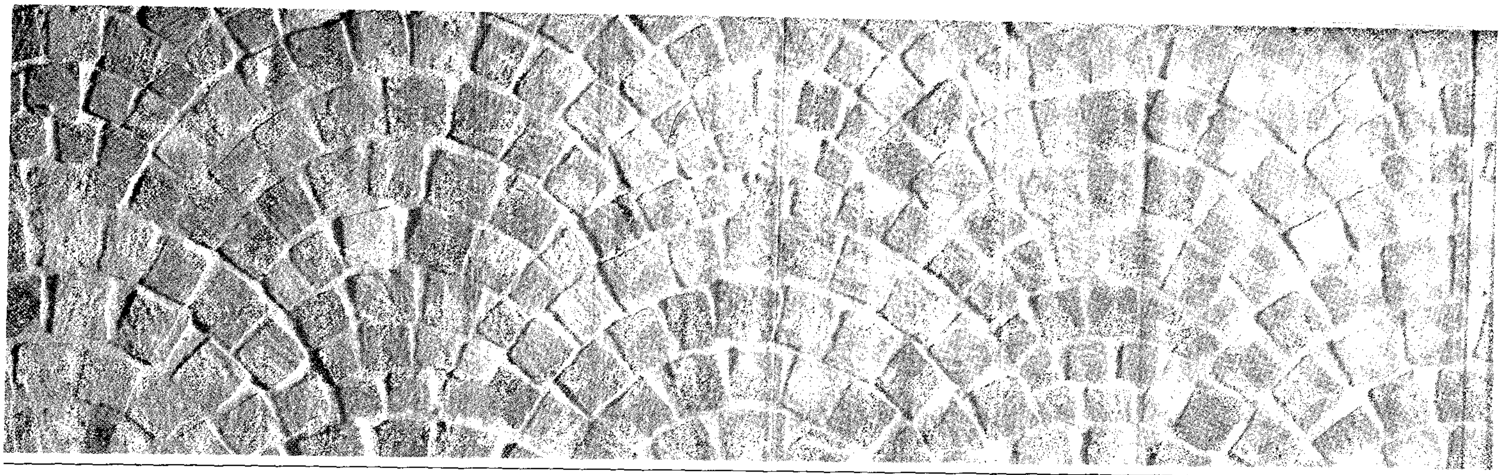

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plan for his Georgia campaign but had only defined the broad objectives—penetrating to the enemy's innermost recesses and damaging his "war resources." It was Sherman who chose the actual route: from Chattanooga south to Atlanta; east to Savannah; and north to Durham. To Colonel Flint, Sherman's March to the Sea was "a creative approach" to carrying out Grant's order. "Sherman knew that his army was not big enough to occupy the entire South, and therefore he punished those along a relatively narrow strip who resisted him, seeking to advertise the horrors of war and spread that word through the South," Colonel Flint said. "His *loose* control over his army created the very element of horror he desired."

This seemed to me a considerable statement, and I wondered what lesson cadets would draw from it.

Colonel Flint said that if Sherman had been a modern-day commander at the battalion level, in constant communication with his officers, rather than a general on a horse at the head of a huge army, he "could have exercised tight control." He continued, "If it's your desire to stop a certain practice, there are ways of accomplishing that. You just court-martial a few troops, and it stops." In Vietnam, Colonel Flint had threatened several times to do that very thing when his soldiers got out of hand. "But it didn't have to get that far," he said.

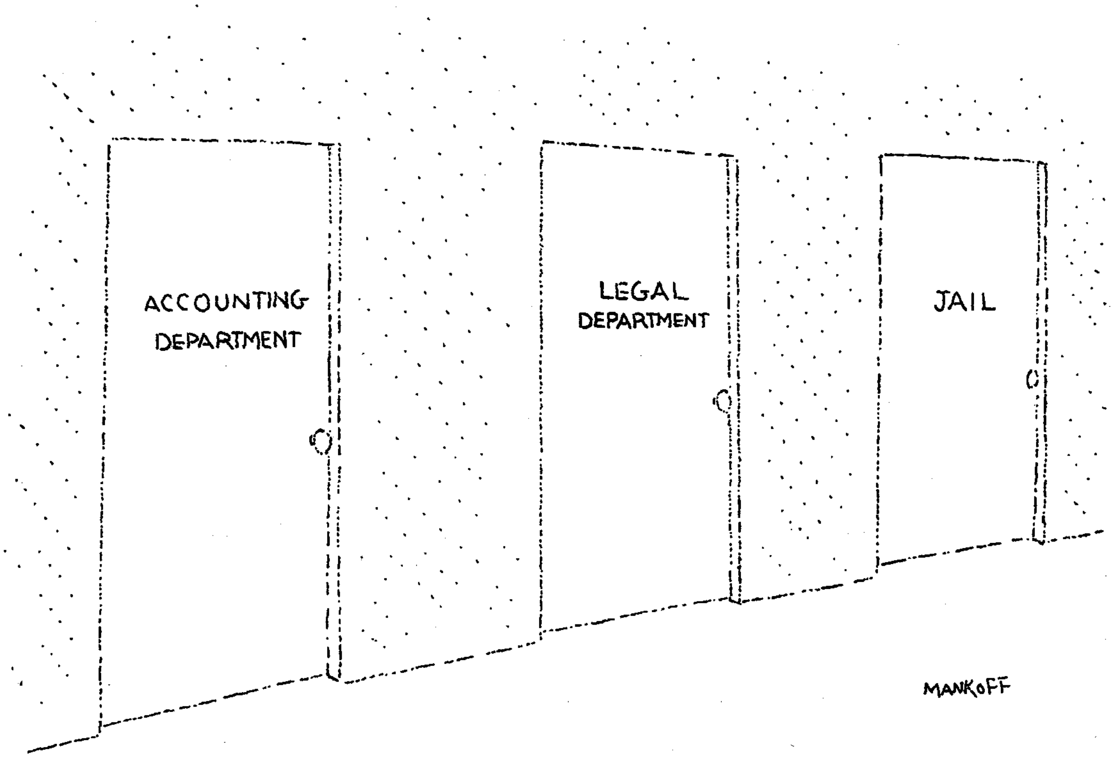
We went to lunch with five other officers on the history faculty. All had had experience in Vietnam, and all expressed bewilderment when I said I thought there was a parallel between Sherman's excesses and the excesses of American troops in Vietnam. If terror was the issue, they wanted to talk about the Vietcong. Quickly, we moved into the realm of "utilitarian" ethics. "Terror doesn't work," one officer said, with some passion. But later he confessed that it had worked very well for the Vietcong against the Americans and for the Algerians against the French. Toward the end of lunch, Colonel Walter S. Dillard, a South Carolinian, who had been at Ben Suc soon after the assault on it, said he supposed that, proportionally, the number of atrocities in Sherman's army and in Westmoreland's might be the same—a very small number in both cases.

"No, I didn't know the human body was seventy-two per cent beer."

• •

NORTHWEST GEORGIA. The campaign against Atlanta began on May 5, 1864, when Sherman moved out of Chattanooga toward General Joseph Johnston's well-entrenched positions along the ridges of Rocky Face, above a gap called Buzzard Roost, near Dalton, Georgia. Johnston was the best strategist in the Confederate Army, and though he commanded an army only half the size of Sherman's, he had the advantage of difficult home terrain and well-constructed fortifications. Later, Sherman argued that Johnston's geographical advantages in northwest Georgia had equalized the discrepancy in their troop strength, to which Johnston responded, "I would gladly have given all the mountains, ravines, rivers, and woods of Georgia for such a supply of artillery ammunition, proportionally, as he had."

My retracing of Sherman's route began at Tunnel Hill, the site of the first contact between the armies. The day of my visit was windy and clear, with temperatures in the thirties, and the trees along the slopes of the mountains were still ripe with autumnal color. With me was Dr. Philip Secrist, a historian who has studied the Atlanta campaign for twenty-five years and has written about the battle at Resaca and the siege of Atlanta. Now Secrist, a solemn, heavyset scholar, lives near Kennesaw Mountain, and the Confederate battle trenches run through his back yard. Some years ago, he bought the old Manning plantation house, on the Sandtown Road south of Gilgal Church, and had it moved onto his property, ten miles away. The house had been used as a Union hospital while Sherman's troops skirmished with Johnston's around Kennesaw Mountain. Secrist pointed proudly to a few Yankee bloodstains in the floorboards. In a corner was a glass case chockablock with buckles and minié balls and uniform buttons that he had found while studying the battlefields. Secrist is a Civil War buff, of the best sort: he combines the scholar, the relic hunter, the genealogist, and the teacher. Always, there seems to be a personal reason for people to become Civil War buffs. Mine is Bennett Place. Secrist's is ancestry. His great-grandfather was



a soldier in the 18th Virginia Regiment, and was captured at Spotsylvania and imprisoned in Elmira, New York, for the last year of the war. Secrist has walked every battlefield in the Shenandoah Valley campaign, in which his forebears fought.

As we made our way slowly south—starting with the railroad tunnel at Tunnel Hill (which Sherman, to his surprise and delight, found intact), continuing through the battlefields of Resaca and New Hope Church, and ending our day at the site of the awful battle of Kennesaw Mountain, twenty miles north of Atlanta—Dr. Secrist filled in the details. He pointed out trenches and graveyards, strategic gaps and flooded streams, and he piled up anecdotes. If one tours like Sherman, instead of speeding down Interstate 75, which parallels his route, the names one encounters are irresistible: Pickett's Mill, Dug Gap, Lost Mountain, Allatoona Pass, Gilgal Church, Big Shanty, Nickajack Mountain, Gravelley Plateau, Sweat Mountain, Little Pumpkin Vine Creek, Blackjack Mountain, Stop and Swap, and Cassville. Cassville, Secrist said, with shuddering emphasis, was the first town in Georgia that Sherman burned—the seat of antebellum culture in North Georgia. The town was never rebuilt, and today it is a tiny farm community.

To trace this leg of Sherman's campaign is a particular pleasure for the military strategist, because the Yankee vandals had not yet begun to make war on the people, and there was no refrain about Sherman's "burning, pillaging, and raping" his way across Georgia. The route to Atlanta was determined by just three things: the railroad, the terrain, and Johnston's actions. Only at Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, and, finally, in the three battles for Atlanta itself, which Sherman did not initiate, was the conflict full scale. The rest of the action was maneuvers—usually Johnston fortifying the high ridges and Sherman bypassing them to the west. "He's all hell at flanking," one of Sherman's admiring soldiers said of him. "He'd flank God Almighty out of Heaven, and the Devil into Hell." It is Dr. Secrist's theory that Sherman hoped to catch Johnston's army immediately, around Resaca, and end it all then and there. That very nearly happened, but Sherman's forward troops, under General James McPherson, were too slow and cautious as they moved through Snake Creek Gap, and did not cut the rail line above Resaca before Johnston slipped down it.

In the last thirty years, the State of Georgia has developed a superb system of roadside markers that trace in detail the movements of troops, down to the regimental level. This system was the first indication I had of an implicit recognition by Georgia that the Sherman myth had far outstripped historical reality. Nowhere in these relatively new roadside signs did I find the old, tiresome chauvinism about the righteousness of the Southern cause. In many instances later in the campaign, after the capture of Atlanta, where there is documentation of outrageous pilferage and burning by Union troops, the signs use flat, matter-of-fact description or ignore the atrocities entirely.

This is not to say, however, that north of Atlanta the Sherman legend is dead. The next day, not far from Cassville, I paid a visit to Norton and Henry Tumlin. The Tumlins, two brothers in their sixties, have an ancestor known as Colonel Lewis Tumlin, who owned a cotton plantation of some eight thousand acres along the Etowah River. The Colonel's rank was probably honorary, because there is no record in the Georgia archives of his performing any military duty. He may have been the head of the local militia, for the Tumlin brothers have a vague notion that the Colonel hanged a squaw in the Cassville town square for supposedly attacking a white family, and he must have done that in an official capacity. Norton Tumlin, a portly farmer whose wife is a rural mail carrier, told me this by the grand staircase of Colonel Tumlin's house, where he lives. At the foot of the stairs was a huge portrait of the Colonel himself—weighing around two hundred and seventy-five pounds and looking flush—and along the stairs hung pictures of succeeding Tumlin generations, in ever smaller frames. As one climbed the stairs, Mr. Tumlin remarked wryly, the Tumlins descended the social scale.

I had looked up the Tumlins because Sherman had visited the Tumlin estate on two occasions. The first time was in 1844, when Sherman was a young soldier on a legal mission from Charleston. Then he had stayed with Colonel Tumlin, to visit some imposing Indian mounds, one of which dates back to the year 1000, that were situated on the Tumlin estate. The visit meant that Sherman was traversing the very route over which, twenty years later, he would lead a vast army. When Sherman arrived the second time, in 1864, as he wrote in his memoirs,

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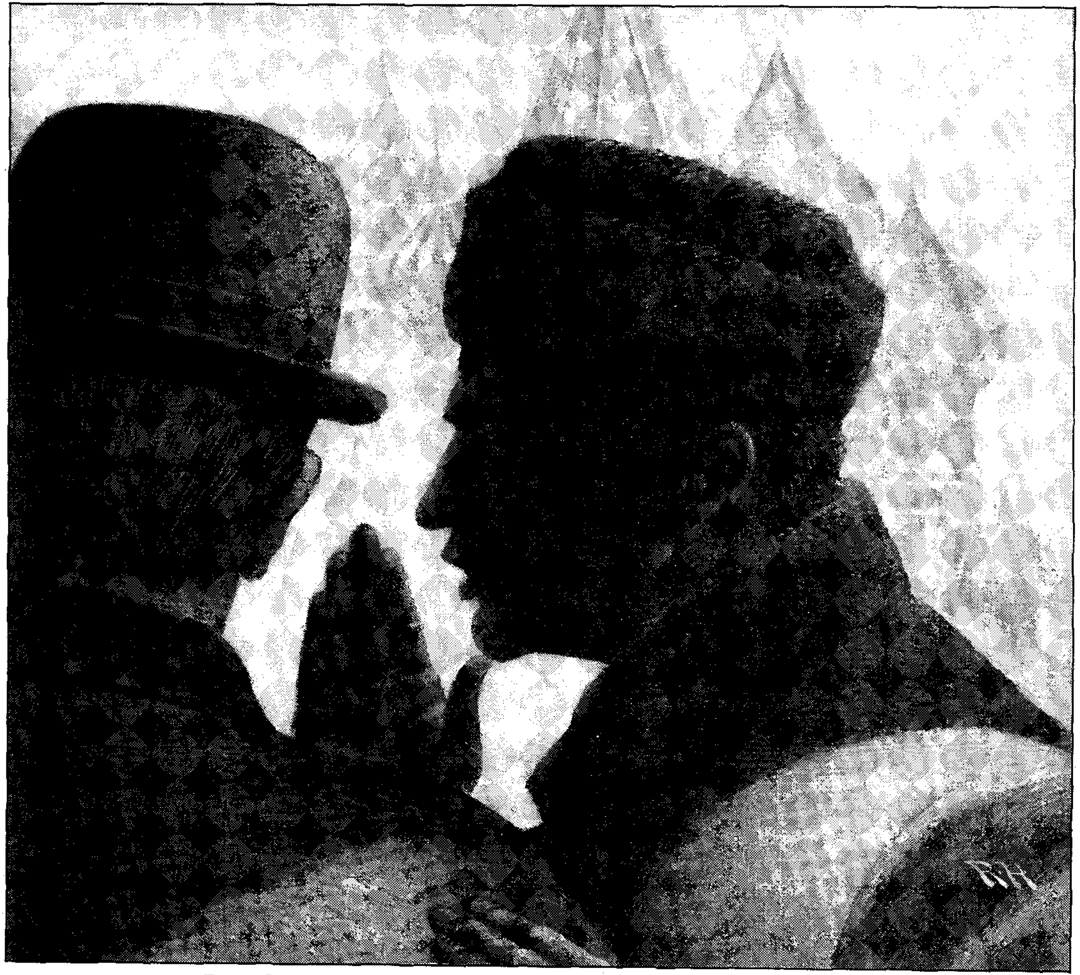

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Colonel Tumlin "was not at home."

What is more important for the folklorist, however, is that the Etowah River Valley became associated with a spurious Sherman romance. Not far from the Tumlin estate, in a grand house called Etowah Heights, there came to live an Augusta-born beauty named Cecilia Stovall Shelman. She was so beautiful, a Bartow County pamphlet that Mr. Tumlin gave me says, that "her superior personal charms rendered her a queen in the social and military affairs of her time." It adds, "In her veins coursed the bluest blood of several generations of Southern aristocracy." Cecilia had a brother who was a cadet at West Point at the same time as Sherman, and when she visited her brother there, the story goes, Cecilia and Sherman danced the night away. So deep was Sherman's affection that he proposed to her, but Cecilia turned him down, writing (according to the legend), "Your eyes are so cold and cruel. How you would crush an enemy! I pity the man who ever becomes your foe." Sherman, crestfallen, protested, "I would ever shield and protect you."

In 1864, Sherman returned, maneuvering around Johnston between Kingston and Dallas. At a lovely mansion in the valley, he found a black servant in a fright as, according to the pamphlet, "soldiers [were] greedily possessing themselves of valuables before applying the torch." Sherman inquired about the house, and the servant said that it belonged to Mrs. Cecilia. The narrative continues, "His face softened as memories of the past flashed through his mind. 'Where is your mistress?' he asked. 'Bless de Lawd, sah, when misses hear tell dat de Yankees wuz comin' an' de Marster gone to war an' dat dey gwine kill an' burn, she called ter me an' say, Joe, we is all gwine 'way to be safe from de enemy. Pray to de soldiers to spare our home an' God bless you, Joe. She went with de chil'lun 'round her, Lawd only knows whar, sah.' "

Sherman supposedly posted a guard around the house and wrote a note to Cecilia before he rode off to plunder elsewhere:

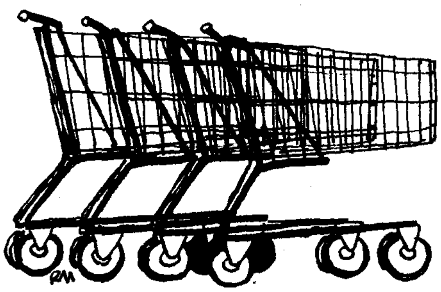
> MY DEAR MADAM: You once said that you pitied the man who ever became my foe. My answer was that I would ever shield and protect you. That I have done. Forgive all else; I am but a soldier.
>
> W. T. SHERMAN

ATLANTA. For nearly two months, Sherman laid siege to Atlanta, and after three large-scale engagements—the Battle of Peachtree Creek, on July 20, 1864; the Battle of Atlanta, on July 22nd; and the Battle of Ezra Church on July 28th—his troops entered the evacuated city on September 2nd. Several weeks before Atlanta fell, Johnston was replaced by John Bell Hood, who never won a battle and frittered away the effectiveness of his fighting force. Hood had only one leg (he had lost the other at Chickamauga) and had the use of only one arm. He had to be strapped on his horse, and may have been dazed most of the time by laudanum taken to deaden his pain. Anyhow, Southerners might like to think so. Hood tried to lure Sherman out of Atlanta and back over the territory in Alabama and Tennessee and North Georgia that he had already conquered. Sherman did go as far as Gaylesville, Alabama, before returning to Kingston, Georgia, where he rested for several days at the Hargis house, now a Texaco station. There Sherman decided he had had enough of backtracking, and devised the March to the Sea.

This phase of the campaign, after Sherman captured Atlanta and before he turned east to Savannah, interests me particularly, for the invader was now the conqueror, and the frustrations of occupation had begun to surface. His tenuous line of supply to Nashville (some two hundred and eighty miles along the railroad) was harassed by guerrillas at every point. On October 29, 1864, his annoyance took the form of the only Sherman order I know directing indiscriminate burning and killing. It was sent to Brigadier General Louis D. Watkins, his commander at Calhoun, just south of Resaca:

> Cannot you send over about Fairmount and Adairsville, burn ten or twelve houses of known secessionists, kill a few at random, and let them know that it will be repeated every time a train is fired on from Resaca to Kingston?

His perception deepened that all the Southern people, not just the soldiers, were his enemy. He took other actions aimed at "pacification": he ordered the evacuation of all civilian homes within a mile of the railroad; and, closer to Atlanta, at Roswell and Sweetwater, where cotton mills turned out Confederate cloth, he issued this order:



> I repeat my orders that you arrest all people, male and female, connected with those factories, no matter what the clamor, and let them foot it, under guard, to Marietta, whence I will send them by cars to the North. . . . The poor women will make a howl. Let them take along their children and clothing, providing they have the means of hauling or you can spare them.

Over four hundred millworkers, mainly women, were loaded into railroad cars and transported to Indiana, where some of them went to work in Union textile mills. Few ever returned to the South.

But at this stage Sherman's actions remained surgical. The mills at Roswell and Sweetwater were destroyed, and as he prepared to move east on what he called his "big raid" he ordered the railroad ripped up and legitimate targets destroyed. In the course of such destruction, if a fire raged out of control Sherman still tried to control it. At Marietta, for example, the courthouse caught fire, and the Union troops tried to put out the flames but had to give up. According to the diary of Major Henry Hitchcock, Sherman's aide, he and Sherman came upon the scene and had this conversation:

" 'Twill burn down, Sir," Hitchcock said.

"Yes, can't be stopped," Sherman said.

"Was it your intention?"

"Can't save it. I've seen more of this sort of thing than you."

"Certainly, Sir."

They rode on, passing a clutch of troops.

"There are the men who do this," Sherman said. "Set as many guards as you please, they will slip in and set fire. The courthouse was put out—no use—daresay whole town will burn—at least, business part. I never ordered burning of any dwelling—didn't order this, but can't be helped." And he added, referring to the President of the Confederacy, "I say Jeff Davis burnt them."

"[I was] anxious you not be blamed for what you did not order," Hitchcock persisted.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to bear it," Sherman replied.

For Sherman, the South was made up of four social classes. At the top were the planters, the "ruling class," who were "bitter as gall" at their losses but who understood "the logic

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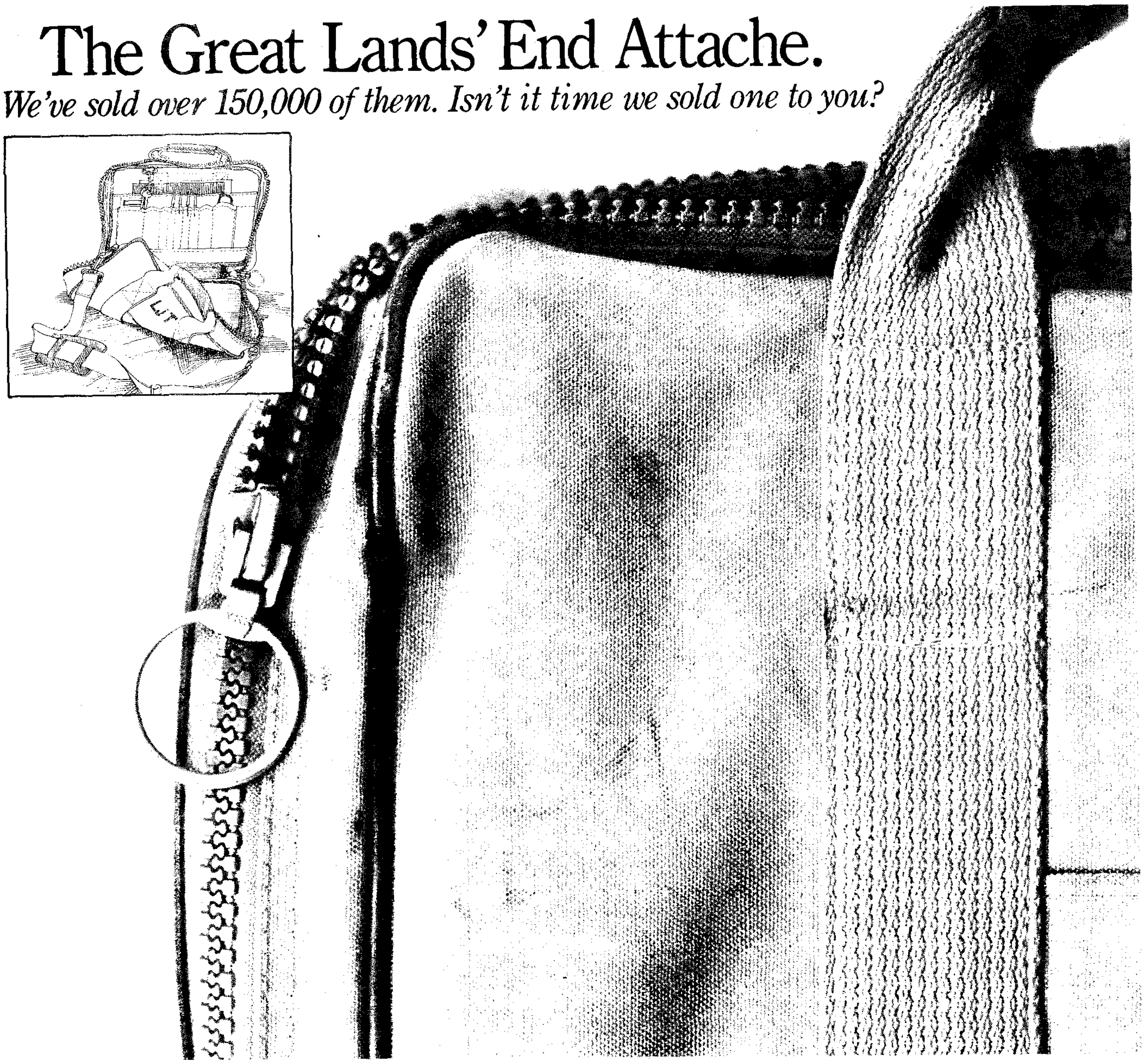

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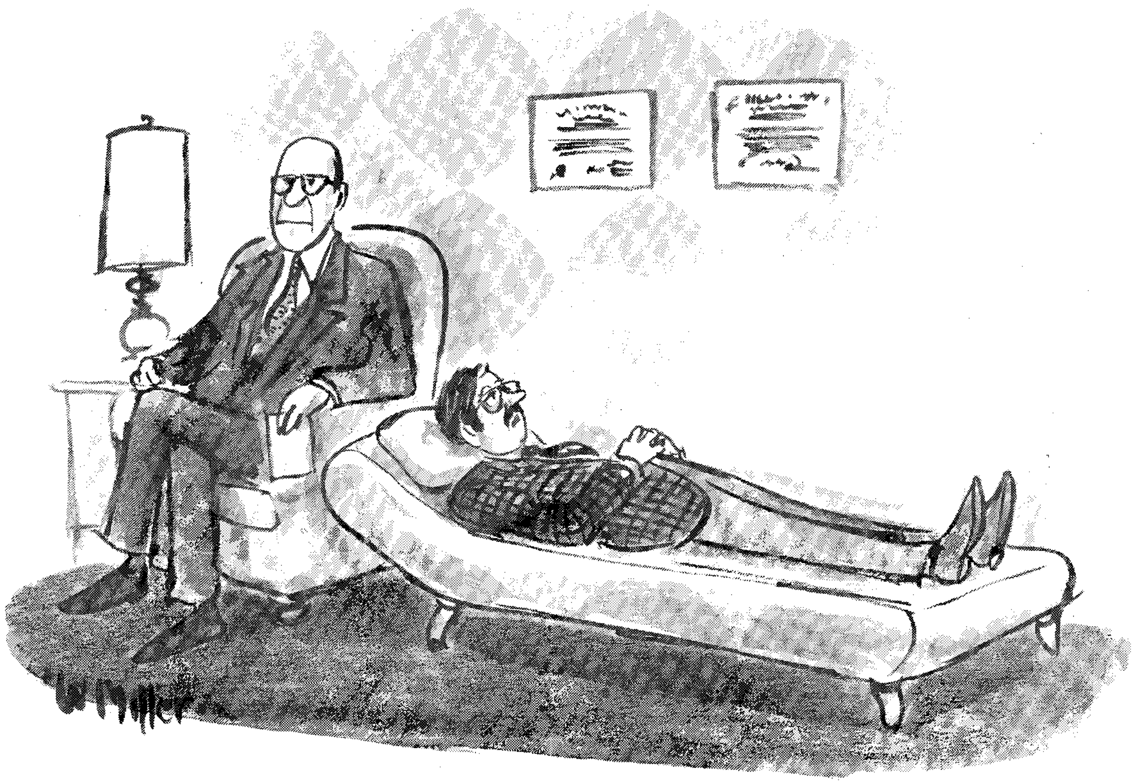

"The very first thing I can remember is 'Texaco Star Theatre.'"

• •

of events." Time was required, Sherman surmised, for the members of this ruling class to adjust to the vast revolution the war had brought, but their help in Reconstruction would be essential. Then, there were the small farmers, merchants, and laborers, who, he said, never had any interest in a Southern Confederacy but who followed the lead of the planters, and swerved "to and fro according to events which they [did] not comprehend or attempt to shape." Sherman wrote, "The Southern politicians, who understand this class, consult their prejudices, while they make their orders and enforce them. We should do the same." Then came "the Union men of the South"—the Southerners who fought for the Union. Forget them, Sherman advised. They were afraid of their own shadow. Finally, there were the young bloods, who, Sherman felt, would be the bane of Reconstruction:

> Sons of planters, lawyers about towns, good billiard-players and sportsmen, men who never did work and never will. War suits them, and the rascals are brave, fine riders, bold to rashness, and dangerous subjects in every sense. They care not a sou for niggers, land, or any thing. They hate Yankees per se, and don't bother their brains about the past, present, or future. As long as they have good horses, plenty of forage, and an open country, they are happy. . . . They are the most dangerous set of men that this war has turned loose upon the world.

Among this class of "the very devils," Sherman counted the generals Stonewall Jackson, Bedford Forrest (who would become the Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan in 1867), J.E.B. Stuart, and Joseph Wheeler, and the raiders, cavalrymen, and guerrillas who tormented his supply line. Later, Sherman added John Wilkes Booth to the group. Sherman said that the Union could do only one of two things with this class of young men—kill them or employ them. At the war's end, he wrote that he wished to "throw upon the South the care of this class of men, who will soon be as obnoxious to their industrial classes as to us."

Sherman's first actions in Atlanta reveal the tug within him between generosity and a desire to punish. He was visited by a resident of Madison, Georgia, who seemed to appreciate what might be ahead for his town and others in central Georgia, and so offered to act as an emissary to the governor of Georgia, Joseph Brown, to see if there was some way that Sherman's ministrations might be avoided. Through this intermediary and others, Sherman put a proposition in a letter to Brown: if the Governor would withdraw the Georgia militia from the Confederate Army and pursue a policy of "separate State action," Sherman would "spare the state," confine his troops to the main roads, and pay greenbacks for all the corn and food his army required.

The offer was, characteristically, more psychological than military. To Abraham Lincoln, Sherman wrote, "It would be a magnificent stroke of policy if we could, *without* surrendering principle or a foot of ground, arouse the latent enmity of Georgia against Davis." Georgians, Sherman felt, were generally lukewarm toward the Confederate cause and resented the resistance in Richmond to sending more troops south for the defense of their state. While Sherman's proposition was making its way to Governor Brown, Jefferson Davis slipped into Georgia. At Macon, he argued that if only half the Confederate deserters returned to their posts Sherman would be crushed. For the Yankee invader he predicted the fate of Napoleon at Moscow: so far from his line of supply, Sherman would soon face the choice of starvation or retreat; the Rebel cossacks would harass and eventually destroy the enemy. Davis encouraged his Macon audience to visualize Sherman skulking out of Georgia with only a bodyguard, in the manner of Napoleon fleeing toward Paris.

With Davis in Georgia, bombastically taunting Sherman and criticizing Southern politicians like Governor Brown for cowering before the invaders, Sherman's proposition for Georgia to act independently was soon nullified by events. Governor Brown did succeed for a short time in removing the Georgia militia from Hood's army, but his legislature voted to continue the fight.

Sherman had tried generosity and had been rejected. His response to the rejection was rage, and a strengthening determination to punish severely. This, at least, is the theory of Major Brinsfield, who has found a psychohis-

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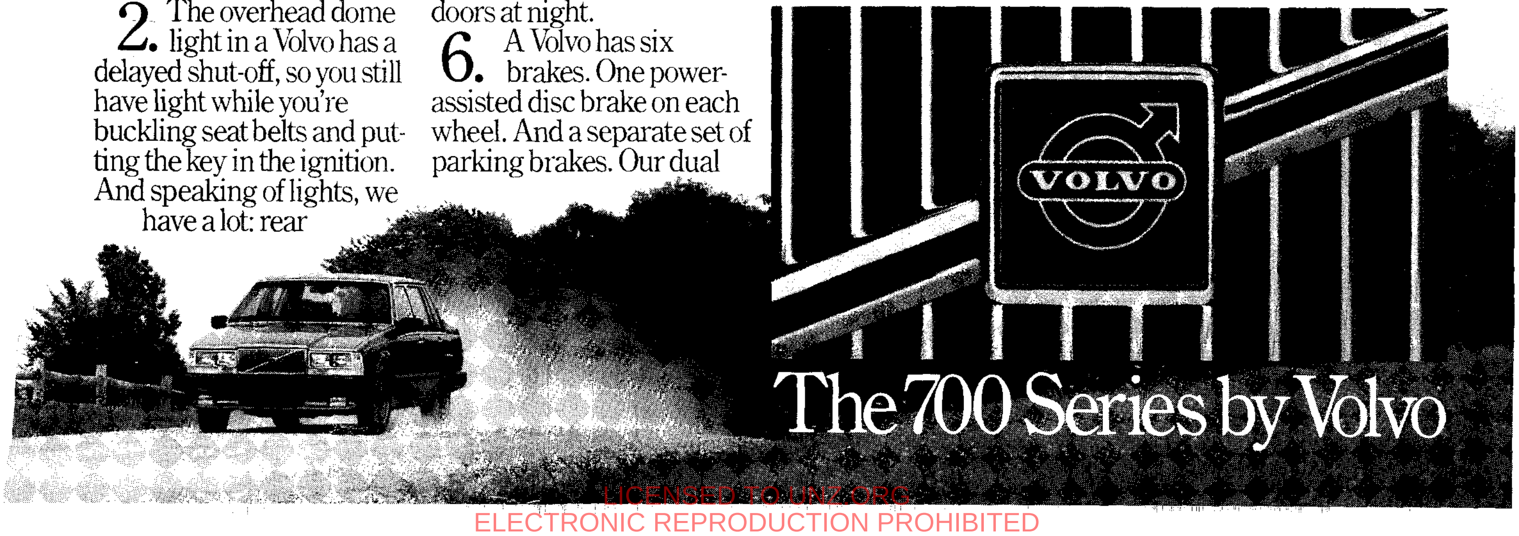

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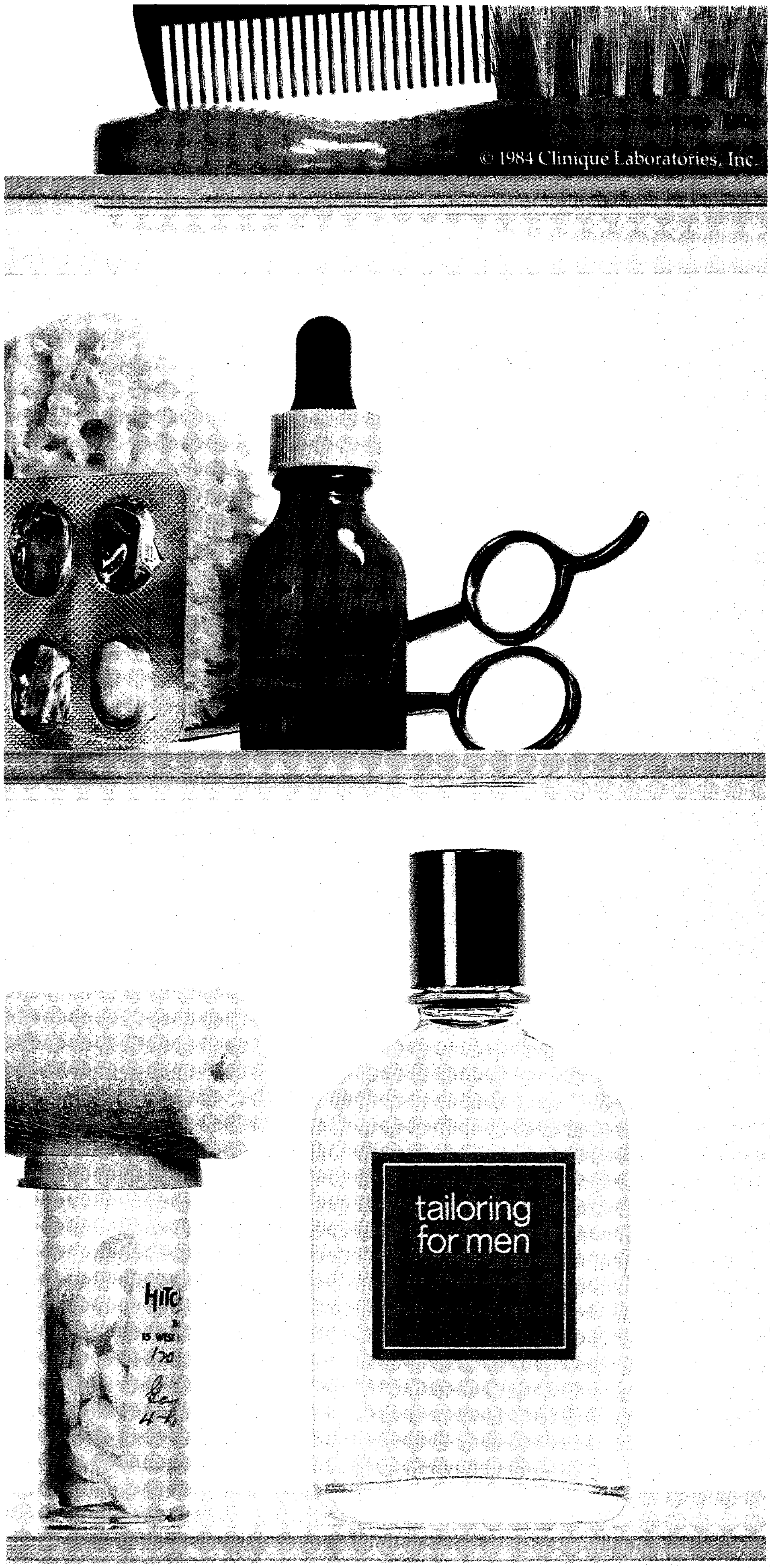

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torian's diagnosis for Sherman's condition: "institutional-child syndrome"—the oscillation between gentle conduct and uncontrolled rage. Whatever clinical validity such a designation may have, the idea of a commander subject to temper tantrums at the head of sixty-two thousand troops is a distressing one—for that and all time.

Meanwhile, Sherman had delivered a highly charged order to those citizens who had remained in Atlanta. They must evacuate the city entirely, turning it into a military depot. They were free to go either north or south, "as their interests or feelings dictated." Profiteers and sutlers from the Northern side would be permitted no closer than Chattanooga. Sherman wanted to eliminate profiteering and to avoid exposing his men to endless solicitations from prostitutes, but, as usual, he also had a psychological purpose. He expected objections to his evacuation order, but, he wrote later, "I knew that the people of the South would read in this measure two important conclusions: one, that we were in earnest; and the other, if they were sincere in their common and popular clamor 'to die in the last ditch,' that the opportunity would soon come."

From this unusual order, a spirited correspondence arose between Sherman and Hood over the ethics of their respective methods of warfare. (The letters, carried across enemy lines under flags of truce, were widely published at the time in both Southern and Northern newspapers.) Hood acknowledged that he had no alternative but to coöperate in receiving whatever civilian refugees from Atlanta preferred Southern to Northern protection. But, with Victorian indignation and grand, orotund phraseology, he protested, in the name of God and of humanity, against this unprecedented measure, which "transcends, in studied and ingenious cruelty, all acts ever before brought to my attention in the dark history of war."

Hood had chosen the wrong literary as well as military adversary, for Sherman on the page, as on the battlefield, overwhelmed him with twice the firepower and twice the skill. Sherman pleaded with Hood not to appeal to a just God "in such a sacrilegious manner," for it had been Hood and his colleagues "who, in the midst of peace and prosperity, have plunged a nation into war—dark and cruel war—who dared and badgered us to battle, insulted our flag, seized our arsenals and forts . . ." On and on went the litany of Southern sins. As for the unprecedented nature of his action, Sherman claimed that Hood and his predecessor, Joseph Johnston, had done the very same thing in evacuating Dalton, Georgia, and the towns south of it, and he said he saw no reason that Atlanta should be an exception. (Here Sherman stood on weak ground, for the scale of his Atlanta action far exceeded any Rebel evacuation.)

Then Sherman charged Hood with having deliberately placed Atlanta's line of defense so close to the town that every cannonball that overshot its mark had crashed into houses where women and children were living. Two days later, Hood, in response, complained that Sherman's artillery had continuously overshot his "modest field-works" by miles for weeks and weeks. "I have too good an opinion . . . of the skill of your artillerists, to credit the insinuation that they for several weeks unintentionally fired too high . . . and slaughtered women and children by accident and want of skill," Hood wrote.

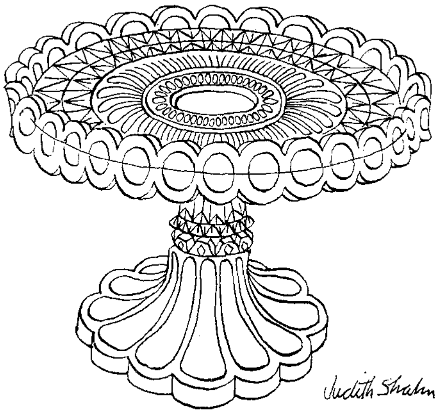
In this correspondence, Sherman had begun to display a ruthlessness, a cold-bloodedness, and a calculation that would be at home in the modern world. Sherman ruined nobility, heroism, and decency in war and came to represent—by the old rules of warfare—the sort of officially dishonorable conduct that is now accepted as common practice. He devised a terrible way to make war—one that worked. He pursued abhorrent measures that seemed necessary. This is Sherman's legacy: not so much his practice of "total war" as his intellectual justification for it, his lack of remorse over it, his readiness to distort the record for psychological advantage. By denying any ethical gradations of warfare, he moved the argument into the abyss.

"You cannot qualify war in harsher terms than I will," Sherman wrote to the Mayor of Atlanta. "War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it; and those who brought war into our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out."

In reply to a claim by Hood that Sherman was obligated to give Atlanta notice before he began shelling it, Sherman said, "I was not bound by the laws of war to give notice of the shelling of Atlanta, a 'fortified town with magazines, arsenals, foundries, and public stores;' you were bound to take notice. See the books."

For one who at that moment was rewriting the books, this was a curious way to conclude the debate. Both men were writing not so much to each other as for history. Hood was writing to distract attention from his disastrous failures on the battlefield; Sherman was writing to justify the manner of his victories. Later, both included the entire correspondence in their memoirs. And here, too, Hood was hopelessly outmatched. The Sherman memoirs were greeted upon their publication, in 1875, as a work of literature, and in the twentieth century they were proclaimed to be among the finest military memoirs in American letters. Hood's memoirs were a dry, bleak little foray, defensive and incomplete. Ironically, in the late eighteen-seventies Hood, being somewhat down and out in New Orleans, solicited Sherman's help in getting the federal government to purchase his military papers. Hood wanted twenty thousand dollars for the papers, even though they had been appraised at twelve thousand. Sherman wrote to Congress on behalf of Hood, and urged that he be paid the full twenty thousand.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA. Sherman left Atlanta on a bright, bitterly cold November 16th, and his description of the army's mood as the smoldering city—burned the night before on Sherman's orders—was lost behind a screen of trees is perversely lyrical. The band played "John Brown's Body," and the men took up the chorus, "Glory, glory, hallelujah," singing it with a zest and harmony unequalled in his experience. "The day was extremely beautiful," Sherman wrote in his memoirs. "Clear sunlight, with bracing air, and an unusual feeling of exhilaration seemed to pervade all minds—a feeling of something to come, vague and undefined, still full of venture and intense interest." He sensed in his troops on that day a "devil-may-care" attitude, which Southern patriots no doubt ascribe to the men's visions of silver goblets and family jewels but which the General interpreted in strictly military terms: they believed they were headed for Richmond, by way of Augusta and Charlotte, to relieve Grant. Here, as usual, Sherman was busy promoting a ruse to confuse the enemy. He split his army into two wings, the left wing pointing toward Augusta, the right wing toward Macon, though he had no intention of attacking either place. For obvious strategic reasons, he needed to make contact with the Navy, which had effectively blockaded Southern ports through most of the war and had held Beaufort and Hilton Head, South Carolina, since late 1861.



Sherman's orders to the army had been issued a week before departure. The troops were to "forage liberally" in the countryside, with such foraging theoretically restricted to regular, well-commanded "parties." The orders specifically forbade trespass in dwellings and discouraged the men from using language that was "abusive or threatening." The soldiers were to leave the families they foraged from with a "reasonable portion" for sustenance afterward. The most important thing, Sherman wrote in his orders, was that "men, during marches and in camp, keep their places and do not scatter about as stragglers or foragers."

Through the first phase of the march, these orders stayed in force and maintained reasonable discipline. "Although this foraging was attended with great danger and hard work," Sherman wrote afterward, "there seemed to be a charm about it that attracted the soldiers, and it was a privilege to be detailed on such a party." To the end, though he admitted hearing stories of plunder, he maintained that the theft of jewelry was exceptional, and that instances of rape and murder were nonexistent. With some emphasis, Sherman related an episode that occurred near Covington, Georgia. He saw a soldier with a ham dangling from his musket, a jug of molasses under his arm, and honey dribbling down his chin from a honeycomb in his hand. Upon noticing the commander, the soldier mumbled the order about foraging liberally, but that did not save him from a dressing down. Such reproaches, however, seem to have been incidental, and it should be remembered that Robert E. Lee went into a rage at Sharpsburg on seeing a soldier with a stolen pig, and ordered the soldier shot as an example.

During the March to the Sea, Sherman's army was spread across a wide front of up to fifty miles, rather than confined to a single column along one path, and there was good reason for this. Dispersing an army of sixty-two thousand in that fashion insures that everyone—except the civilians who are getting picked clean—gets a decent meal. When soldiers march in single file, the old saw has it, the first one gets the eggs, the second one gets the chickens, but what about everyone who comes after? One modern military historian has reduced foraging to a mathematical equation and compared Sherman's problem of feeding his men with Napoleon's. His conclusion is that in the lean, sparsely populated piney woods of Georgia an area five times as large as that covered by Napoleon's forces in Europe had to be scoured to sustain a comparable number of troops.

In Jones County, I came upon the only historical site on my entire journey that genuinely illuminated the Sherman campaign. It is the Jarrell Plantation, operated by the State of Georgia as a working farm of the nineteenth century. The Jarrell Plantation is a place where Southern myths, and a few Northern ones as well, are debunked. The plantation house is "plantation plain"—a solid, clapboard dwelling with low ceilings and exposed pine beams—and it has a certain forbidding darkness because of the big pecan trees that press in on it. It is a place not for hoopskirts but for work clothes, strong muscles, and ingenuity.

In 1864, John Fitz Jarrell was the fifty-four-year-old master of the estate. No aristocrat, he had carved out his place in the woods with unromantic hard labor. On six hundred acres, according to the 1860 census, he had forty-two slaves, ten milk cows, three horses, eight mules, thirty cattle, a hundred and forty swine, five oxen, and other assorted animals and birds (most of which are still represented on the site)—all in all, a pretty fair haul for a foraging party. John Fitz was his own skilled craftsman: farmer, mason, blacksmith, tanner, cobbler, weaver, distiller (of salt from seawater), ginner, carpenter, furniture-maker, hunter, fisherman, bridge builder, and Baptist preacher. (His sermons were as strong as his bridges, it was said.) Although he was too old to fight himself, eleven members of his immediate family fought, and in 1864 he lost his wife and a daughter to typhoid fever—a terror as great as the battlefield. John Fitz had much to fear as the northwestern sky was aglow from the flames of Atlanta, seventy miles away, and these fears proved justified when Sherman's men undertook their six-day "rampage" in Jones County.

How terrifying Sherman's visit must have been, as his men discharged their official, authorized military business, is made clear here. John Fitz had buried his family gold and had driven his livestock down into a canebrake far from the house as the black smoke from neighboring farms foretold the approach of the Federals. He had just cured the winter pork after the first frost, and had buried the meat deep beneath cane mashings about fifty yards from the house. The official foragers went about their business efficiently. The two-story gin house and the cotton gin were burned, with two or three hundred bushels of wheat. Barrels of cane syrup, then a staple of the diet, were poured out on the ground. John Fitz later found only one worthless horse down in the canebrake. His slaves rushed to the Yankee troops as saviors, but the hand of deliverance was harsh. One slave, called Prince Clark, informed his liberators that the cured meat was beneath the mashings, but the Yankees, unused to the exotic plant, took bayonets to the layers, became frustrated when the first layer uncovered no prize, and concluded that Prince was lying. So they took him to the barn and strung him up by his thumbs with his toes just reaching a nail protruding up from the floor below, and left him to be cut down by his master.

The interpreter of this "living history" at the time of my visit was the supervisor of the Jarrell Plantation, Martin Willett. Thirty-four years old, with a thick beard, Willett communicated a poignant nostalgia that made the site glitter. For audiences that ranged from senior Daughters of the Confederacy to junior Boy Scouts, Willett plied the skills of John Fitz Jarrell with cheerful enthusiasm and endless anecdote. As a bona-fide member of the General James Longstreet Camp of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, he staged an annual Confederate commemoration at the plantation, in which he portrayed John Fitz. But his job, he said, could be "precarious and uncomfortable" when it came to relating history accurately—especially about Sherman. Diplomatically, he would try to caution a camp of Confederate reënacters that their outing was no excuse to be "redneck and racist," that their purpose was to ennoble rather than defile the Confederate flag, but this could be an unwelcome message. Generally, his Rebels had trouble swallowing any interpretation other than that the Yankee march was "marauding to the sea."

Willett's attitude becomes the more surprising for the fact that he was once a cadet at the Air Force Academy and resigned from the Academy during the downslide of the Vietnam War. He applied for conscientious-objector status, describing himself religiously as a "hybrid Pantheist deist," and no doubt that designation hastened him into alternative service. He thinks of himself as "aggressively pacifist." His distaste for the modern idiom of warfare has been transformed into sentimentality about the Civil War. His modern pacifism and his chivalric longings come together in his love for the nineteenth-century Georgia poet Sidney Lanier. Lanier's thoughts on how Trade killed Chivalry, how Trade hatched John Brown and "broke the saintly heart of Robert E. Lee," have a strong emotional appeal for Willett, and so do some florid passages in Lanier's novel "Tiger-Lilies" which speak of war as the hardy "sin-flower" that has so many fanciers. In April, 1982, to his great pleasure, Willett was asked by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to deliver the commemorative address at the Confederate Cemetery in Macon. He chose to repeat, with his own emphasis, the address that Lanier gave on the same site in 1870. Amid the silence of the Jarrell Plantation, and with grand theatrical gestures, he delivered a few lines for me: "I know not a deeper question in Southern life than how we shall bear out our load of wrong and insult and injury with calmness and tranquil dignity that becomes men and women who would be great."

Macon is a delightfully well-preserved historical town, and it is so because Sherman bypassed it. There I toured the Hay House, reputedly the finest example of Italian Renaissance architecture in the South, whose catchy pamphlet uses the headline "SHERMAN MISSED IT—DON'T YOU!"

Indeed, Sherman missed everything in Macon except the Cannonball House, which fell victim to a single cannon shot in July, 1864, when General George Stoneman, commander of one of Sherman's cavalry divisions, was retreating from an abortive attempt to liberate Andersonville Prison. The ball is said to have come to rest at the feet of Mrs. Mary Holt, the wife of Judge Asa Holt. Today, the Cannonball House is maintained by the Sidney Lanier Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. I was greeted at the door by a woman who gave me a profoundly sympathetic look when I told her that I had come all the way from New York. She gave me a courteous tour of the place, including the kitchen and "servants" quarters in the back. There, along with some children's clothes laid out on a bed, a spinning wheel, and the familiar ragged battle flag and rumpled gray uniform, I found an old plaque that had once graced the front of the Lanier Hotel in Macon. This hotel, which burned down some years ago, was owned by the poet's grandfather, and it was where Jefferson Davis was brought after his capture, near Irwinville, Georgia, in May, 1865.

Historians generally believe that if Davis had not been so roughly treated in the first years after the war—he was jailed at Fortress Monroe, with his ankles manacled and a light kept burning in his cell day and night—and threatened with trial for treason he would never have been immortalized. Sherman himself was charged at one point with trying to engineer Davis's escape, and he wrote to his wife: "This clamor after Jeff Davis . . . is all bosh. Any young man with a musket is now a more dangerous object than Davis. He is old, infirm, a fugitive hunted by his own people." For the most part, however, Northerners went overboard in their effort to discredit Davis. A false rumor was broadcast far and wide that Davis was dressed in women's clothing when he was caught—a greater slur on Southern manliness cannot be imagined—and the New York *Herald* made the most of it. Davis's last free act, the paper asserted, was "to unsex himself, and deceive the world."

Rain poured as I drove from Macon to Milledgeville, a distance of thirty-five miles, spanning most of the breadth of Sherman's swath. The General had ridden with the left wing of his army and had given the command of the slower right wing to the devoutly religious one-armed General O. O. Howard. Howard was probably the only racial progressive on the top Union staff. Later, he headed the Freedmen's Bureau and was one of the founders of Howard University. He was also an early and consistent voice of alarm over the depredations of Union troops. East of Macon, at Pitts' Mill, near Gordon, Howard officially reported abuses to Sherman on November 23, 1864:

> I regret to say that quite a number of private dwellings which the inhabitants have left, have been destroyed by fire, but without official sanction; also, many instances of the most inexcusable and wanton acts, such as the breaking open of trunks, taking of silver plate, &c. I have taken measures to prevent it, and I believe they will be effectual.

A day earlier, Howard had issued this general order:

> It having come to the knowledge of the major-general commanding that the crime of arson and robbery have become frequent throughout this army, notwithstanding positive orders both from these and superior headquarters [having] been repeatedly issued, and with a view to the prompt punishment of offenses of this kind, it is hereby ordered: That hereafter any officer or man of this command discovered in pillaging a house or burning a building without proper authority will, upon sufficient proof thereof, be shot.

Even after the army entered South Carolina, where the abuses became far worse, Howard carried on the crusade. He wrote to one of the generals in his wing of the "banditti" in the army—"thieves and robbers," who should be dealt with severely and summarily. But there were no executions. When a thieving soldier was arrested, he was freed by armed companions, who threatened the guard.

Several weeks before I arrived in Milledgeville, an old legend, about a magical Masonic sign, had received a pumping up on local television. The antebellum mansions supposedly spared by this sign were the Greek Revival homes of Madison, set amid oaks and magnolias, and distinguished by fluted Doric columns. The legend pervades Milledgeville, and it lives in the official history of Washington County, to the east. By that account, when some Union prisoners were killed in Sandersville, Sherman ordered the town razed in retaliation:

> Then old Brother Anthony, the Methodist preacher, went to him in the name of the women and children, declaring that those who did the atrocious deed were not even Georgians, much less inhabitants of Sandersville and Washington County. The stern commander was not moved. Brother Anthony pleaded in the name of the Christ, but General Sherman was not a Christian. He did not care if delicate women and little children perished in the cold. Finally, Brother Anthony tried a masonic sign. That had its effect. The town was saved and a guard stationed in every house, after everything of value and of comfort had been destroyed.

NURSERIES
Albert Hubbell

In Milledgeville, I sought out a historian, the late Dr. James C. Bonner, who had written about the March to the Sea and, by his own admission, had spent much of his career defending General Sherman. Dr. Bonner, who had been a professor at Georgia College, was a charming gentleman of seventy-eight years, and the very soul of Deep South courtesy; it may have been his courtly manner that led many of his fellow-Georgians to overlook his assault on the Sherman myth.

On an evening we spent together, Dr. Bonner was mildly incensed by the television version of the "sparing" of the Madison mansions. According to that version, many people were killed and many houses burned in or near Milledgeville. In fact, only four houses were destroyed. One belonged to Judge Iverson Harris, who had urged the planters to burn everything that the Union Army might subsist on. Another was destroyed after an Irish gardener fired upon the approaching troops; in the ensuing skirmish, the gardener became the town's only known fatality. Even the cotton warehouses went largely untouched in Milledgeville, probably because they were owned by a man born in Germany and one whose wife was a Northerner. The local penitentiary was burned, but Dr. Bonner attributed the deed to inmates who were trying to cover an escape.

And had many been raped? Clearly, rape is not the sort of thing that would be documented in those times, and when the crime occurred its victims were overwhelmingly black. But it seems clear that the incidence of rapes was exaggerated by Southern writers. A South Carolina novelist of the time, William Gilmore Simms, represented the prevailing view. "Regiments in successive *relays*, subjected scores of these poor wretches [black women] to the torture of their embraces, and—but we dare not further pursue the subject," he wrote in "Sack and Destruction of the City of Columbia, S.C." "There are some horrors which the historian dare not pursue—which the painter dare not delineate. They both drop the curtain over crimes which humanity bleeds to contemplate." Despite such accounts, in all his research Dr. Bonner found only one documented case of rape: the case of a woman who went mad afterward.

Why has the Sherman myth remained so strong, I asked Dr. Bonner.

"Perhaps it's because people have a sentimental attachment to the romantic vision of the Old South as they think it existed," he replied, "and it contrasts with the drab reality of the present—something they may be ashamed of to some extent." In this, he went on to say, Sherman has become the scapegoat.

Still, Bonner lamented the loss of the old symbols. If the Confederate flag had become a symbol of racism to blacks, their interpretation was inaccurate, he felt. "The flag is the symbol of a gallant army fighting for what it believed in, right or wrong," he said. "It was adored by many people and has a highly sentimental place in their thinking."

As I travelled through middle Georgia, I looked in small county libraries for literature on Sherman's march. The books are dominated by the horrors as they were experienced by white planters' families—particularly women. There are diaries of women who wrote passionately and in the finest detail about their ordeal. Along with Jefferson Davis's memoirs, these narratives are the wellspring of the Sherman myth. If the horrors dominate, then stories of slaves' loyalty to their masters run a close second. Such loyalty, however, is usually associated with the recovery of valuable property. In the official history of Washington County, we learn of a slave who begged the invaders to spare his mistress's piano, and then, "with the help of other negros who loved their white folks," hid the instrument, covered with quilts and blankets, in the swamp until the master and mistress returned. In Macon, at the Middle Georgia Historical Society, I acquired for six dollars and fifty cents a handsome volume entitled "Eneas Africanus," by Harry Stillwell Edwards, which was written in 1919 and privately reprinted in 1973 on pastel paper. It continues to have a brisk sale. Eneas, a slave and a "fast-vanishing type . . . dear to the hearts of the Southerners, young and old," was entrusted with the family silver, particularly a bride's cup, and was dispatched, with a bag of Confederate money, onto the open road in a rickety wagon pulled by a flea-bitten mare called Lady Chain, before the invaders could arrive. Eneas wandered the South for eight years, from Mississippi to North Carolina, in search of his master, the Major. He finally made his way back to Louisville, Georgia, in 1872, somewhat the richer—he was wearing a silk hat and a flapping linen duster—and there he found the Major. The reunion was warm, and so pleased was the Major to get back his silver and the bride's cup that he let Eneas keep the bagful of Confederate money. The author refers to Southerners who are "so kind of heart, tolerant, and appreciative of the humor and pathos of the Negro's life," and goes on, "Eneas would have been arrested in any country other than the South. In the South he could have traveled his life out as the guest of his 'white folks.' Is the story true? Everybody says it is."

These stories might seem difficult to square with more professional accounts, such as those Dr. Bonner related to me, of jubilant throngs of freedmen in Milledgeville. By the time Sherman's army arrived there, thousands of liberated slaves were following in its train. This was a matter of great concern to Sherman, for both military and moral reasons. Speed and mobility were essential to his strategy, and he could ill afford to concern himself with the feeding of so many "useless mouths." Moreover—a point that Dr. Bonner put delicately in his work but more bluntly to me—Sherman was deeply concerned with the effect on his troops of the proximity of so many black women.

From the second story of the Humphries House in Milledgeville, Sherman addressed a crowd of blacks, who were in high spirits. He pleaded with them to stay on the plantations rather than slow his army. But here, too, folklore intersects with history, and it is difficult to ascertain where truth lies. "Finish the story!" a friend of mine, the South Carolina novelist Elizabeth Boatwright Coker, said to me later. "He told them, 'Stay on the plantations . . . for they will soon be yours!' "

It is difficult to imagine Sherman saying such a thing, unless he was again engaging in psychological warfare, for the central irony of his position as the Great Liberator lies in his profound racism. To explain, I must go back in time to his life before the Civil War. Sherman had three extended stays in the South: in Florida in 1840-42; in Charleston in 1842-46; and in Louisiana in 1859-61. His two years in Louisiana were among the happiest of his life, and it is said that he picked out a magnolia tree there under which he hoped to be buried. He had assumed the superintendency of the Louisiana Seminary of Learning and Military Academy, which later became Louisiana State University. A marker referring to Sherman's presidency is still to be seen on the L.S.U. campus. During his Louisiana period, Sherman endeavored to stay aloof from the slavery question, but his views were naturally a matter of intense interest—the more so because his brother, John Sherman, was then a candidate for Speaker of the House of Representatives, and was perceived in the South as an abolition candidate, pitted against a Virginia rival. At a dinner in the Governor's Mansion, the subject of slavery arose, and this time Sherman could not take evasive action. He denied being an abolitionist and denied that his brother was one, and the severest criticism he could muster against the institution of slavery was that the legal condition of slaves needed to be brought "more near the status of human beings under all Christian and civilized governments." Domestic slaves, he said, in a compliment to his listeners, "were probably better treated than any slaves on earth," but he added that field hands had a far harder time, for their fate depended upon the temperament of their overseers. His solution? He would forbid the separation of slave families, and he would repeal the law against teaching slaves to read and write, because keeping them illiterate only reduced their value as property. His mildly reformist remarks received polite applause from the guests.

Sherman's allegiance to the Union, therefore, had nothing to do with what he called the "dreadfully excited" question of slavery. Rather, he feared that the Southern drift toward secession presaged anarchy, and would prove the "European commentators" right in suggesting that the American Constitution was a mere "rope of sand that would break with the first pressure." His decision to leave the South came in January, 1861, after Rebels marched on the Union arsenal in Baton Rouge, compelled its surrender without a fight, and then distributed the arms to state arsenals. Among those was Sherman's seminary, which had been designated a central arsenal soon after its founding. When more than two thousand muskets arrived, packed in boxes with their "U.S." markings scratched out, Sherman considered himself a receiver of stolen goods, and he resigned.

Ambivalence may have been Sherman's strongest emotion. The South's grace and softness engaged his affections; at the same time, he was irritated by its seediness and by what he saw as the fatuousness and pretensions of its upper class. This affection and this irritation were crucial to his actions during the war, I think. His decision to leave was based on a high, even noble, point of principle—that secession meant anarchy—and this made him all the more dangerous to the South. But it had nothing to do with slavery.

In his memoirs, Sherman's view of blacks as an amusing, poignant subrace shows through. He takes particular delight in relating ethnic jokes. He laughs at the Negro's "simple" character and is amused when blacks flock to him shouting praises of "de Lawd" and "Abrum Lincom." The idea of freedmen presiding over the great plantations of Georgia would not have pleased him. In any event, freedmen did not always respect his request to stay at home. Even when the pontoon bridge over the broad and swift Ebenezer Creek east of Milledgeville was pulled up immediately after the army crossed, leaving hundreds of Negroes to the mercy of the Confederate cavalry, the blacks were not discouraged. Savannah became a refuge for thousands of blacks when Sherman liberated the city.

From Milledgeville, I struck out for Louisville, forty-five miles to the east, following the route of Sherman's left wing. I passed through Washington County, which proudly claimed to have contributed a greater percentage of its men to the Confederacy than any other county in Georgia, and through the county seat, Sandersville, whose courthouse Sherman had surgically destroyed after Wheeler's retreating cavalrymen fired from it upon his approaching columns. Not fifty yards beyond the new courthouse, the inevitable row of antebellum mansions begins. Most are in a somewhat woebegone condition, showing that neglect and moisture and termites have devastated the Arcadian dream far more than Sherman ever did.

As one travels east, the country opens up, the piney woods giving way to long vistas across well-tended fields. Giant, seventeen-hundred-pound round bales of hay dot this landscape. As I passed the herds of cattle, the peach and pecan orchards, and the buff fields of soybeans drying in the November wind, I felt that I could understand the covetous feelings of Sherman's men toward this countryside.

SAVANNAH. In walking the squares of this city, one soon realizes that Savannah's historical fixations are with the Colonial period rather than with the Civil War, and the realization comes as a refreshing break from the seemingly endless parade of Confederate statues that were foisted upon Southern towns by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the early twentieth century. James Oglethorpe, the Colonial founder of Georgia, suddenly commands the scene.

In reaching the sea, Sherman had achieved his strategic objective of making contact with the Navy, which for most of the war had effectively blockaded the Southern coast. (Savannah had remained in Southern hands, having been protected by what Sherman called a perfect chain of five forts.) Militarily, Sherman considered his march a mere shift of base, insuring resupply, and assigned small importance to it when he later compared it with the forthcoming campaign through South Carolina. He regarded Savannah as his Christmas present to President Lincoln, and remained there for almost a month, consolidating his gains and planning his next, climactic move.

In the well-preserved Civil War forts around Savannah, several things caught my eye. At Fort Jackson, I found the first and only acknowledgment of the participation of blacks in the war. It was a display of a replica of the uniform worn by blacks in the First South Carolina Volunteers, a unit that enlisted in the Union Army in Hilton Head in April, 1862. And at Fort McAllister I found a display of weaponry relevant to the modern state of the art. During the Civil War, the rudimentary "land torpedo," sometimes called an "infernal machine" and now called a land mine, received considerable development, particularly by the Confederate Army, which was so often in a defensive posture. Once, Sherman came upon some soldiers gathered around a "handsome" Union officer lying by the road with one foot blown off. The officer had stepped on a mine planted in the road, and the sight threw Sherman into a rage. Because there was no active resistance at the time, and no warning had been given beforehand, Sherman considered the act an atrocity—not war but murder. He ordered Confederate prisoners brought forward, provided them with picks and shovels, and had them walk the road. The spectacle that followed amused Sherman: the Rebels first begged to be excused and then stepped gingerly down the road.

But Sherman's outrage was partisan, as men's outrage always is in war, for he, too, had been planting mines—in underbrush along the railroad as he tore it up, to discourage the Confederates from relaying the track. When the enemy used mines, it was murder; when he used them, it was warfare. Ethical standards for "civilized" warfare were withering away. This was Sherman's major contribution to total war—not the hardships he visited upon the families of Geor-

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gia. If war is synonymous with hell, as Sherman claimed, what point is there in standards of civilized behavior? Ethics in hell? The very notion is grotesque. It is Sherman's philosophy, and his selective retaliation, rather than the locustlike desolation he visited upon the land, that make him important to the history of war. By the time he captured Savannah, the standards of proportional response and of indiscriminate protection of civilians had nearly ceased to exist. He had encountered virtually no resistance, and yet he had laid waste a thirty-five-mile-wide swath. When a rash Confederate soldier ventured a shot on his trains from a courthouse, the courthouse was burned. When a woman burned her corncrib, she lost her house. The "proportionality" of that retaliation is precisely the same, if of a different magnitude, as responding to hostile fire from a jungle rifle with a B-52 strike.

As for "discrimination," Sherman expressly set out to make war on civilians. It took someone who knew the South and Southern pieties well to understand just how effective making war on civilians, especially women, could be. It was said by historians that Sherman wanted to break "the will of the South" to fight, but his technique was to demoralize the people back home and let that have its effect on the soldiers at the front. Therefore, the *idea* of discrimination was dead by the time Sherman reached Savannah. His official order to the troops not to enter dwellings or commit trespass was hollow, lacking consistent action to back it up. Article I, Paragraph 52 of the Articles of War made it a capital crime for a soldier to leave his post to pillage, but to Sherman this principle had long since become outworn. In a letter written twenty years after the war, his lack of remorse is clear:

> The Rebels wanted us to detach a division here, a brigade there, to protect their families and property while they were fighting. . . . This was a one-sided game of war, and many of us . . . kind-hearted, fair, just and manly . . . ceased to quarrel with our own men about such minor things, and went in to subdue the enemy, leaving minor depredations to be charged up to the account of the rebels who had forced us into the war, and who deserved all they got and *more*.

For succeeding generations of American soldiers, the effect was to trivialize, and thereby sanction, plunder. Sherman's advice to future commanders was to fob off on the enemy, as an example of psychological warfare, any charge of indiscretion by their own troops.

If the idea of discrimination was dead at Savannah, at least the pretense of protecting private property did not dissolve entirely until Sherman moved on into South Carolina. Across Georgia, the burning had generally been confined to military objectives. What is widely referred to as Sherman's "looting" applies primarily to the official foraging, which was fully justified even under the Victorian standards of warfare, and was an absolute necessity in preventing the "Moscow" disaster that Jefferson Davis had predicted. (Later, Sherman quoted Napoleon's maxim that an army moves not upon its legs but upon its belly.) But if over a period of five weeks an army is authorized to appropriate everything it can eat, and is given to understand that its mission is largely psychological, a mob spirit develops. If the soldier is told to requisition a widow's pigs and burn her cotton gin, how much more of an outrage can it be to take her silver goblet? And if he and his buddies steal many goblets over time and receive no rebuke, the consequence is obvious. From Savannah, Sherman wrote General Henry W. Halleck, the Army Chief of Staff in Washington, "The truth is, the whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina. I almost tremble at her fate, but feel that she deserves all that seems in store for her."

ON a bright Sunday morning, I drove down to Fort McAllister, not so much to look at its well-preserved Confederate earthworks (which Sherman's troops overran in handsome fashion after a fifteen-minute assault) as to meet Roger Durham, who was its superintendent. Among the younger clique of Civil War "interpreters," Durham had a considerable reputation. He had run several historical installations before he came to McAllister, in 1978. He is an energetic reënacter, and, when I went to see him, was preparing to restage the assault on the fort; in addition, he is currently writing a book about a Confederate blockade runner. A native of Illinois, distantly related to Abraham Lincoln on the Hanks side, Durham attended college in Wisconsin. And he is a Vietnam veteran, whose tour was at Dong Ba Thin, a small helicopter base near Cam Ranh Bay. Why should a Vietnam veteran want to throw himself so enthusiastically into the interpretation of the Civil War or lose himself in literary pipedreams and bygones? And why does yet another Yankee take on the trappings of the Lost Cause?

I was met by a bespectacled, bearded man of thirty-five in a starched khaki uniform, who was erect in his bearing, clipped and precise in his speech. In his cluttered office, the themes I had heard before reverberated: the precarious business of interpreting the Civil War and, particularly, Sherman for a Southern audience; the constant association of Confederate symbols with racism; the near-impossibility of interesting black visitors in the details of their ancestors' liberation. Sherman and slavery, he told me, were two subjects you could get into an argument over in the blink of an eye. "Some people don't want to be confused by facts," Durham remarked. "Sometimes it's better to leave them with their illusions. Better to keep your mouth shut than to try to change opinions."

It was not long before I realized that Roger Durham's embrace of the Civil War lay in the romance of soldiering, which he had never felt in Vietnam. It was not the cause of the Confederacy or the Union but the grand sacrifice—the nobility, even—of the individual soldier that moved him, and confused him as well. In all his Vietnam experience, he confessed, he had met only one American soldier who had the same "belief structure" as the Civil War soldier. With that one soldier he had logged many hours on night duty in the tower at Dong Ba Thin, discussing the military strategy not of Vietnam but of Gettysburg and Verdun. So it was that Durham derived profound pleasure from putting himself in "their place."

His own experience seemed banal by comparison, he told me. He had seriously contemplated exile in Canada, and his decision had come down to how he felt on the eve of the day he was supposed to report for duty. With an air of self-deprecation, he recalled watching a Tab Hunter war movie and being persuaded enough by it to show up the next morning. Once he was in the service, the war had always been a punishment rather than an honor. "Goof off and I'll send you to Vietnam" is a line that still rings in his head. Once he was in Vietnam, his enemies were the officers and the N.C.O.s, not the Vietcong. The soldier fought for his own survival, not for a cause. The prevailing attitude was: Do your time, look forward to

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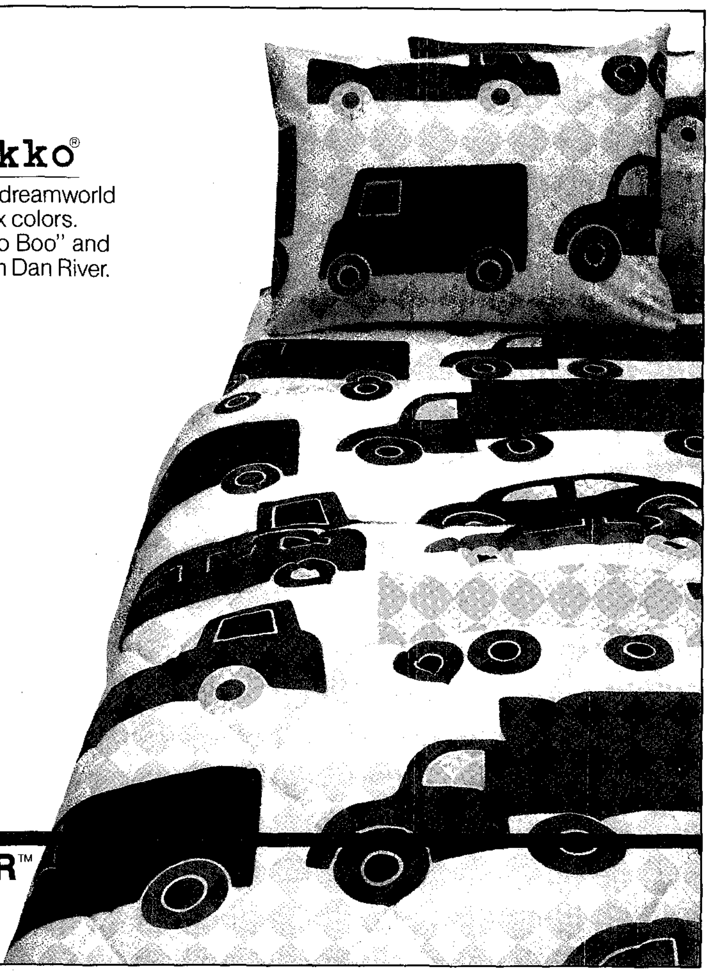
How different, how thrilling by comparison, was his vision of the Civil War soldier! "In an inferno like Gettysburg," Durham said, "there in the midst of the carnage, knowing the odds were against them, they stood in the front lines—nobody shirked his duty. Nothing was important but that moment. There was no future—only right now. They got behind one another, felt that somehow they might survive. Tomorrow? They would deal with that tomorrow. And after a battle they picked up their rifles and moved down the road to the next battle. If it had been me, I'd have said no, not me, I've done enough. So I find that kind of devotion mystifying."

His romantic vision of the Civil War soldier was as extravagant as his discounting of the experience of the Vietnam soldier. Perhaps contempt for the present must always be coupled with romantic notions of the past. That actual participants never hold the romantic view of war is close to the point Sherman was making in his "War is hell" speech, in Columbus, Ohio, in 1880. He was talking not to the ladies of Columbus but to his former soldiers. "The war now is away back in the past, and you can tell what books can not. When you talk you come down to the practical realities just as they happened. . . . There is many a boy here today who looks on war as all glory, but, boys, it is all hell."

Was the experience of the Civil War soldier really so different from that of the Vietnam soldier? Did a profound belief in the Cause really keep all those soldiers in the ranks? For me, the youth in Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" remains a point of reference. And an episode early in the war which is described by Sherman himself could just as easily have happened in Vietnam. It took place just after the Bull Run disaster, in July, 1861, at which Sherman commanded a brigade with distinction. He had been appalled by the laxity of the Union troops' discipline on the road to the battle: they strayed continually to pick blackberries and wade in streams. A great many of the early recruits had signed up only for a three-month tour, and they suddenly began remembering the exact letter of their contract. In the general chaos that followed Bull Run, discipline was the overriding concern. The whole military enterprise seemed on the verge of collapse.



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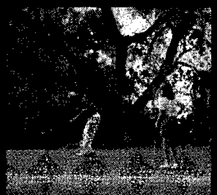

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One morning, after Sherman had reviewed and dismissed his regiment, outside Washington, he found himself near a drawbridge, and there he noticed a captain in a group of ragtag troops.

"Colonel, I am going to New York today. What can I do for you?" the captain shouted out cheerfully to Sherman, as if he thought that Sherman might like to receive a box of cheroots, which he loved.

"How can you go to New York?" Sherman answered. "I do not remember to have signed a leave for you."

The soldier responded that he didn't want just a leave. He had already served longer than the three months for which he signed on. He was a lawyer, he said, and he felt that he had neglected his business long enough.

The blast that greeted this must have started low and risen to fortissimo: "Captain, this question of your term of service has been submitted to the rightful authority, and the decision has been published in orders. You are a soldier, and must submit to orders till you are properly discharged. If you attempt to leave without orders, it will be mutiny, and I will shoot you like a dog! Go back into the fort *now*, instantly, and don't dare to leave without my consent!"

The captain returned to the fort, and the men around him scattered.

Later that day, Lincoln appeared in the vicinity in a carriage, accompanied by Secretary of State William Seward. "We heard that you had got over the big scare," Lincoln called out to Sherman, "and we thought we could come over and see the 'boys'!"

Sherman wanted "no more hurrahing, no more humbug," and he respectfully urged the President to speak to the men in a manner that would induce "cool, thoughtful, hard-fighting soldiers." Farther on, the troops gathered, and Lincoln, much to Sherman's pleasure, delivered a sombre message. Cheering started up at one point, and Lincoln checked it, saying, "Don't cheer, boys. I confess I rather like it myself, but Colonel Sherman, here, says it is not military, and I guess we had better defer to his opinion."

At another stop, Lincoln spoke again, and concluded his speech with an invitation to any soldier to appeal to him personally if he felt himself wronged. From the crowd, the captain from New York whom Sherman had earlier upbraided elbowed his way forward. "Mr. President, I have a cause

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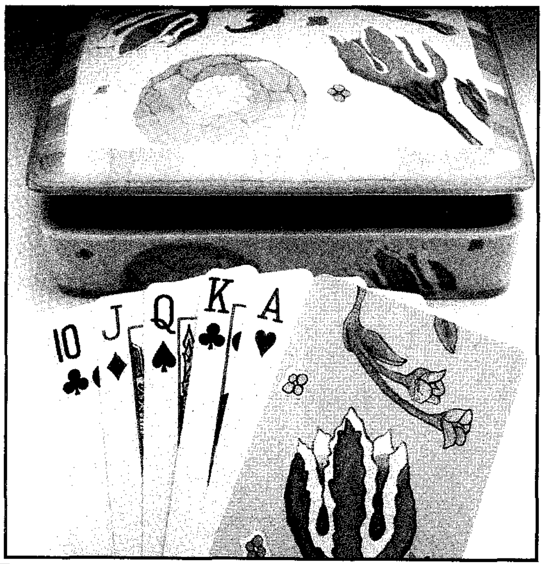

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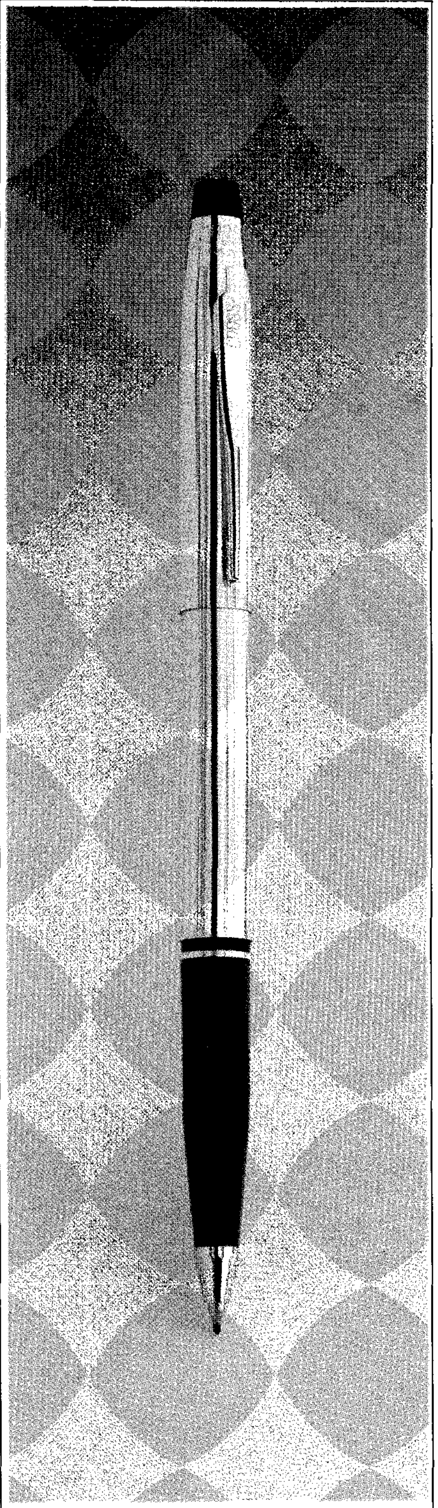

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of grievance!" he called out. "This morning, I went to speak to Colonel Sherman, and he threatened to shoot me!"

"Threatened to shoot you?" the President repeated, surprised and stalling.

"Yes, sir, he threatened to shoot me."

Lincoln looked at the captain and then at the Colonel. Bending over toward the captain, he said, in what Sherman later described as a "stage whisper" loud enough to be heard by all, "Well, if I were you, and he threatened to shoot, I would not trust him, for I believe he would do it." The captain disappeared, amid cackles from the troops.

SOUTH CAROLINA. Heading north, across the red Savannah River and the vast wildlife refuge beyond it, which in 1865 was a grid of rice plantations, I set out for the baronies of Pocotaligo. South Carolina must have been very different from Georgia for Sherman—that I sensed very soon. In this Low Country, nobility was once a birthright. Around 1670, vast tracts were divided into twelve-thousand-acre baronies—meaning seigniories. Possession of two baronies made one a cacique; possession of four baronies created a landgrave. These unusual titles were designed to distinguish the Carolina nobility from the English nobility.

After dark, I reached the fork in the road where the choice was to go north to Columbia or cut east to Charleston. Sherman had made this spot his first objective, in order to confuse the enemy about his intentions. Throughout his great march, he had conspired to put the Confederates in a dilemma. He had marched toward Macon and Augusta, intending to go to neither place. Now he sent one wing toward Augusta and the other toward Charleston, while Columbia was his real goal. After Columbia, he would feint toward Charlotte, North Carolina, to keep a sizable Confederate force in place there, and would then wheel his armies east toward Fayetteville. This "indirect approach" (threatening two points simultaneously and thereby forcing the enemy to overextend his resources or abandon territory) is much admired by military strategists.

At a wayside store, a green-eyed man dressed in the long white robes of an African religious sect was peeling shrimp and watching a pro football game. He suggested that I drive down past Garden's Corner and see the ruins of Sheldon Church. I had planned to do so, although not necessarily this late at night. Why, I asked myself, did Sherman's troops burn a church in the middle of the wilderness? The desecration of temples fell into the forbidden area of "gratuitous barbarities," expressly prohibited in all the contemporary doctrines of military ethics. Such profaning was declared to be a crime not only against civilization but against nature; it was simple, cruel mischief, for it could have no effect on the outcome of the contest. Even if one could imagine Sheldon Church being used as a clandestine meeting place for guerrillas, or believed it to be the place of worship for the most recalcitrant slaveowner, it would be difficult to consider it a legitimate target.

There, picked out by my headlights in pitch-darkness, amid live oaks draped with moss, were towering brick columns and crumbling tabby walls. They focussed my attention on the idea that upon moving across the South Carolina border Sherman's troops had stepped over the last ethical boundary. Just how far Sherman was now outside the confines of proportionality and discrimination is plain from the official correspondence. General Halleck, the Army Chief of Staff in Washington, had himself compiled the standard reference book of the day on military ethics, entitled "International Law, or Rules Regulating the Intercourse of States in Peace and War." In Halleck's text, which was published in 1861, noncombatants were protected, and had nothing to fear from the sword of the enemy. They would be treated as friendly as long as they abided by the exactions of the conqueror. The pillage and destruction of towns, the devastation of the open country, "ravaging," and "setting fire to houses" were termed odious and detestable, and the text continued:

> But as the perpetrators of such outrageous deeds may attempt to palliate them, under the pretext of deservedly punishing the enemy, be it here observed that the natural and voluntary law of nations does not allow us to inflict such punishments.

By the end of 1864, Halleck had come a long way from his prewar moralizing. From Washington, he wrote a letter to Sherman in Savannah anticipating with pleasure the forthcoming devastation of the cradle of the Confederacy: "Should you capture Charleston, I hope that by *some accident* the place may be destroyed, and if a little salt should be sown upon its site, it may prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession." Here was Sherman's certification. The resident ethicist had overturned his own laws of war. Official Washington sanctioned any punitive procedure that Sherman might devise. Behind Sherman's methods lay a general political complicity. Proportionality and discrimination were dead. If Sherman was now, as one writer described him, "a well-oiled machine with his screws loose," those screws had been loosened by the entire Union establishment, hungry for victory by any means.

In reply, Sherman promised to keep Halleck's "hint" in mind, but said he did not think salt would be necessary. "I look upon Columbia as quite as bad as Charleston," he wrote. After all, the Ordinance of Secession had been drawn up there. (Today, it is enshrined on a marble tablet in an honored place in the State House.) "I doubt if we shall spare the public buildings there as we did in Milledgeville."

It is a local conceit in Charleston, I learned, that Sherman went north to Columbia, rather than east, because in his four years of living in Charleston as a young soldier he had come to love the city. It is more likely that Sherman did not move on Charleston and ruin it simply because, from the military viewpoint, it was what he called a "dead cock in the pit," and he expected it to fall of its own weight—as soon happened, when its transportation lines to the interior were cut.

Along with his two years in Louisiana, Sherman's four years in Charleston, from 1842 to 1846, are, in my view, the key to his cruel campaign through the South. He was in his mid-twenties when he lived in Charleston, and it was there that his love and hate for the South's arcane ways developed. Charleston was then a city of thirty thousand, divided equally between whites and blacks. Many of the blacks were free, and as a result police power was enforced as if the city were under siege. A curfew for blacks went into effect at 10 P.M., when platoons of armed policemen patrolled the streets. Class divisions were sharper there than in any other place in America, with an upper class consisting of wealthy merchants, aristocrats, and literary people. Indeed, many Northerners considered Charleston the most overblown, overstuffed, pretentious, and defiant city of the South.

Sherman was stationed at Fort

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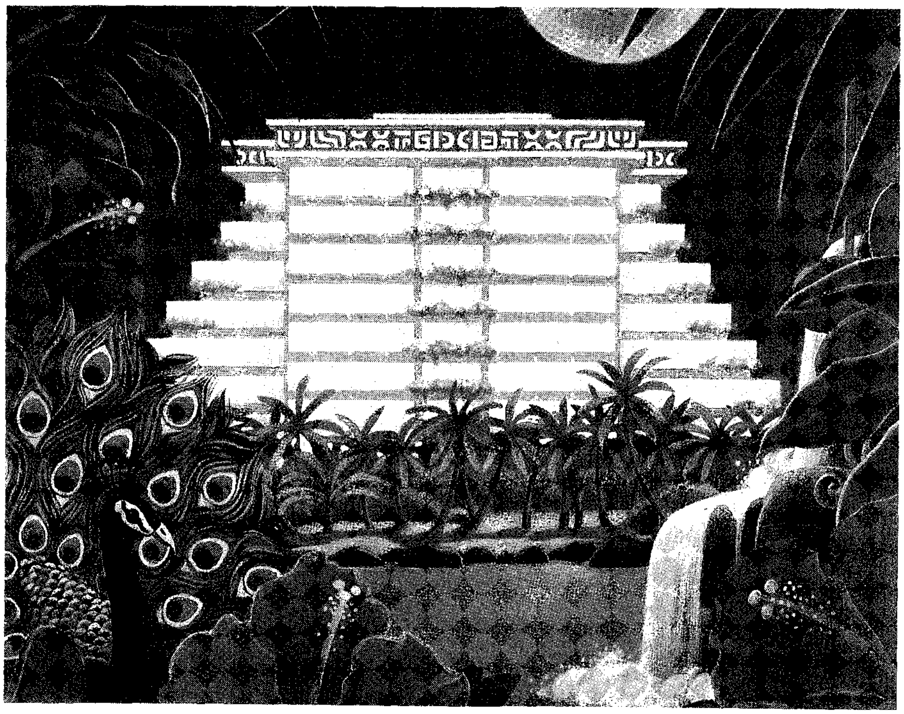

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Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, six miles from the city. Every summer, genteel Charleston society shifted to Sullivan's Island to escape the dangerous "vapors and miasmas" that seeped out of the swamps: yellow fever, malaria, dysentery. The center of activity on the island was the Moultrie House, a hotel with grand passages, ornate draperies and chandeliers, an immense piazza for taking the sea air, and an even more immense supper room. Balls went on constantly until October, and the soldiers at Fort Moultrie were expected to attend regularly in dress uniform and to provide their band. Moultrie House became famous for flirtation.

The balls inspired both delight and disgust in Sherman. At West Point, he had graduated sixth in his class instead of fourth, largely because his attention to deportment did not match his academic diligence. This inattention carried over to the social scene. He liked dancing but was a bit of a wallflower. He liked intelligent conversation but did not suffer pretense. As a penny-pincher, he was overwhelmed by parties where buckets of oysters and cases of champagne and Madeira were consumed in an evening. After a year, Sherman wrote to his brother, "A life of this kind does well enough for a while, but soon surfeits with its flippancy—mingling with people in whom you feel no permanent interest, smirks and smiles when you feel savage, tight boots when your fancy would prefer slippers. I want relief, and unless they can invent a new Florida war I'll come back and spend a few months with you in Ohio." After New Orleans, he considered Charleston the most extravagant place in the world, and he had only contempt for the "worthless sons of broken-down proud South Carolina families," whose indolence had become legendary. "Carolinians boast (they know not what) of this state, this aristocracy, this age, patriotism, chivalry and glory —all trash," he wrote in a letter dated May 23, 1843. "No people in America are so poor in reality, no people so poorly provided with the comforts of life, and happy it is for them that nature has given them a mild climate."

As I drove north, moving through the Low Country, the yellows, oranges, and browns of a late-fall landscape imparted a soft serenity. An occasional cotton field came as a surprise in terrain where drying soybeans, fields dotted with round bales, and winter wheat had become the norm. From time to time, a huge tractor trailer passed, loaded with oak and hickory trunks, and I guessed that the timber came from elsewhere than the Rivers' Bridge swampland on the Salkehatchie. Yankee troops had waded through the three-mile swamp, sometimes in water up to their necks, and there one of the more notable skirmishes of the South Carolina campaign took place, between the left wing of Sherman's army and scattered Confederates. The firing was so intense that the trees were peppered with lead balls. Even today, timbering among the older trees there is unprofitable, for hitting one minié ball can shatter an expensive sawmill blade.

The towns north of Savannah on the road to Columbia—Hardeeville, Robertsville, McPhersonville, Barnwell, Blackville, Midway, Orangeburg, and Lexington—were consumed in a succession of fires. The lone chimneys left standing are referred to as "Sherman's toothpicks." The concept of foraging in tightly controlled, well-commanded parties had disintegrated as thousands of "bummers" left their regiments for weeks of rampaging. The army of sixty-two thousand had acquired thousands of camp followers. Sherman later declared his campaign through South Carolina to have been ten times as important as the March to the Sea. Another observer, a correspondent for the New York *Herald*, had a different ratio:

> As for wholesale burnings, pillage, devastation, committed in South Carolina, magnify all I have said of Georgia some fifty fold and then throw in an occasional murder, "jist to bring an old, hard-fisted cuss to his senses," and you have a pretty good idea of the whole thing.

Sherman's doctrine of punishment had grown to disease the whole body of his force. The few mansions spared along the route had the Masonic story attached to them. When I arrived in Barnwell, dubbed "Burnwell" by the Union troops, a prominent building in the center of town was adorned with a huge Masonic symbol, as if to ward off any return of Sherman's evil spirit. Of all the towns before Columbia, Barnwell received the most grotesque treatment. It had the misfortune to be "conquered" by Sherman's cavalry under General Hugh Judson Kilpatrick, who was known as Kill Cavalry or Little Kil, and is said to have been such a hard rider that, though a diminutive man, he wore out more than two thousand horses on the March to the Sea. Many of the worst abuses against civilians were attributed to him. No other subordinate of Sherman's inspired such fear and contempt in the South. Sherman himself had described Kilpatrick as "a hell of a damned fool," but had added, "I want just that sort of man to command my cavalry on this expedition." Kilpatrick's official mission was to protect the left flank of the army against the only annoyance that remained—the Confederate cavalry, under General Joseph Wheeler—but he had, so the story goes, issued matches to all his horsemen in Savannah and exhorted them to maximum destruction as they moved into "that hellhole of secession." In Sherman's choice of Kilpatrick and in his failure to control his subordinate's excesses, the charges that he was guilty of war crimes are fully justified.

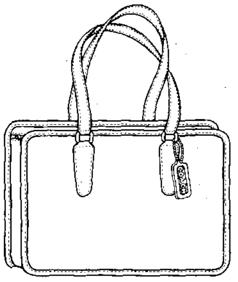
According to the account of a brigade commander under Kilpatrick, General Smith D. Atkins, of Illinois, Barnwell was systematically set afire, and as the flames rose Kilpatrick held a "Nero dance" at his headquarters, in the Hartley House, to which he invited all the ladies of Barnwell. "Regarding [the invitations] as orders, [the ladies] like sad ghosts went through the whirling mazes of the dance, while their own dwellings were in flames," General Atkins wrote. "It was the bitterest satire on social pleasure ever witnessed, and justly stained the reputation of Kilpatrick."

At the tiny Barnwell County Museum, behind the county library, I met Mrs. Hildegarde Roberts, the curator, who pulled from her files a dog-eared monograph on the homes and churches of Barnwell that were lost. It had been compiled, she said, "lest we forget." After a brief chat, she took me out to the Hartley House, a two-story porticoed clapboard structure in a state of decline.

"So this is where General Kilpatrick danced while the houses of Barnwell burned," I said.

"Yes," Mrs. Roberts replied cheerfully. "But the Hartleys were very nice people, and they gave very interesting parties, too."

I PRESSED on to Blackville, ten miles north of Barnwell. Blackville was the strategic junction where the two wings of Sherman's army came



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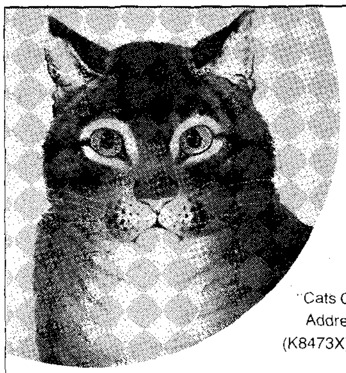

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together, at the vital railroad link between Charleston and Augusta. With the railroad in his control, he ordered fifty miles of track torn up. He described this process with enthusiasm:

> The track was heaved up in sections the length of a regiment, then separated rail by rail; bonfires were made of the ties and of fence rails on which the rails were heated, carried to trees or telegraph poles, wrapped around and left to cool. Such rails could not be used again.

The rails were called "Sherman's neckties" (or "Lincoln gimlets"), and, along with Sherman's toothpicks, they made a memorable calling card.

At Blackville, I visited the Jefferson Davis Academy, where, its brochure announces, education is based on Christian principles, and entrance tests are required to insure a "homogeneous" student body. Its mascot is the Rebel Raider, a plumed horseman after the fashion of J. E. B. Stuart, on a rearing steed with sword raised high. (The homogeneous Rebel Raiders never play the integrated Hawks of Blackville-Hilda High on the gridiron.) Under the stern glare of President Davis, whose portrait hangs in the headmaster's office, I met Bernard (Butch) Bydalek, a lighthearted Tennessean who taught history. In Bydalek's classroom sat twenty gangly examples of the modern yeoman class, wearing letter jackets, their hair teased and blow-dried, their faces happily expectant. Talking about General Sherman seemed like a free period to them. They gossiped. They giggled. They all talked at once. "Show your breeding!" Bydalek shouted at them, but the order was not obeyed.

Here the symbols of the Confederacy took a beating. The pupils associated the Confederate battle flag more with squealing tires and "The Dukes of Hazzard" than with the ragtag remnants of Wheeler's cavalry. The flag also meant beer blasts and racist jokes. It struck me as curious that in the midst of our discussion (slaves were a lot better off in bonds than free, one young woman remarked, because "at least then they had jobs") Bydalek said that he had marched with Martin Luther King, Jr., in Selma. Later, I asked him about this; for someone to land in a white Christian academy after that experience suggested either a gigantic retraction or a noble crusade. For Bydalek, neither seemed to be the case. He was doing his best, he said, to puncture his students' obsession with race. "I think I can be more effective in this setting," he said flatly. But he made no pretense of having any heroic mission, and he has since left the school.

COLUMBIA. The afternoon was clear and warm—perfect for a leisurely ramble through the grounds of the State House. Six stars on the building mark the direct hits scored by Sherman's batterymen as they took the measure of the city from the far side of the Congaree. The markers were meant to perpetuate from one generation to the next the South Carolinian bitterness toward all things Yankee, but today the trajectory of those cannonballs passes over a robust city that has attracted many non-Southerners since the Second World War. The resolute efforts of the state to hold on to its Confederate shrines seem increasingly out of place and silly.

Atop the State House, the Stars and Bars flies beneath the Stars and Stripes and the state flag. Regularly, a black caucus in the state legislature pushes for its removal, but so far the push has failed. Before the north front of the State House, the Confederate soldier stands high on a marble shaft. On the south lawn, a huge equestrian statue of Wade Hampton, by F. W. Ruckstull, dominates the turf. You can tell that the sculptor, who lived in New York and Paris, loved the South, a Columbia paper once wrote, by the way a soft glow passes over Hampton's countenance in the twilight, showing Hampton "as he is enshrined in the hearts of all South Carolinians." The same sculptor executed a monument to Confederate women at the far end of the State House grounds. It is by far the most interesting statue on the grounds, for it is the antithesis of the heroic, motion-filled equestrian statue of Sherman in Manhattan's Grand Army Plaza, so magnificently rendered by Augustus Saint-Gaudens. In the latter, the winged angel of victory holding an olive branch leads the conqueror. Victor and Victim, Exhilaration and Condolence—an angel for every circumstance. In the Ruckstull monument in Columbia, the winged angel stands behind a seated figure of womanhood, holding a wreath of protection over her head. On each side of the seated figure is a cherub, one holding a bouquet of roses, the other a scroll bearing the name of South Carolina. Upon the pedestal are words that, despite their old-fashioned floridness, I found moving:

> Their unconquerable spirit strengthened the thin lines of gray. Their tender

> care was solace to the stricken. Reverence for God and unfaltering faith in a righteous cause inspired heroism that survived the immolation of sons and courage that bore the agony of suspense and the shock of disaster. The tragedy of the Confederacy may be forgotten, but the fruits of the noble service of the daughters of the South are our perpetual heritage.

The burning of Columbia was very different from the destruction of Atlanta. Atlanta was a well-defended city in a state of siege; Columbia was full of elegant, troopless generals, as Mary Chesnut put it in "A Diary from Dixie." This may explain why one hears no lame jokes about Sherman in Columbia. Southern rhetoric held for a hundred years that Sherman's actions here were his greatest war atrocity—that, regardless of whether the commander issued any direct order, his guilt was unquestionable. To the extent that the world accepts a broad concept of command responsibility, Sherman must indeed be held responsible for not controlling his troops. If, for example, the American standard of guilt that was applied to General Tomoyuki Yamashita, of the Japanese Army, in the massacre of Filipinos during the Second World War were applied to Sherman, he would certainly be found guilty. General Yamashita was executed.

But there is ample evidence that as news of the fires reached Sherman he exerted himself to stop them, even fighting the flames himself. "Sherman and the Burning of Columbia," a recent book by Marion Lucas, a South Carolinian, concludes that wind and liquor and flying cotton were the chief culprits in the conflagration, but, of course, liquor consumption is something that commanders can regulate. On the night the city burned, "liquors were drunk with such avidity as to astonish the veteran Bacchanals of Columbia," wrote William Gilmore Simms, whose own home was burned by Union stragglers. Sherman himself suggested that while a single malicious soldier may have started the burning, a "devilish spirit" grew as the fire progressed. To what extent had he contributed to that devilish spirit by his own wild statements? One finds the rationale for his utter lack of remorse after the war only one step away from Hiroshima: "Though I never ordered it and never wished it, I have never shed any tears over the event, because I believe that it hastened what we all fought for, the end of the war." Characteristically, Sherman tried to shift responsibility onto the enemy. In his official report, he assigned it to General Wade Hampton, but in his memoirs he wrote, "I confess I did so pointedly, to shake the faith of his people in him, for he was in my opinion boastful, and professed to be the special champion of South Carolina."

BENNETT PLACE. Although my first impulse when I came upon the empty room in the new visitors' center was to be a museum director, it soon waned. I met with the superintendent and with the chief "interpreter" for state historical sites. They complained that the site had an "identity crisis" in relation to Appomattox, because Appomattox is so much better known.

After South Carolina, Sherman fought one last battle. At Bentonville, North Carolina, Johnston (who had resumed command from Hood) threw all his remaining forces at the invading army in a bold and well-conceived attack. The result was an indecisive affair, with Sherman fighting defensively as he awaited reinforcements. It was a battle of attrition. Its major consequence was four thousand more casualties. Afterward, while Sherman's troops were being resupplied and were getting ready for a final push to encircle Lee's army at Petersburg, Sherman himself journeyed by steamer to City Point, Virginia, for a conference with Grant on March 27-28, 1865. By chance, Lincoln was there, and the commanders had two conferences with the President. These guided Sherman's controversial role as a peacemaker at Bennett Place a few weeks later.

Sherman maintained to the end his contempt for politicians. He saw an anarchic strain in the American people which made governing them by democratic means virtually impossible. Perhaps that was the tyrant in him. Lincoln had done little from afar to soften his feelings. But Lincoln and Sherman shared one strong emotional bond. Each had had a son named Willie who died as a youth. Willie Sherman, age nine, had come to visit his father after the fall of Vicksburg, in 1863. He was his father's favorite, and he was also a great favorite of the troops; they referred to him as "Sergeant." At Vicksburg, he contracted typhoid fever, and he died a few days later in Memphis. His father never forgave himself for bringing the boy into "that fatal climate, and in that sickly period of the year."

At City Point, Lincoln was intensely nervous about Sherman's absence from his army at this critical moment, and beseeched him to return to North Carolina quickly. In passing, Sherman inquired if the President was ready for the end of the war. The kindliness of Lincoln's response overwhelmed Sherman. It was as if the brutality of the warrior had been suddenly brushed aside by the charitable magnanimity of the giant before him—as if Sherman's great passion for total war had been magically transformed into a great passion for total peace. Both Grant and Sherman had supposed that one more major battle, between one of their armies and Lee's army or Johnston's, might be necessary. Lincoln pleaded with them to avoid the carnage if it was at all possible. By the account of a witness, Lincoln authorized Sherman to secure the surrender of Johnston on any terms.

BINGO
35 GAMES PRIZES 35

This was general conversation, perhaps even idle chitchat—not a formal policy session. What Lincoln wanted most was for his military leaders to defeat the opposing armies and get the soldiers on both sides back onto their farms and into their shops. He, almost alone, was the voice of charity. The tide of retribution against the treasonous South was already strong, but it was also clear that there would have to be a social transformation of the region after the war. How to handle that transformation was a delicate political question, and by the time of the City Point meeting Lincoln had not declared anything definite. He was in the throes of political maneuver. He had given only hints about his approach to Reconstruction. Magnanimity for the suffering of the South would have to be balanced against punishment for overt treason. The South had to be restored to a sound economic footing—without its crutch of slavery. The City Point meeting was a critical moment—far more critical than any of the three men could have imagined. In eighteen days, Lincoln would be dead. The possibility of misunderstanding was great, as Lincoln's instructions were loose, and avoided political subtleties, which he may have supposed Sherman and Grant would not understand or appreciate.

But to Sherman civil and military matters were often inextricably entwined. What was to be done, Sherman asked, with the political leaders, such as Jefferson Davis, who was then in Richmond? Should they be allowed to escape? If they were caught, would they be tried and condemned as traitors?

Lincoln replied that he once knew a man who had taken a pledge of total abstinence. In a visit with a convivial friend, he was offered a drink, and refused it, citing his pledge. So the friend proceeded to fix lemonade and, as he did so, gestured toward the brandy bottle, pointing out that lemonade could be made more palatable if it was sweetened with a little brandy. The flexible teetotaller replied that if it could be done "unbeknown" to him he would not object. Sherman inferred that if Jefferson Davis and the other political leaders should escape "unbeknown" to Lincoln the President would not object.

In his memoirs, Sherman recorded just how deeply he had been touched by this last glimpse of the President:

> I know, when I left him, that I was more than ever impressed by his kindly nature, his deep and earnest sympathy with the afflictions of the whole people, resulting from the war, and by the march of hostile armies through the South; and that his earnest desire seemed to be to end the war speedily, without more bloodshed and devastation.... Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness, combined with goodness, than any other.

On April 11, 1865, Sherman approached Raleigh and received news of Lee's surrender at Appomattox. In announcing the event to his troops, he said, "A little more labor, a little more toil on our part, the great race is won, and our Government stands regenerated, after four long years of war." The government regenerated after four years of war? The conclusion was hasty. At that point, a new spectre confronted Sherman. He could not compel Johnston to fight his vastly superior army, but neither could he catch the Rebel in the open country of the North Carolina Piedmont. Johnston might easily disperse his army into guerrilla bands. (It turned out that Lee had considered and rejected this same possibility before he surrendered to Grant.) By Sherman's analysis, the Southern cavalrymen were better horsemen than their Northern counterparts. Using hit-and-run tactics, bands of renegades might fight over the entire area of the South that Sherman had supposedly conquered, and prolong the war indefinitely. Thus, Sherman's position vis-à-vis Johnston was markedly different from that of Grant vis-à-vis Lee. Lee's army was trapped and surrounded. Johnston's army as a cohesive body was spent, but he was not compelled to surrender.

On April 14th, in Raleigh, Sherman received an invitation to talk with Johnston. On the morning of April 17th, he arrived at the Raleigh depot, where a locomotive waited to take him to the station in Durham, from which he was to proceed along the Hillsboro Road by horseback to the meeting. As he prepared to board the train, a telegraph operator rushed up to him, saying excitedly that an important cipher message was then coming in from Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton. Sherman held the train for nearly half an hour while the operator decoded the news of Lincoln's assassination. Upon reading it, Sherman turned to him and asked if he had told anyone of the content of the message. Receiving a negative, he swore the operator to secrecy and proceeded to the meeting with Johnston.

About five miles out on the Hillsboro Road, the commanders met, and they went together to a small farmhouse owned by a farmer named Bennett, half a mile farther on. The farmer was asked to retire to an outbuilding. Once in Bennett's living room, Sherman handed Johnston the dispatch from Stanton, without comment. As Johnston read, Sherman watched him closely, searching his face for any hint, however remote, of prior knowledge, or possibly even complicity, in the plot. By Sherman's account, beads of sweat broke out on Johnston's brow. The Southerner proclaimed the act to be a disgrace to the age, and cried that the South had finally come to realize that Lincoln was the best friend it had. Surely Sherman did not hold the Confederate government responsible? Sherman replied that perhaps military men like him or Lee could not be involved, but he was not so sure of the politicians—Jefferson Davis and "men of that stripe." One ill-placed comment might infuriate his troops in Raleigh, Sherman warned, and "a fate worse than that of Columbia would befall the place." Johnston sought to assuage his adversary's agitation. Sherman had fought "hard and clean," he said soothingly, for ever since Sherman traversed the swamps of the Salkehatchie, building bridges and miles of corduroy roads, he had felt that no army like Sherman's had existed since Caesar's time.

In due course, the two commanders moved to the issue at hand. Sherman proposed a straightforward surrender along the lines of Lee's. Johnston was not quick to accept, underscoring the difference in his military situation. Still, he conceded, further fighting would be murder. He cited the sentiment that Napoleon expressed to the Archduke Charles Louis at Wagram: "The civic crown earned by preserving the life of one citizen confers truer glory than the highest achievement merely military." Then he made an offer of a universal peace: a peace that would embrace not just his own army but all the remaining Confederate armies; a peace from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. It must be remembered that after Appomattox a hundred thousand Confederate soldiers were still under arms, and Johnston had only forty thousand of them. Strong forces remained in Tennessee and central Alabama. None of these forces were hemmed in, as Lee's army in Virginia had been.

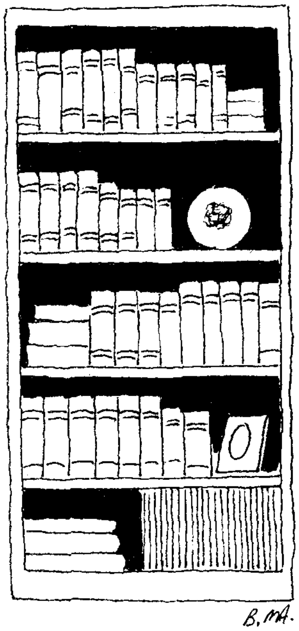
Sherman leaped at the idea. He spoke excitedly about his City Point meeting with Lincoln. He was, he proclaimed, abreast of Lincoln's views on the war's aftermath. It was as if Sherman suddenly felt possessed by Lincoln's spirit. The angel of vengeance would now become the angel of mercy. He would carry forward the magnanimous program of the martyred President almost as a mystical act. His new mission had an air of heavenly design: Sherman must now *become* Lincoln, before the vindictive petty politicians in Washington took the great man's place. I like to think there was more to it than that—that this was Sherman's single, fleeting chance for atonement. In one bold stroke, he could sweep away all he had done before, all that had been said of him as the barbaric warrior and all that would be said of him when history took over. He would go down as the great conqueror and the great peacemaker as well.

But, Sherman asked, could Johnston speak for Confederate forces other than his own?

Johnston promised to obtain that authority overnight from Jefferson Davis, who was in Hillsboro. Curiously, Sherman did not feel that he needed authority from Washington to speak for Federal armies in the field other than his own.

With universal surrender on the table, the two men parted. Sherman went back to Raleigh, and Johnston headed for Hillsboro. At Raleigh, Sherman drafted his announcement to the troops of Lincoln's murder. If one word from him could turn the city to ashes and render its population homeless, as he had warned Johnston, the words he did use were hardly detached: "We have met every phase which this war has assumed, and must now be prepared for it in its last and worst shape, that of assassins and guerrillas; but woe unto the people who seek to expend their wild passions in such a manner, for there is but one dread result!" What the result was he left to the imagination.

That night, meeting with his staff, Sherman seemed not to comprehend the consequences of the assassination. He had no impulse to wire Washington with the news of Johnston's overture and wait for instructions. He had become the civil government, Lincoln's government—a kind of twilight authority dedicated to a noble purpose of his own definition. From a military standpoint, he wanted to hold Johnston to some surrender, any surrender, or at least hold him in negotiation, for he needed a few days to resupply his army. Later, in his memoirs, he asserted, as if for the record, "Without exception all advised me to agree to some terms, for they all dreaded the long and harassing march in pursuit of a dissolving and fleeing army—a march that might carry us back again over the thousand miles that we had just accomplished. We all knew that if we could bring Johnston's army to bay, we could destroy it in an hour, but that was simply impossible in the country in which we now found ourselves."



They had arrived at the moment when the organized Southern armies might have dissolved into guerrilla bands. With Jefferson Davis as the head of a fast-moving underground government, supervising harassing operations against the occupying Union garrisons throughout the hospitable homeland, the conflict could have gone on indefinitely. If Sherman could make the populace, young and old, feel the hard hand of war, the populace in its turn could make Sherman feel the hard hand of occupation. Eventually, the Union would have had to come to an accommodation.

On the night of April 17th, the discussion between Sherman and his staff moved quickly to political questions. Should they permit the escape of Jefferson Davis, as Lincoln had wanted? Not only should they do so, one of the generals argued, but they should also provide a ship to take Davis and the other top Confederate political leaders from Charleston to Nassau.

Sherman and Johnston reconvened the following day at Bennett Place. Johnston had received authorization to proceed with a universal settlement. If agreement could be reached, the other Confederate armies would surrender on the same terms. But Johnston had a price. What assurances could Sherman give the Confederate officers concerning their political rights, Johnston wanted to know. Sherman cited Lincoln's amnesty proclamation of

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December 8, 1863, which stated that, upon laying down their arms and swearing allegiance, men below the rank of colonel would receive a pardon and resume full rights of citizenship. Furthermore, at Appomattox Grant had extended the same amnesty to all officers. Johnston was skeptical. He sensed, better than Sherman, that previous promises given by the slain Lincoln might now be moot. The Confederate Secretary of War, John C. Breckinridge, from Kentucky, was summoned into the farmhouse. At first, Sherman objected, fearing that to deal with any political representative of the enemy would, in effect, legitimatize the Confederacy, but Johnston reassured him that Breckinridge held the rank of major general. This satisfied Sherman. Before they got down to work, Sherman pulled a bottle of whiskey out of his saddlebag, and, by his account, the gesture brought an almost beatific expression to Breckinridge's face. Sherman was presented with a handwritten draft containing a long preamble and surrender terms that specified total amnesty for all civilian authorities, including Jefferson Davis. Sherman read it quickly and tossed it aside. It was too general and verbose, he declared.

Taking pen and paper and the whiskey bottle, Sherman withdrew to a small table and began to write furiously. I like to imagine him receding into a private world, the surrogate Lincoln, the merciless conqueror possessed by Lincoln's kindly spirit and perhaps by guilt for the desolation he had brought to the region he once loved. What emerged, as Sherman helped himself to the whiskey, were seven points. Besides the standard provision for disbanding armies and a provision reëstablishing the authority of United States Courts were these five points: federal recognition of the Confederate state governments (in short, no Reconstruction); a guarantee of political rights and franchises (before the Union government had a chance to exclude the highest traitors); a guarantee of the rights of property (with no mention of slaves as an exception, although Sherman afterward said that this had been implicitly understood on both sides); distribution of arms in state arsenals (which might easily be repossessed by recalcitrant Rebels if they regained political rights too easily); and a general amnesty for both civilians and military men.

Sherman finished his document with a flourish of satisfaction. Upon reading it, the Confederates "readily" accepted. Why not? One can imagine them exchanging euphoric glances and suppressing whoops of joy. The Confederacy lived, in all but name! The Old South endured!

As the Southerners rode away, General Johnston turned to Breckinridge and asked, "What do you think of Sherman?"

"He is a bright man and a man of great force," Breckinridge replied, but then, reconsidering his compliment, he blurted out, "General Sherman is a hog! Yes, sir, a hog! Did you see him take that drink by himself? . . . No Kentucky gentleman would ever have taken away that bottle. He knew we needed it."

Years later, Sherman would be told this story, and it amused him. "Those fellows hustled me that day; I was sorry for the drink I did give them."

The war was over, but what had it been fought for? Lincoln wanted to be charitable after so terrible an ordeal, but would he have allowed the Union victims—soldiers and their families—to feel that their sacrifices had been for nothing? At Bennett Place, reconciliation and Reconstruction were opposites: to "bind up the nation's wounds" would be to leave the issues of the war unresolved; to tackle the remaking of the South immediately would be to prolong a de-facto state of war.

THE EMPTY ROOM. How could this peacemaking be made exciting? How might the Sherman parable be rendered into a display for a glass case or an "audiovisual" lesson? Sherman's pen or his whiskey bottle from the medical stores or examples of his frantic, illegible writing hardly seemed likely to ignite the public. His fall from grace when his lenient terms hit Washington is fascinating but not especially visual. Stanton disapproved the terms in a rage, dispatched Grant to North Carolina to relieve Sherman of his command, and then, with characteristic meanness, whispered to the press that Sherman had accepted a bribe of thirteen million dollars in Confederate gold for the escape of Jefferson Davis. But within a few days a new truce, along the lines of Appomattox, was arranged with Johnston. Grant returned to Washington alone. Stanton's remark about the bribe was discounted, and Sherman proceeded to Washington at the head of a triumphant army. His Bennett Place transgressions led to no permanent loss of stature.

Several weeks later, Sherman rode victorious down Pennsylvania Avenue. At the Treasury Department, he turned on his horse to behold the column of his men stretching to the Capitol, and described it as "simply magnificent," and he continued, "The glittering muskets looked like a solid mass of steel moving with the regularity of a pendulum. . . . Many good people, up to that time, had looked upon our Western army as a sort of mob, but the world then saw . . . that it was an army in the proper sense, well organized, well commanded, and disciplined; and there was no wonder that it had swept through the South like a tornado." How quickly, in victory, are the atrocities forgotten! At the reviewing stand, he achieved his revenge against Stanton for questioning his obedience and maligning him: he refused to shake hands with the War Secretary, and was satisfied that his rebuke was "universally noticed."

The newspaper clippings about all this could be displayed, but clippings are too static. Maybe the place needs a "sound and light" show, a peace reenactment, that would stress the modern connections: the degree of permissible terror against a wartime foe, the widening of the license of war, civilian versus military control over the armed forces (for, at Bennett Place, Sherman might have become another Mac-

Stuart Leeds

Arthur, and a successful one), and reconciliation after a divisive war.

If anything was to be reënacted, I would want it to include Sherman's appearance before the Committee on the Conduct of the War at the time of his victory march in Washington. The committee called him as a witness to justify his actions at Bennett Place, but its real purpose was political. Composed of radical Republicans who were itching for the Reconstruction of the South to begin, the committee wanted to show that Sherman was directly following Lincoln's orders at Bennett's farm. The goal was to discredit Lincoln and the Lincoln impulse toward generosity. For the second time, Sherman got his chance to be a surrogate Lincoln, but he would not accommodate the committee. He had learned something about politics by now. He kept his testimony flat, and vague. The City Point conversations, he testified, were simply general, containing nothing definite.

But I think I know what was going through his mind and what he wanted to say to that committee. If I were staging the reënactment, my Sherman actor would get the following speech, which I've invented for him:

"Yes, having won the war, perhaps I was too anxious for the laurels of the peacemaker as well. You cried out for an angel of wrath, and I gave you what you wanted. As I piled one victory upon another, you placed me in the tradition of Caesar and Napoleon. Perhaps I wished too fervently to stand in the tradition of Lincoln. The last vision of him at City Point is etched in my mind forever. If I erred, it was because I tried to hold on to that generous spirit which was so quickly fading as petty, vindictive, scheming politicians took his place. Had President Lincoln lived, I know he would have sustained me." —James Reston, Jr.

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[*From USA Today*]

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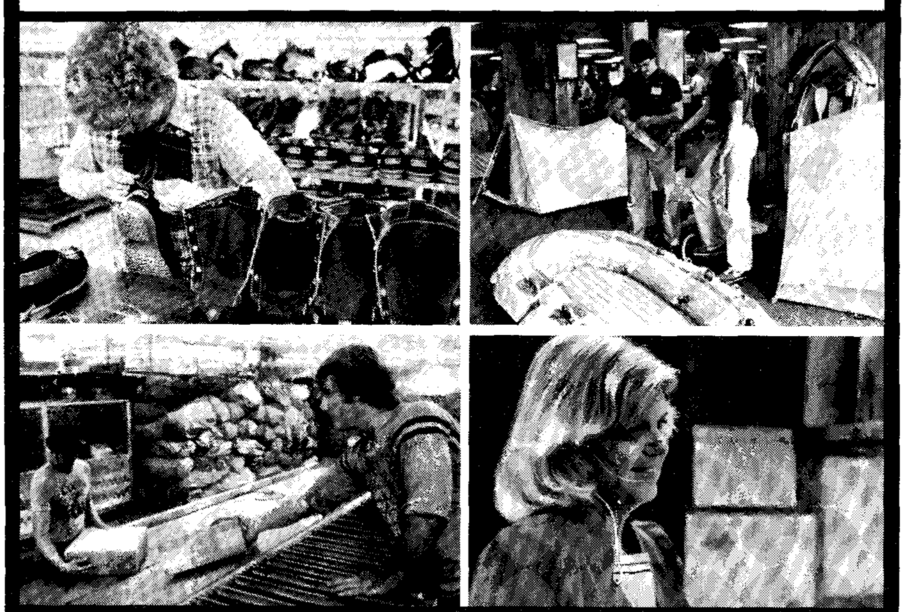

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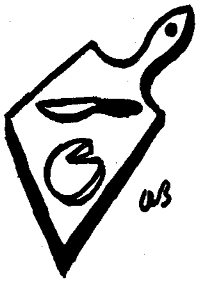
AROUND CITY HALL

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Arrogance, a rank weakness for glitz, sleaze, and sin, and a willingness to put up with environmental conditions that would drive more rational sorts to opt for a swift change of venue are among the character defects that many out-of-towners associate with residents of this city that allegedly never sleeps. In recent weeks, however, New Yorkers have received wide acclaim for expressions of something else: rage. The most dramatic local demonstration of rage—or, in the view of many impassioned observers, of a judgment to which there was no reasonable alternative—was that of Bernhard Hugo Goetz, a native of Queens and a resident of West Fourteenth Street, in Manhattan, where he operated an electronics business out of his apartment. Reports of Goetz's actions, personal history, and latest pronouncements, including his modest statement "I am not a hero," became staples, much like the latest sports and weather, on the nightly television news and in the daily newspapers here and nationally. A couple of weeks ago, the columnist Mary McGrory called him "the most talked-about man in America"—and surely "The Ballad of Bernhard Goetz," with rumbling subway sound effects, cannot be far behind. The cast of characters in the bloody tableau that was acted out on the southbound West Side I.R.T. subway train in midafternoon on December 22nd is now as familiar to some Americans as that of their favorite shoot-'em-up, although the principals' exact movements, props, and motives are subject to differing interpretations, which will eventually be sorted out in the courts. There were two dozen passengers in the subway car, including four young blacks and Goetz, a thirty-seven-year-old fair-haired white man who wore wire-rimmed glasses—a helpful circumstance for the Police Department artist who later produced a remarkably accurate likeness of him for identification purposes. The blacks, eighteen and nineteen years old, were all high-school dropouts from the South Bronx with police records. Collectively, they had in their pockets, although not, by present accounts, visible to Goetz, three screwdrivers—useful tools for breaking into video-game machines and engaging in similar anti-social enterprises, for which some of them had been arrested in the past. In January, 1981, Goetz had been mugged by three blacks in a subway station at Canal and Varick Streets—an event whose details, some of his neighbors have assured reporters, remained vivid in his mind. Last month, as the train approached the Chambers Street station, a few blocks south of the site of the 1981 mugging, one of the four blacks asked Goetz for the time and for a match. Apparently getting no response, the youth then asked, "Do you have five dollars?" At that point, the youths told police, Goetz said, "Yes, I have five dollars for each of you," and, pulling out an unlicensed .38-calibre pistol, shot all four, two of them in the back. He severed the spine of one and seriously injured a second; the two others received minor wounds. On New Year's Eve, Goetz presented himself at the police station in Concord, New Hampshire, knowing that the New York police wanted him for questioning. There, he made a number of statements and admissions, some of which were videotaped, to local and New York law-enforcement officials. The details of the violent confrontation in the grungy subterranean New York setting doubtless sounded particularly repellent in the picture-postcard, snowy-white landscape of Concord, relatively as tranquil as its name. At Goetz's arraignment three days later in New York, Susan Braver, the Manhattan assistant district attorney in charge of the case, told the court that "by his own admission, he intended to kill each one" of the four youths. He was charged with having "methodically shot four people in a car crowded with at least twenty passengers," she said. "He shot at two of them, striking them in the back as they were moving away in the opposite direction. Then he fired a fifth time at one who was not yet down. . . . He only stopped because he ran out of ammunition." Police here later reported that after the shooting Goetz had said, "I thought I hit you," as he politely helped up one woman who had fallen to the floor when the gunfire began. By that time, the train had reached the Chambers Street station, and he stepped out the door to temporary freedom.



The night of the shooting, the New York police gave out a twenty-four-hour hot-line number for callers who might help them identify and track down the subway vigilante, as, by the next day, he was being labelled on television and in the press. This word for a familiar character in many a horse opera who in frontier days, when formal law enforcement was largely absent, dispensed justice according to his own ideas of right and wrong often has negative implications when it is used to describe present-day entrepreneurs who take the law into their own hands. It was clear from the start, however, that most local admirers of the subway "shooter" (as he was also frequently called here rather than "gunman," a word generally used for criminal types) intended the vigilante epithet as a compliment. On a retaining wall along the East River Drive, a huge hand-painted message appeared overnight: "Power to the Vigilante! N.Y. Loves Ya!" The police reported that their special hot line received few helpful tips but hundreds of calls hailing the vigilante for the shootings and endorsing the view that—as Goetz himself later put it from New Hampshire—he had not done anything wrong but only what "had to be done" because the city was "out of control." Few New Yorkers seemingly paid the slightest attention as Mayor Edward Koch kept pointing out that the local crime rate has gone down seventeen points since 1981 and that among the nation's twenty-five largest cities New York ranks tenth in major crimes.

Some of the callers urged that the vigilante be given a medal; the Bronze Star was a popular suggestion. The *Daily News* reported that of an estimated hundred and fifty calls it received in one day not one was critical of the shooter. In the television street interviews, the verdict was heavily in his favor, among both blacks and whites. Of the letters to the Mayor's office in the week ending January 4th, two hundred and seventy-seven concerned themselves with specific issues. Two hundred and forty of these dealt with the subway confrontation, and only three took an other than positive view of the man who had shot down the four blacks. One letter said, "I respectfully urge you to use your influence to have Bernhard Goetz treated as a hero," and another proposed that he be named police commissioner. Some of the people who called the police hot-line number had urged instead that Goetz run for mayor, this being a mayoral-election year. ("Mayor Koch has promised an all-out effort to solve the case, but the joke on the streets is that he just wants to find the gunman before the Republicans nominate him for mayor," said a Washington *Post* editorial.) Among the numerous letters on the issue in local papers, one in the New York *Post* asked, "What in the world is Mr. Goetz doing in jail? Remember, he was the victim." Another, published in the same paper, was addressed to Goetz and began "God bless you." It went on to say, "You have cheered up the working people and taxpayers in this city. . . . You have meted out better justice than our police and courts have been able to provide. Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus—and he lives on 14th Street." While this and similar messages were being directed to Goetz, the families of some of the wounded blacks were receiving letters saying that it was too bad all four weren't dead.

"Leading her own life now? Are you kidding? That's not her own life."

• •

It was clear that what had happened on the subway three days before Christmas—or what people thought had happened there—had caused many New Yorkers to see Goetz as an almost entirely benign figure, because of their fear and hatred of criminals, and particularly of young hoodlums such as those he had shot. "To live in the city is to be in a state of inexplicable anger much of the time," Willard Gaylin, a clinical professor of psychiatry at Columbia University, writes in his book "The Rage Within," which was published last November. In the contemporary world, Gaylin argues, rage is obsolete and destructive of both the individual and society, and expressions of it should be considered the equivalent of "public littering." Most New Yorkers who weighed in publicly on the actions of the I.R.T. vigilante obviously do not go along with this view. Nor were the expressions of rage only a local phenomenon. All over the country letters-to-the-editor departments and radio talk-show hosts were swamped with communications from other Americans eager to hail Goetz for having struck a blow for the ordinary law-abiding citizen against criminal types in this city. Bob Grant, the host of a talk show on WABC, announced that he had received calls from twenty states conveying that message. The interest the case aroused was, he said, "the most concentrated, most emotional, most consistent I have witnessed, possibly since John Kennedy was assassinated." Many of the out-of-towners who expressed themselves in various forums even went as far—unaccustomed though they were—as to say a good word for New Yorkers, who by their widely advertised recognition of Goetz as their new urban folk hero had signalled, *finally*, that (as their new admirers put it over and over) they were mad as hell and they weren't going to take it anymore.

What the Washington-based columnist Patrick Buchanan called "the roar of approval" for Bernhard Goetz was not unanimous here, however. Some local residents, among them the *Daily News* writer Jimmy Breslin, kept reminding Goetz's fans of what had actually happened on the subway—which, Breslin noted, no one seemed to want to hear about. Over and over, in his column and in television appearances, he repeated that what it came down to was that a man on a train had pulled out a gun, shot four people, and barely missed several others. Breslin also mentioned that, soon after the shooting, the police had said that the four blacks had carried "sharpened" screwdrivers—inviting the conclusion that the decision to gun the youths down had been the wholly justifiable response of someone menaced by icepick-like weapons. But, Breslin reported, a few days later the captain in charge of the investigation told him that what the young blacks had had in their pockets had been ordinary screwdrivers and that these had not been shown to Goetz. The opinions of people who clog police hot lines, sound off for the television cameras, or do business with talk shows are, of course, no substitute for scientific polling, nor do they necessarily reflect the opinions of a community's responsible movers and shakers. The promotion of Goetz as the central figure in a morality play continued apace, even though the two top officials of the state and the city weighed in early with disapproving views. Governor Mario Cuomo condemned "the vigilante spirit" as likely to lead to "the slaughter of innocent people" and also deplored as dangerous the comparison of the shooter with the man played by Charles Bronson in the movie "Death Wish," who avenges the murder of his wife and the rape of his daughter by going about the city

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picking off, one by one, New Yorkers who irritate him. (A few days after the subway confrontation, someone in television land judged that "Death Wish" was now local residents' favorite shoot-'em-up, and clips from the film became another staple on the evening news. Early this month, Bronson himself declared that "New York City today is almost like the Wild West, with violence and robbing making it open season on the law-abiding private citizen.") Two days after the shooting, Mayor Koch said at a press conference, "A vigilante is not a hero. . . . You are not going to have instant justice meted out by anybody, because that is not justice." The Mayor's position surprised many of his supporters, who think of the onetime liberal reform Democrat as a convert to a strong law-and-order philosophy. In fact, in condemning the shootings he was speaking up for the orderly processes of the law, which the more vociferous admirers of the vigilante did not seem to be so keen on in this case. Although Koch said that "vigilantism will not be tolerated in this city," he added that he understood New Yorkers' frustration at crime conditions here. "They're fed up. *I'm* fed up, too," he said. Like President Reagan, the Mayor is celebrated for his adeptness at playing the outsider, distancing himself as far as possible from whatever may have gone wrong in the government he heads. (Victor Gotbaum, the executive director of the largest local public-employees' union, has called him "the Teflon mayor.") It is appropriate for him to detach himself to a degree from subway conditions, since the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, of which the Transit Authority is a subsidiary, is a state agency, to whose board he appoints only four of fourteen members. In the matter of crime fighting and crime prevention on the subways, however, he is not in a position to take a stand on the sidelines. The transit-police force is almost entirely funded by his administration, and its operations are under the over-all control of Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward. The Corrections and Probation Departments are also mayoral agencies, and now that Koch is in his eighth year at City Hall all but eighteen of the hundred and seven Criminal Court judges are men and women whom he appointed or reappointed.

By January 9th, the New York subway shooting was deemed of sufficiently critical significance to be the subject of a question for the President of the United States. On that date, at Ronald Reagan's first White House press conference in six months, it was the fourth question, after two queries about the arms-control talks with the Russians and one about possible measures to reduce the national deficit. Referring to the shooting, the ABC correspondent Sam Donaldson asked the President's view of using deadly force in trying to defend oneself against attacks. In his response, Reagan mentioned that "there apparently are some centers of crime and places where criminals have found happy hunting more than others"—a remark that New Yorkers could take personally or not, as they pleased—and he noted that "we all can understand the frustrations of people who are constantly threatened by crime and feel that law and order is not particularly protecting them." However, the President then made a comment that seemed less in character for a veteran of movie Westerns. "There is a breakdown of civilization if people start taking the law in their own hands," he said. In answer to another New York question—whether he himself would ride the subways here—he said, "Security wouldn't let me." Two days later, on the TV program "Washington Week in Review," Hedrick Smith, of the *Times*, mentioned the speculation that Americans might begin to learn what Ronald Reagan was really like now that he would never again be running for public office. Smith thought there could be an interesting clue to this riddle in the President's answer to the query about the vigilante shooting—a query that Reagan might not have expected. His statement that there was a breakdown of civilization when people carried out the law according to their own ideas of what was right, Smith pointed out, was not an opinion that would please the more conservative of the backers to whom Reagan has looked for support throughout his political career.

SOMETIMES it seems that one reason a bad thing that happens in New York receives such a large amount of attention elsewhere is that the event offers out-of-town commentators an opportunity to dwell on how terrible things are in general in this city. Residents of the nation's capital seem to be particularly susceptible to such attacks of schadenfreude. Perhaps this susceptibility has something to do with the fact that, living in Washington, where most of the nations of the world have embassies, they are constantly reminded that in most major countries—France, England, Italy, Japan, and so on—the capital is also the largest city. Because there is a different arrangement here, resentment of the rival metropolis to the north is doubtless inevitable. As for members of Congress from other parts of the country, their hostility toward this city is such a generally acknowledged attitude that New York legislators often do their best to conceal the information that a congressional bill will benefit the city, knowing that this could guarantee its defeat. It was no surprise here that many of the loudest voices suggesting that in crime-ridden New York Goetz had no choice but to gun down the four blacks were those of commentators stationed in Washington—where the major-crime rate, outstripping New York's, is the ninth highest among the nation's twenty-five largest cities. The week after the shooting, George Will pronounced New Yorkers' response to the subway shooting "healthy," noting that there were nearly twelve thousand reported felonies in the subways in the first ten months of 1984—certainly an alarming figure, even in view of the fact that over a billion rides are taken on the subways annually. A few days later, Patrick Buchanan declared that "far from being a manifestation of 'insanity' or 'madness,' the universal rejoicing in New York over the gunman's success is a sign of moral health." Of the victim Darrell Cabey, whose wound had made him a paraplegic, Buchanan wrote, "Surely, among all the wounds inflicted on that subway system in calendar year 1984, Darrell Cabey's was almost the least undeserved." As a response to crime conditions, he appeared to favor revolution: "The knee-jerks on the other side seem to have forgotten . . . we are . . . direct descendants of rebellious forebears who took up arms and shot down British troops to overthrow the legitimate government." James Kilpatrick eventually endorsed the rule of law in Goetz's case, after denouncing the four youths on television for having "pushed up" against the subway vigilante, "pulling out their icepicks."

Although Goetz's surrender made the front page of the Washington *Post*, the paper that most Washingtonians

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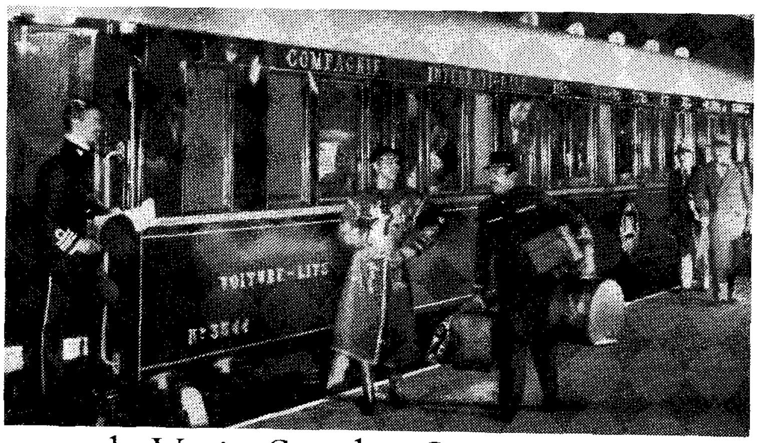

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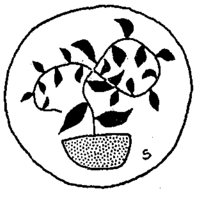
rely on to tell them what is going on in the world, the tone of its several lengthy stories on the shooting was relatively temperate for a paper that has on occasion treated bad news from New York as far worse than that from other places. One memorable case of comparative crime coverage occurred in September, 1980, when the headline over a front-page story read "MD. WOMAN'S DEATH HAS SHOCKED EVEN NEW YORK POLICE." Colleen Marie Wall, a twenty-one-year-old resident of Ellicott City, north of Washington, who had come to New York to see the Broadway production of "West Side Story," had been stabbed to death on West Fifty-third Street by one of three males who had tried to snatch her purse and, by some accounts, to grab the chain around her neck. The Washington *Post* story quoted the comments of "a curly-haired youngster" leaving her wake ("I hate New York") and a man interviewed near the murder scene ("There's animals out there"). Carried over from the front page, the story of the stabbing and the response to it, and a companion piece about rampant chain-snatching in New York, took up all the news space on two inside pages of the *Post's* first section. Nine days later, the murder of Constance Mellon, newly arrived from New York, in the Old Town section of Alexandria received far more modest coverage, in the Metro section of the *Post.* Miss Mellon, a publishing executive with Time-Life Books, which had moved its headquarters and a large number of its staff members from New York a few years before, had been shot with a small-calibre pistol in the house she had moved into only four days earlier. The story reported that another Time-Life employee had been seriously wounded the previous March in a robbery attempt in Alexandria. The police were quoted as saying that they had no suspects in the Mellon case but that they were looking for a car with New York license plates. The man who was finally arrested for the murder was from Pennsylvania. Asked to comment on the brutal murder, the general manager of the Alexandria Chamber of Commerce said that in New York the Time-Life employees had had "the same problems, only more so."



The relative absence of havoc-crying in Washington *Post* accounts of the December confrontation on the I.R.T. could have reflected its editors' view that they had already dealt sufficiently with the horrors of New York subways. A month before the shooting, a front-page story in the *Post,* under the headline "N.Y. WON'T TAKE IT ANYMORE," reported that fifteen hundred passengers, "crammed into the graffiti-smeared cars of a Brooklyn subway" during the morning rush hour, were told to get out and wait for another train and then told to get out of the second train and wait for a third. In what the *Post* called "the straphangers' revolt," four hundred of them—chanting "No, no, no! We won't go!"—had declined to move, and had stayed where they were, blocking traffic on the line for an hour and a half, until arrangements were made to have the second train take them where they wanted to go. The article noted that before David Gunn took the job of head of the New York Transit Authority last year he had described the two-hundred-and-thirty-mile subway system as "closer to death than it is to a tolerable life." One public-relations problem this city has is that if outlanders give some aspect of its operations a bad review, local officials may chime in to say that things are even worse than painted. Carol Bellamy, the president of the City Council, was quoted as saying of the revolt, "It's a living symbol of the fact that service is so lousy. . . . This system is so bad even New Yorkers can't put up with it." Declining to yield to a possible mayoral opponent in denouncing local conditions, Koch told the Washington *Post* that the subways were "miserable and intolerable." The *Post* declared that the transit system, plagued by "filthy cars . . . rotten tracks, stuck doors, broken lights and air-conditioning systems, rising crime and a rash of fires and derailments," had become even more "the symbol of urban chaos and decay" than New York's "gridlocked streets, its skyscraper-choked air, its deafening noise, and trampling crowds." This assessment of life here was, of course, at sharp odds with the literature put out by the city's Convention & Visitors Bureau; unaccountably to some minds, tourism here was up in 1984 for the second year in a row. It also differed from the glowing reviews offered by the Mayor in his end-of-the-year interview with the local press, which took place four days after the subway shooting, and which offered a

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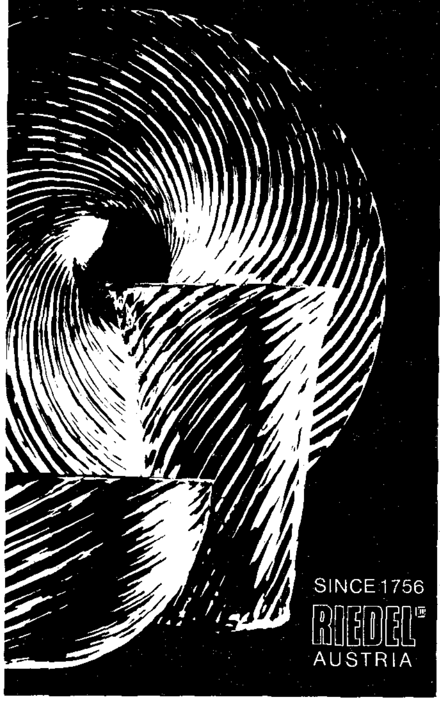

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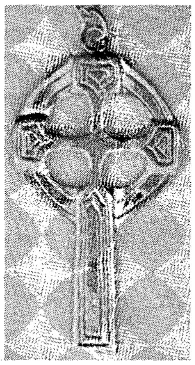

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The New York Times® THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1984

ABROAD AT HOME | Anthony Lewis

We Must Remember

BOSTON

The most compelling experience I have had in a theater in years was watching the new movie "The Killing Fields." It is about the horrors visited on Cambodia between 1973 and 1979, and about the relationship between two reporters who were there — Sydney Schanberg of The New York Times and his assistant, Dith Pran. But the film has a deeper subject, a deeper purpose, or so I understood.

I was at a showing for students and faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. At the end Sydney Schanberg and Dith Pran came on stage to answer questions, along with Sam Waterston, who stars as Schanberg in the movie. First Waterston put a question to the audience: "How many of you did not know that these things happened?"

A third of the people in the large hall raised their hands. A third of that elite audience had never heard about the American intervention in Cambodia, with its devastating consequences, or about the nightmare years of mass murder under the Khmer Rouge.

Historical memory has never been a strong point in the American character. We look forward, not back. But it was eerie to find that intelligent Americans knew nothing at all about events so terrible and so recent — events for which we as a country bear some responsibility.

What the film tells us is that it is necessary to remember. The necessity is both social and individual.

"The Killing Fields" brings home the reality of what happened to Cambodia in images of extraordinary power beyond the ability of words to convey. Many things on the screen are hard to bear: shattered bodies, human cruelty, pervasive fear. But none is gratuitous, sensation for sensation's sake.

A film retells the horror of Cambodia

First there was the American bombing. After the Vietnam truce in 1973, all available B-52's and other planes were used to bomb Cambodia. The movie shows us the gruesome results of the "accidental" B-52 bombing of Neak Luong, near Phnom Penh. Just why it happened we do not know, but we understand that it is an example of much more — and that it is the result of American politicians playing superpower games without concern for the human consequences in Cambodia.

U.S. officials tried to keep Schanberg away from Neak Luong, tried to keep the world from knowing what had happened. Schanberg is shown as driven, obsessive in his determination to tell the story — to the point of harshness toward Dith Pran in insisting that he find a way. In April 1975 the Khmer Rouge took over, and fanaticism was king. Not many of the great film epics have touched the emotions with spectacle as grippingly as "The Killing Fields" does in the scene of the young revolutionaries driving the whole population of Phnom Penh out of the city.

The Khmer Rouge literally tried to expunge history. They declared that they were beginning at Year Zero. They killed anyone suspected of being an intellectual, a doctor, a teacher. They enslaved the country. That all this could be suggested successfully in a film I would not have believed, but it is done. In scenes of what happened to Dith Pran we sense, we fear the larger horror. For minutes not a word of English is spoken, but we know what is happening.

The dramatic crux of the story is that Schanberg got out as a foreigner, but Dith Pran could not. Back in the United States, Schanberg lives with his guilt for not somehow saving his friend. In the prison that is Cambodia, Dith Pran thinks letters to his friend Sydney. Some film reviewers have criticized the device as artificial. I think they have missed the point.

Through the ages political prisoners have found the strength to survive in part through the determination to tell their stories. They have hidden bits of paper, scratched on the walls of cells. Thus they reaffirm their belief that there is a better humanity. They reaffirm life.

Dith Pran was doing that when he thought his letters to Sydney Schanberg. And more: He was carrying out, psychologically, their joint commitment to journalism, to history, to memory.

The film is the expression of that commitment. Dith Pran, who works as a Times photographer now, said after the showing that all day he thinks about New York — but his nightmares are about a Cambodia that is still not free or at peace. ☐

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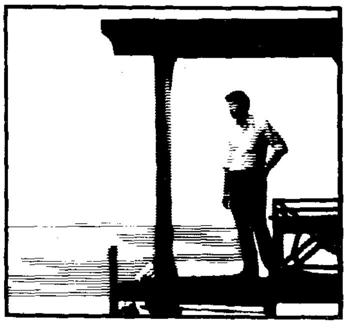
THE KILLING FIELDS



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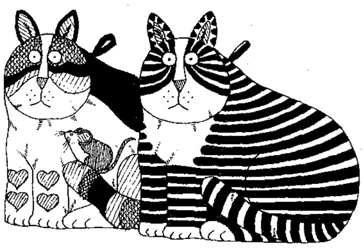

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TALK-SHOW calls were not the only measure of public opinion on the subway shooting. A formal poll on the subject, taken by the *Daily News* and the local ABC television station, was published in the *News* on January 6th. It indicated that the support for the vigilante was not as universal as had been thought. Just under half—forty-nine per cent—of those polled said that they "tended to approve" of his having shot the four youths. Fifty-eight per cent disapproved of his being charged with attempted murder. On the other hand, seventy-eight per cent believed that he should not be commended for his actions or treated as a hero. The poll had been taken on the day Goetz was brought back from New Hampshire and before many New Yorkers understood some aspects of the case—including, for example, the fact that he had shot two of the youths in the back. ("John Wayne would never shoot an outlaw in the back," the Reverend Herbert Daughtry, head of the National Black United Front, said in a sermon in his Brooklyn church a week or so later.) On the day the poll was taken, a *News* editorial headlined "RAGE MUST NOT WIN"—emphasizing that the screwdrivers the youths carried were apparently not sharpened or visible to Goetz and that he did not know of the youths' criminal records—asked whether the huge and generally favorable public response to what he had done was "an overdue mass declaration that the criminal justice system has failed to do its job" or "an outburst of deep, hateful, not-so-latent racism."

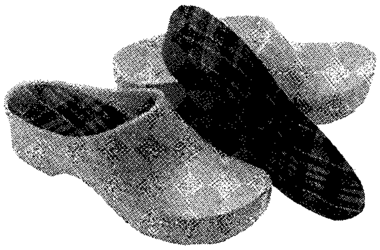
From the start, public officials and others who were asked to comment on the subway shooting had made a strong effort to avoid implying that it could be seen primarily as a white-against-black confrontation in this already badly polarized city. It was frequently—and accurately—pointed out that blacks were as angry as whites at subway marauders, and that local blacks are the victims of more crimes than whites. Nevertheless, there were what-if questions that many New Yorkers tried to avoid asking themselves, since the answers might be painful. Les Payne, the national editor of the suburban paper *Newsday*, who is black, asked, "What would have been the public reaction if, instead of what police described as a 'golden blond,' a black passenger . . . had pulled an unlicensed pistol and shot four black teen-agers?" His conclusion was that it would have been a "one-day story" and treated with indifference. He also asked the even more painful question "What if the gunman had been black and his victims four white teen-agers?" His answer was "The media would have dragged its cameras to the scene and doggedly pursued the best attainable version of the truth. In the Goetz case, the media dispensed spoon-fed police details." Yet in discussions of the failure of the local criminal-justice system that many saw as justification for Goetz's actions the fact that the system had, to a degree, worked in the instance of his 1981 mugging was generally overlooked. After Goetz was attacked and some electrical equipment was taken from him, a policeman chased and captured one of his attackers; the two others got away, but his property was recovered. Eventually, the captured robber was convicted on a minor assault charge (Goetz, however, was apparently not informed of this) and served four months of a six-month sentence; he was arrested in 1983 for other crimes and sentenced to three-to-nine years in an upstate prison. As for cases in which the races of the principals are reversed, there is a significant example here, although, except in the black community, the crime did not arouse anything like the storm of emotion that the Goetz shooting did. In June, 1982, a black transit worker named Willie Turks, on his way home from work, was beaten to death in Brooklyn by a gang of young white toughs. Eventually, three of them were convicted, though the fact that even the harshest of the convictions was only for manslaughter rather than murder is still a source of bitterness for many local blacks. Still, while most local public officials formally rejected the judgment that racism was a dominant motive in the shooting, another conclusion rose to the surface in unguarded moments. Among the officials who have tried to downplay racism in the city is Police Commissioner Ward, who is the first black to have been named to that position. Although many blacks had hailed his appointment as signalling that they would now have an important voice in city government, in his year in office Ward has been a strong team player in the department, not even venturing to reprimand a group of white police officers whose actions resulted in the shooting to death last October of a disturbed sixty-six-year-old black woman whose offense was that she was four months behind in her rent and had ignored eviction notices. In a press conference at Police Headquarters early this month, Ward was asked whether the police description of the screwdrivers the young blacks had carried as "sharpened" hadn't encouraged the public to see the vigilante as a hero. Clearly stung by the charge that the department of which he is the head could be seen as having helped establish Goetz as a hero, Ward demonstrated that the racial aspects of the shooting were very much on his mind. "I could not glorify that person," he told reporters, and—saying "Maybe it's my background"—added that he had a different definition of a vigilante. "I think those fellows wearing those pointy white hats and white sheets call themselves vigilantes, too. When we asked them where the black people hang out around here, they would very frequently point to the highest tree and say 'Right there.' "

DESPITE reservations in some quarters, local support for the subway vigilante, far from diminishing, increased with time. A *Newsday* poll taken a week after that of the *News* showed that Goetz's approval rating was now fifty-six per cent in the city; on Long Island, it was forty-eight per cent. George Clark, of Brooklyn, who is the Republican state chairman, offered to contribute either a thousand dollars toward Goetz's legal-defense fund or five thousand dollars bail money. (The subway shooter, whose electronics business is a successful one and who comes from a family of substantial means, rejected all the hundreds of offers of financial help and himself put up the fifty-thousand-dollar bail that, on January 8th, won his release from Rikers Island.) Despite Clark's offer, the Republicans have not yet nominated Goetz for mayor, but Jimmy Breslin has included in his column a coupon for readers to fill out urging him to run: "Fill in the blank coupon and say that because Bernie Goetz shot people on the subway, you want him to be mayor." At City Hall, the present mayor—like many politicians, taken aback by the immense support for Goetz—now says that he has an open mind on whether the vigilante is a villain or a victim and will leave the matter to the grand jury. "Most people in the city and country are rooting for him," he observed. There are New Yorkers who predict that Goetz will never be convicted of anything. As James Q. Wilson, a Harvard professor of government and the author of "Thinking About Crime," pointed out to the *Times*, by now so many liberals have been mugged that the subway shooting didn't result in a single call for gun control. Indeed, an official of the National Rifle Association was soon urging the passage of legislation that would make possession of handguns easier in New York State.

On January 17th, at a hearing in Washington of the Congressional Crime Caucus, one of Goetz's lawyers, Joseph Kelner, got an offer from New York Senator Alfonse D'Amato to testify for Goetz on the need to protect oneself in the New York subways, which the Senator said he himself never travelled on without a bodyguard. This is not the kind of remark that will be helpful in attracting to the largest city in D'Amato's home state corporations whose employees might have to rely on the local transit system. In what appeared to be new grounds for a plea of self-defense, the Senator observed that on the subway "these young thugs come in there, and they don't even have to approach you. . . . They are menacing people by their very presence." Kelner described Goetz as "a personification of the best we have in America." Unfortunately, this judgment appeared in the papers on the same day that alleged excerpts from Goetz's videotaped statements in New Hampshire were published, in which he expressed regret that he had run out of bullets before he could do more shooting and said of the black who had asked him for five dollars, "I should have gouged his eyes out with my car keys." The judicial system would decide which was the more accurate picture of the city's new celebrity.

After Goetz was released from jail, he was followed wherever he went by reporters and photographers, some of them from places as far away as Paris and Tokyo. It was considered a real coup when the local *Post* was able to run a picture of a child's red fire engine that was the same Nylint model that Goetz had bought in a Toys R Us store on his first day of freedom. Over in Brooklyn, a bar called the Gateway Inn featured a new drink. It was a variation of the orange-juice-and-vodka concoction known as a Screwdriver, made, in this case, with four shots of vodka. Before Goetz's surrender, Dr. Joyce Brothers had analyzed the

GARDEN FASHION



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personality of the vigilante, pronouncing him "an ectomorph" and "a loner." Amateur psychologists have explained that what he did on December 22nd was the inevitable long-term consequence of the "emasculation" and "degradation" that he felt in the 1981 mugging. Curiously, these were some of the emotions expressed by local blacks, in their testimony before the House subcommittee that in 1983 held a series of hearings on police brutality in this city, when they told of having been the objects of physical and verbal abuse by white officers. Two of the young blacks shot by Goetz remained in the hospital. Darrell Cabey, the one who was paralyzed, fell into a coma on January 9th. The mother of one of the other youths has said sadly that maybe the boys learned a useful lesson—she just wished that there hadn't been any shooting. Overlooked in many accounts of the Goetz case has been the circumstance that the New Yorkers who are most desperate over the crime rate among young blacks in the city are often the young criminals' next of kin. To the surprise of many, this point did not escape the subway vigilante. After a January 16th court appearance, Goetz said of the boy in a coma, "His mother is, in a way, similar to the mother of any other crime victim, and I feel sorry for her."

By the one-month anniversary of the shooting, a number of other excerpts from the statements Goetz was said to have made to law-enforcement authorities in New Hampshire had been published in the New York press. "The leak must be close to the office of the district attorney," said Kelner. According to the excerpts, Goetz explained that he had been wearing a fast-draw holster and that three of the five shots he had fired had been dum-dums—bullets that expand on contact so that they do the greatest possible internal damage. "That gives you the most options," Goetz was quoted as saying. In the excerpts, Goetz also said that, after the youth had approached him and asked for money, "I pulled the gun and took a shooter's stance. All hell broke loose . . . as soon as the gun came out. I aimed at the middle of their bodies. . . . I know it's disgusting to say, but it was so easy."

—ANDY LOGAN

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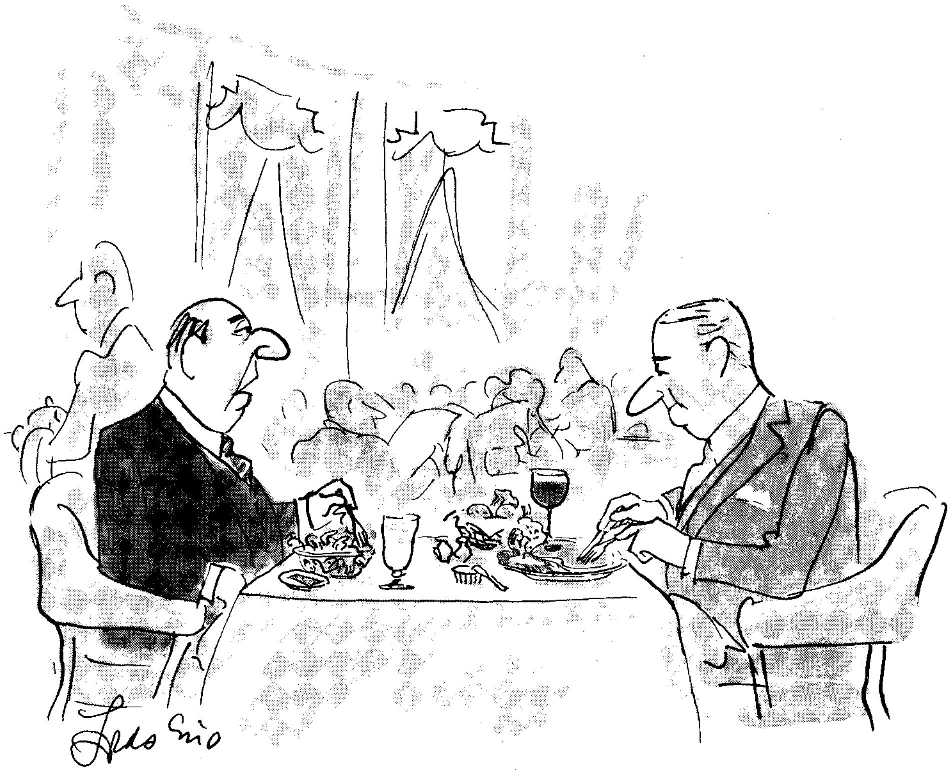
THE Tap Dance Theatre of Gail Conrad represents a kind of post-romantic view of the art of tap dancing; it says that tap needn't always be genial and naïvely optimistic and high-spirited, and that its survival into the eighties isn't an anachronism. Conrad's kind of tap dancing asks to be identified with new-wave forms of expression in music and pop-world manners; it seeks out other truths in the medium than the perennial ones, which no music is being written nowadays to support. I think those truths exist in the mechanics of tap and have always existed—Astaire alluded to them in certain of his solos which have an almost surly force—but they have the flavor of decadence about them. The post-romantic phase in tap is like the twilight of the Romantic era in ballet. By the time of "Coppélia," the bright day of the immortal and ethereal ballerina had dimmed. The mechanics of pointwork had once reinforced an image of otherworldly grace; now, in "Coppélia," they revealed something in the very nature of points that was not superhuman so much as inhuman—automatic and shrill. Historically speaking, metaphysical truth in ballet flowed from tragedy to comedy; in tap it flows from comedy (from, specifically, musical comedy, which is Gail Conrad's poetic point of origin) to tragedy—to the perception that all is not wonderfully well between the sexes and right with the world.

The question that Gail Conrad's theatre raises is not whether tap can sustain these perceptions; it's whether it can sustain them as a tap story—as a continually evolving cause-and-effect structure of meaning generating power and excitement from the discipline of the form. If I come away uncertain of the answer, it's because too much of what Gail Conrad is doing these days tends to separate the meanings from the form—to have tap be only a convention that contains some very loosely codified physical movement of a kind meant to convey the real significance of characters and situations. This auxiliary, quasi-dramatic modern-dance element is always in danger of preëmpting the tap monologues and duologues and choruses, but one almost wouldn't mind if it did as long as it could make *something* clear to us which tap could then go on to amplify and explain. In her most recent performances, at Marymount Manhattan Theatre, Conrad seemed to have got things the wrong way around. She glided from situations to hang dances on (her most effective tactic) into situational turns and twists that became events in themselves. While we puzzled over the nature of these events, the tapping dwindled into ineffectual expostulation or silence. She helped us out, as usual, with props and scenery and bits of soundtrack atmosphere, but these hints seemed always too few or too many, and her sense of costume was arbitrary as ever—usually the same basic outfits are worn from piece to piece.

"Beyond the Bases," the most ambitiously atmospheric number, was the most obscure. A couple of baseball players meet a sunbather ostensibly for a picnic. (They have tap-dance adventures instead.) Then it rains, and three ghosts—girls dressed as baseball players—appear and keep appearing. Clearly, "baseball" and "picnic" are only allusions to a context. But Conrad means to do more than evoke long summer days and adolescent reveries. She lost me with those ghosts. They didn't fit into the picture I thought I had recognized, and they weren't integrated in such a way as to form a new picture. "Beyond the Bases" fizzled; it didn't turn sour, like another new piece, "Scotch and Soda." This started as a challenge duet with sexual overtones and became increasingly and pointlessly argumentative. Working against the clichés of the form may create tensions, but one can't replace the stylized repartee of the tap duet with "real" dialogue without working against the *clarity* of the form. One might add that the challenge dance is a star turn. David Parker is an ingratiating performer and Kathryn Tufano an able technician, but neither has the virtuosity or the star personality to fill out the roles and make us understand what these two people are to each other. (They look mismatched, but that happens not to be a factor in the argument.)

Gail Conrad's success has been in collecting what she had to say as a witty and resourceful tap-dance choreographer inside theme plays (not narratives) that she writes herself. Her "Wave" (1981), which had to do with middle-class suburban values coming unstuck in the midst of a natural disaster, had a satirical theme that related admirably to the nervous, jittery appeal of tap dancing. One saw the hypothetical point of tap in "Mission," a science-fiction fantasy created two years later, but here it was the



"I've learned to live without a lot of things, Herb, but money isn't one of them."

production values that came unstuck; the parts of an intricately conceived jigsaw puzzle gravitated toward each other but never locked into place. In relation to scenic and plot elements there was too little dancing, too little of which depended on the features of tap. And that's been the problem with just about every other "story" piece Conrad has done. Her style is innately dramatic, but it's the style of dance-as-drama; it's not dance drama in the linear, sequential terms she's shown such a great interest in since "Mission." Presenting tap dancers as characters can only be a ploy, after all, and Conrad is currently acknowledging that fact in her best pieces, which have little or no story frame. The Marymount Manhattan program opened with one of these pieces and closed with another—ingenious, relaxed, glistening tap toccatas in which Conrad herself performs as a member of the ensemble.

Drama, of course, is produced from contrast, which is a function of rhythm. When I say Gail Conrad is dramatic, I mean she's rhythmically prolific to a degree that promotes extreme possibilities of color and expansion in her material. It's easy to see how she has become interested in a storytelling tap theatre. Among the lively contrasts of the form as she pursues it, the liveliest is the one in her sensibility between her responsiveness to a contemporary pop style and her knowledge and love of tradition. She never ventures so far from the sunny side of tap that she becomes eccentric; the darker, harder tones present the sunshine in perspective. She never pretends that she and her company are other than white and middle class—or at times lower middle class, as in "Waterfront," which seemed to me to be taking place in a fifties cinder-block tavern with a jukebox. The milieu of "Red Skies," the closing piece, was a bit nicer—something like a campus disco. These distinctions of place and time may be just fancies of mine; there's no evidence that Conrad thinks numbers like these are anything but decompression chambers to ease us into or out of the real business of the evening. "The Racket" generally comes early in the program; it's an in-betweenish affair, with long, clearly elucidated and differentiated sections of tap held together by some nonsense about a mugging and two rival pairs of crooks seeking to do each other out of the booty. Even though "The Racket" is a theme play that reads very clearly (and is only thirteen minutes long), it's not a favorite Conrad piece of mine. Somehow, the patently artificial pretext betrays her into pertness and inconsistency. The vividness of the mugging (we see the victim spread-eagled on the ground with her dress over her head) clashes with the stylized "apache" swagger of the dancing, with the berets and raincoats and the air of Montmartre chic. And the payoff—the victim coming alive, gunning down the crooks, retrieving her purse, and then replanting herself face down as a lure for the next thief—raises more questions than it answers. It also seems a great mistake, a lapse in form, not to have the victim dance, especially since she turns out to be the controlling force.

Conrad's dance music, arranged by Ernest Provencher, is live, and it is support music, nothing more. In the days when she was availing herself of stock tunes and classical tags, she got more heft from a phrase. If only a tune would surface now! The skeletal, intermittent scores of Provencher are discreet, but they don't supply much impetus. Is it a coincidence that Conrad's scenarios started to thicken at the same time that she turned to custom-made music? Like John Curry, whose ice shows are a mite too jealous of ballet, she's trying to do things with the form that probably can't be done. And needn't be. Conrad's work in tap is more interesting than her ambitions for it.

THE way to fulfill a commission is to make demands on yourself in behalf of the sponsor, giving him what he wants but hasn't asked for. American Ballet Theatre commissioned a piece from David Gordon; Baryshnikov's only request was that Gordon use a set. Gordon has done more—he's made a real ballet, as the audience kept saying wonderingly when A.B.T. staged it last month in Washington. He's taken a piece of classical music, John Field's Seventh Piano Concerto, and set steps to it that ballet dancers can use their technique on; the women are on point. Moreover, the choreography is distributed like ballet-company choreography, with a ballerina (Martine van Hamel) and a danseur (Clark Tippet) heading a cast of six demi-soloists and a corps of twelve. There's an egalitarian spirit among the ranks, but the position of the ballerina is never in doubt. Where Gordon breaks the rules is in his treatment of stage space. He doesn't layer the ranks with

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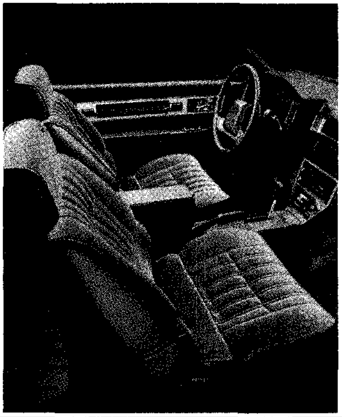

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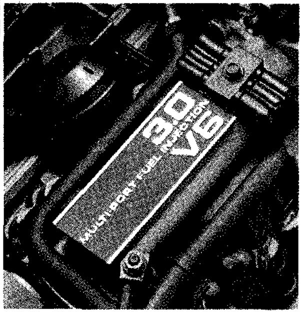

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the queen on top. He doesn't divide the stage into sectors of influence or open up dramatic depths; he simply doesn't see it as an enclosed arena at all. The choreography passes right across the stage, with the dancers—starting with a long solo trill for van Hamel—entering at the left and exiting at the right, and never crossing back. The entrées, set to the first movement of the concerto, have their own spatial logic. Instead of dramatizing a constant space, they keep negotiating with a fluid one, creating a select series of happenings almost all of which are completed before the next series begins. It will be interesting to see how this modest, debonair idea works on the larger stage of the Met when the piece, which is called "Field, Chair and Mountain," is presented there this spring. At the Kennedy Center, it was like seeing pictures on a Japanese screen slipping across the stage.

The piece is about partnering. The six demisoloists are divided into three pairs, the corps into six pairs. In Part I, Gordon switches pairs about, combines them, separates them. He demonstrates partnering in pairs as a ceremony of mutual danger, tact, and courtesy; he shows a lift or a supported leap as an event with a clear impulse and a resolution; he shows a cluster of lifts and leaps repeating and reversing themselves in a web of consequence. In the second part (to the second and final movement of the concerto), he begins a new game—partnering with chairs. The folding chairs (he has used them before, in other pieces) are comic relief, but they're serious play, too. As the dancers swing themselves through and over the chairs, line them up, sit down or stand on them or suddenly change places, they put themselves through rigorous drillwork in three-quarter time. Pairs then conjoin over a chair, and the partnering begins again, repeating some of the permutations of the first part, with some of the same air of tender consideration. The climaxes start piling up in the ensemble work and then in the stars' pas de deux. Tippet partners van Hamel from a sitting position as she does chaîné turns around him; he promenades her as she carries a chair or they carry it between them; finally and unforgettably, standing high on her chair, van Hamel promenades on point, swinging a magisterial leg over Tippet's head.

For all its thin watercolor texture, there's a lot going on in "Field, Chair and Mountain." The first object in the title, a pun on the composer's name, refers to a rock field that appears behind the dancers in Part I. Santo Loquasto designed it in accordion folds that open laterally as the dancers traverse the stage—a parody of the Japanese-screen idea in the choreography. In Part II, Loquasto contributes a backcloth depicting mountain peaks dotted with folding chairs. What with the Victorian laciness of the music, and the etiquette and the extremity of the choreography, this mad picture of Loquasto's, which appears in the final minutes, seems to release a fragrance of barmy gentility that permeates the whole ballet. "Field, Chair and Mountain" is the kind of folly that advances to the limits of frivolity on the strength of passion.

Ballet Theatre has also acquired Balanchine's "Donizetti Variations." I saw it danced before the Gordon première by Marianna Tcherkassky and Danilo Radojevic, who hadn't yet worked out their approach to the principal roles. The ballerina role, one of the very few in the Balanchine catalogue which never once pay homage to the image enshrined by the Romantic era, is extremely difficult, especially the adagio portion. There's a tinge of perversity in the steps, which honor technique at the expense of beauty (Balanchine may have had in mind some of the armor-plated Italian ballerinas of the nineties), and it isn't the kind of technique that gets applause. The variations are more gratifying, but even these have a spoof element, which is matched in the principal male role. The characterizations in "Donizetti Variations" are so subtle that the ballet can be done straight. As in the A.B.T. performance (once the tricky adagio was over), it still succeeds. But then the more broadly drawn supporting cast—long-suffering, highly competitive—steals the show.

—ARLENE CROCE

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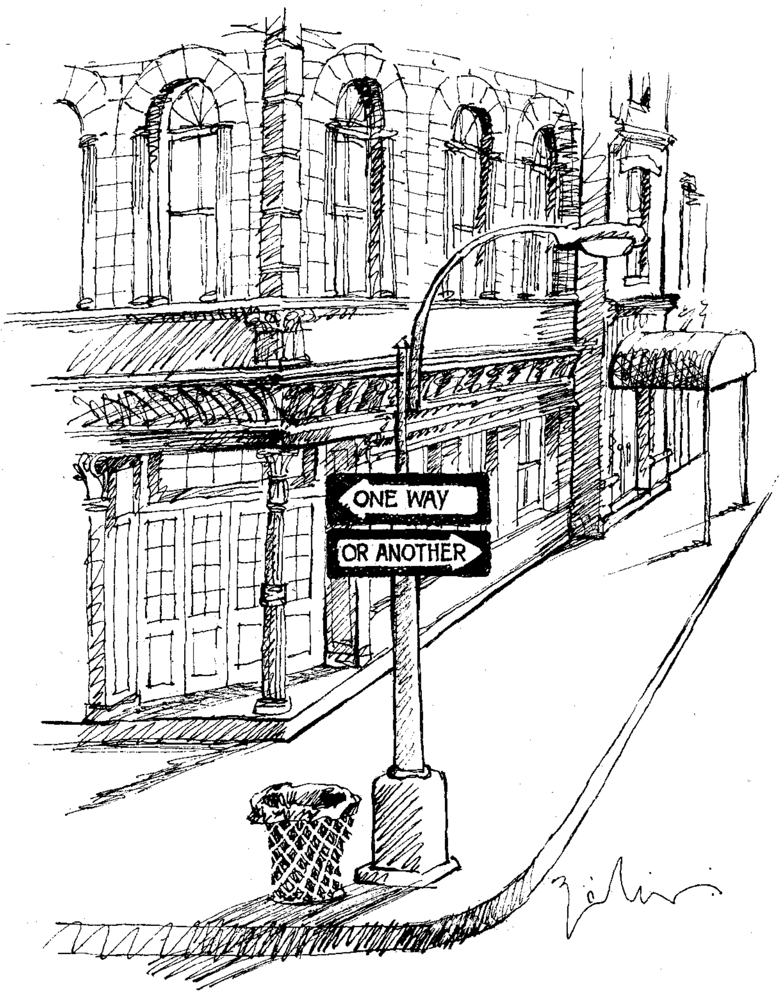
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Lovers and Fools

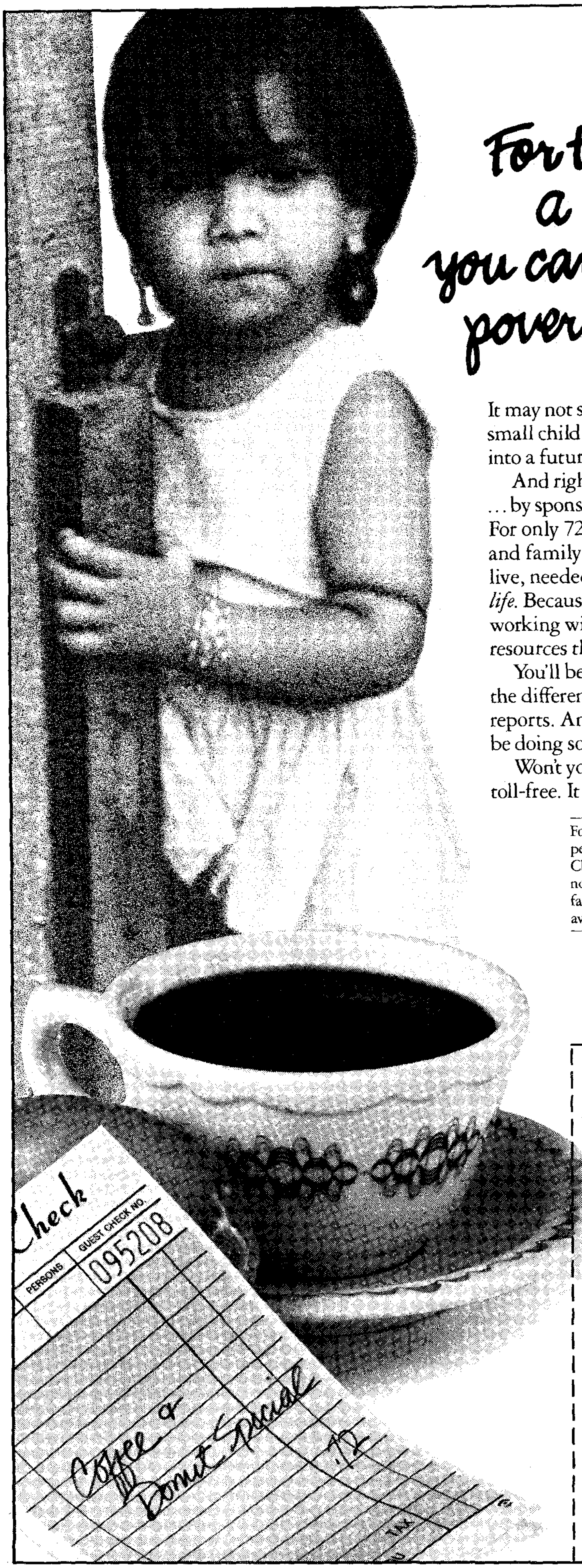
“Micki & Maude” is a small screwball farce, a tame and trivial contraption, and it would probably seem insipid to people who hoped for something substantial, but there’s a special delight about the timing of actors who make fools of themselves as personably and airily as Dudley Moore and Amy Irving do here. Moore looks better than he has in his recent films: he’s lighter on his feet and more relaxed, and his changes of expression seem faster than the speed of thought, yet they’re easy to follow. He plays a TV reporter—he does the human-interest stories for a local station in L.A.—who becomes a bigamist through his tender regard for two pregnant women’s feelings. He doesn’t want to hurt either his wife, Micki (the blazing Ann Reinking), a lawyer who has just been appointed to the California Supreme Court, or Maude (the pearly Amy Irving), a cellist he got involved with when his wife was too busy to have time for him. And he’s perfectly convincing. You can see why the two women fall in love with him. He’s romantic in the silken, self-effacing manner of Cary Grant. It isn’t difficult to imagine Grant in the role, or possibly Steve Martin or Robin Williams, but I can’t think of anyone else who could do it with the delicacy and the knockabout athleticism and the faint air of pleading that Moore brings to it. This TV reporter is an ideal playmate, because he has nothing else on his mind; all his energies are devoted to making the woman he’s with happy, whichever one it is.

Micki, the judge, is supposed to be a dynamo; still, Ann Reinking, with her white skin and raven hair, is a bit too resplendent—she seems somewhat more turned on than necessary (in a slightly vacuous way), and too physically charged to play opposite Moore. When she’s stretched out on her bed, her thighs are like a powerful pair of scissors—you almost fear for *him*. When Amy Irving’s Maude is onscreen, the movie is in better balance, because Irving attunes herself to Moore’s energy level. Her acting here is a form of heavenly flirtation: her eyes widen and shine, her voice drips honey. Everything about her is soft and willowy and funny. Her words seem to be wafted to us on a warm breeze. Amy Irving is the best partner Moore has had, except for John Gielgud in “Arthur,” and Peter Cook a number of years earlier, and she brings out something ethereal in him. He’s peaceful with her—he’s half in a dream—and during the courtship their conversations are cadenced and giddy. They make verbal music together, like Shakespearean clowns.



Working from a script by the young playwright Jonathan Reynolds, the director Blake Edwards has got clear of the rancid angry streak that smudged his recent comedies, and of the dry mold that formed over his last picture, in 1983—“The Man Who Loved Women.” The story here is flimsy, and by the time Moore is taking care of his two infants all we can think of is: How are the moviemakers going to find an ending? (The way the plot is set up, there’s no way to resolve it, and they don’t—they just sort of bug off.) The story also wastes the lovely Maude character for the sake of the comic symmetry of two career-centered mothers. But Edwards’ directing has some of the love of free-for-all lunacy he showed in his Peter Sellers pictures, such as “The Pink Panther” and “The Party.” There are a couple of extended slapstick sequences that suggest reworkings of the earliest screen comedies: in one, the women have simultaneous appointments with their obstetricians, who have adjoining offices; in the other, the women are in labor at the same time. Edwards keeps Moore in constant, darting motion in these scenes, and the gags proliferate, but there isn’t an instant when you say to yourself, “Oh, I’ve seen this before.” You *haven’t*—the timing makes it all new. And these set pieces click into place because they develop out of the reporter’s character, with a boomerang effect. He’s an urbane, reasonable fellow whose penchant for pampering women turns him into a comic projectile hurtling into walls.

Reynolds’ dialogue has a fresh wit, and, whether through his skill or Edwards’, it’s tied in with sight gags. The lines spark Dudley Moore. He often laughs as he speaks, and he’ll speak to himself (like Sellers) while going into a piece of physical comedy. Sometimes it’s the counterpoint of his words and his tumbles which makes you respond to him. It’s puzzling that a director with Edwards’ mastery of sight gags (he’s great on bits like Moore bumping into a tree) would come up with a picture as visually undistinguished as this one is, especially at the begin-



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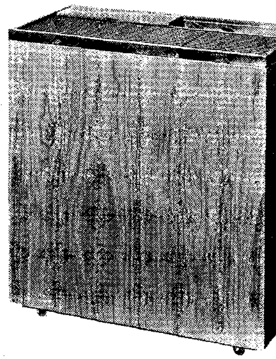

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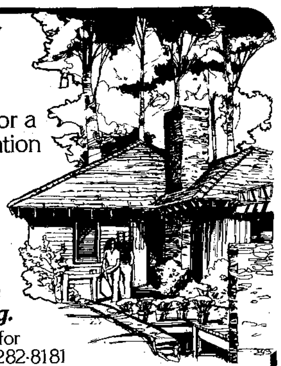

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ning. (*It looks like an in-flight movie.*) And a couple of the plot elements have no payoff: Micki, with all her vim, starts a catalogue business during her pregnancy, and then almost nothing more is heard of it; and the reporter has a nibble from CBS, and nothing comes of that, either. (Surprisingly, neither of the pregnant women watches her husband on TV to keep track of him.) But there's just one really jarring episode: Maude gives her husband a green sweater, and he wears it for some time, until Micki, who doesn't like it, and thinks he bought it for himself, takes it back to the store. The scene would make perfectly good sense if Micki gave the sweater away, but her returning it after he has been wearing it steadily gives you pause. It makes her seem like a tightfisted villainess, yet that doesn't appear to be the point at all. It's as if no one on the set had thought out the overtones of what she was doing. But apart from this, and Edwards' taking too long to wind things up, and Moore's having to go through too many assorted miseries near the end, the movie keeps its agility.

Edwards directs Moore here to bring out the character's living-in-the-moment hopefulness. This bigamist is convinced that everything will come out all right, because he doesn't feel he has done anything wrong. And the audience is put in the position of experiencing unqualified empathy with him—we share his loony optimism. That's the essence of the picture, and, of course, anyone who gets fussed over its sexual politics probably won't be able to enjoy it. (But if you start worrying about real-life morality you can drain the fun out of almost any bedroom comedy, and what do you gain?) This small farce has a genuinely frivolous nature. That's not something to sniff at.

IN "Starman," the director John Carpenter tries to bring a romantic-comedy spirit to sci-fi. Although he acknowledges that he was trying for something like Capra's "It Happened One Night," the film's tone is more like that of Capra's "It's a Wonderful Life" and "Meet John Doe." With Karen Allen as a young, childless widow with sad, glazed eyes and Jeff Bridges as a gentle alien who takes the form of the husband she mourns, "Starman" has a melancholy gooeyness. The story line is simple: The starman has come to Earth from a distant planet because of the greetings that the United States sent into space on Voyager 2 in 1977; in over fifty languages, we sent a welcome to anyone out there. But when this alien arrives—in the form of a white light—his spacecraft is shot down over Wisconsin by our early-warning air-defense system. The heartless, scared creeps who run the government's Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence Department track him to the widow's cabin on a bay, and soon they prepare an autopsy table with leather straps—they mean to vivisect the starman. But he has fled, forcing the woman, who's in shock, to drive him, because if he doesn't make it to a designated spot in Arizona in three days, to be picked up by his mother ship, he will die. The widow and this exact likeness of her dead husband set out for Arizona in her souped-up 1977 Mustang. En route, her fear of him changes to love, and he experiences some of the pleasures and pangs of being human, male, and American.

Bridges tilts his face upward and moves his head like a bird scenting things out, and he walks with his body tilted forward—he's like an automaton without joints. It's mildly amusing—he's oddly unhuman (and he has been given a Paleolithic haircut). But he doesn't have enough else to do. In "It Happened One Night," it was the interaction of Gable and Colbert with the all-American eccentrics they met along their way that made them appreciate each other. Carpenter seems afraid of losing his hold on poignancy; he's a one-note director. He was single-minded in the way he went for scare effects in "Halloween," and he goes for tenderness here in the unabashed manner of a Frank Borzage romance such as the 1927 "Seventh Heaven." But Borzage made you feel that he believed in it. Carpenter just pours it on, and the film slides around in it. The script, by Bruce A. Evans and Raynold Gideon (rewritten by the uncredited Dean Riesner), may have been a little peppier than the way it comes across. The picture is full of opportunities for humor: the starman is like a super-serious Soviet youth who has come to study our ways—he mimics the slang he hears and the rude gestures he sees, he mimics Sinatra singing on the car radio. But the scenes are deliberately muted, and most of the gag lines are softened. We keep going back to the plaintive widow, murmuring her reminiscences of her honeymoon. Karen Allen is terribly emotional, in a skimpy way. So there's no one for Bridges to play against—there's no friction between them, no tartness or impudence. He falls in love with her ickiness, and she with his. When the two are in a roadside restaurant, he asks her to define "love," and she tries helplessly, wet-eyed, thinking of her dead husband, while a synthesized heavenly choir in the distance makes wistful, whimpering sounds.

As soon as we see a dead deer slung across a hunter's car, we know that the starman will restore it to life. (We've seen the same movies Carpenter has.) But when the deer bounds away, Carpenter can't seem to work up even the tiniest bit of thrill. The scene is enervated and snoozy until we get the sudden bam-pow violence of the hunter and his pals attacking the starman. It's preachy violence—we're supposed to see that the starman is better than we are; he shows us what we've lost and what our potential is. Watching him through ever-widening eyes, the widow begins to look like a diligent starlet trying out for the Passion Play. Soon we get the beautiful-sex rite: we see their heads in silhouette—first hers on top, then his on top. This is bleeding-hearts sci-fi, and it isn't long before a dozen or so helicopters are chasing the two lovers around the slope of a crater in Arizona. (In contemporary movies, helicopters are embodiments of evil.) In this victimization fantasy, it's all sweet innocence between the starman and the widow because everything else has been displaced onto the hunters and the government.

The persecution of these two flower children by the macho hunters and the government is ritualistic pop hype. The film has something of the sentimental paranoia of "Easy Rider," transposed to the eighties; it even has a similar draggy holiness. When the starman and the widow have their kissy parting, her eyes shine with new hope: he has given her the child she wanted. Wasn't there a *National Enquirer* headline—"I HAD A MARTIAN'S BABY AND THE GOVERNMENT TRIED TO TAKE IT AWAY"?

"THE FLAMINGO KID" is about the summer that Jeffrey Willis (Matt Dillon) grows up. It's the summer of 1963, and Jeffrey, an eighteen-year-old Brooklyn boy whose father (Hector Elizondo) is a plumber, gets a job parking cars at El Flamingo, a beach club on Long Island. The tips are good, and so are the boy's winnings at gin rummy; he plans to go to

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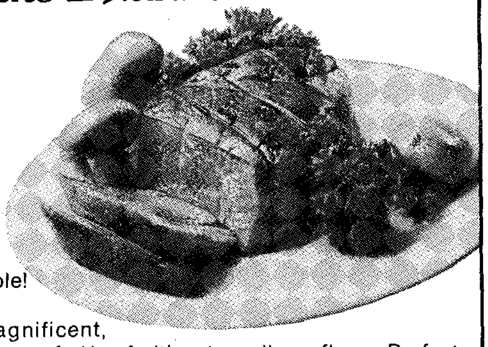

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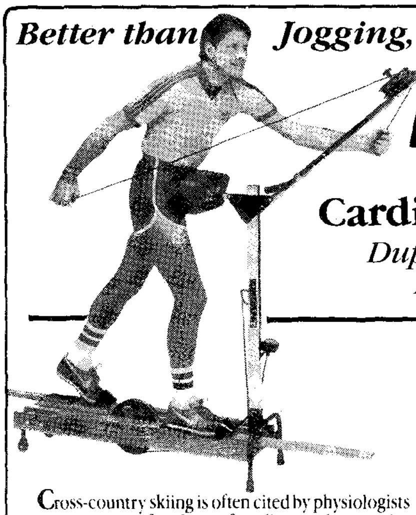

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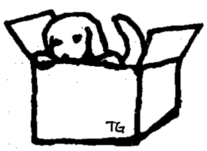
Columbia in the fall, and he's able to put away a chunk of dough for his college expenses. But when he's taken up by the club's gin-rummy champ, Phil Brody (Richard Crenna), a foreign-car dealer who wears silk shirts and sports a sapphire on his pinkie, he begins to think college would be a waste of time. His head is turned by the gaudiness of the unfamiliar milieu, and the money, the sun and water, the semi-naked girls, the sex. At the center of it all is Brody, the big shot, the type of salesman who's proud of having made it to the top without book learning—of having got into the big money on his own moxie. Brody enjoys playing man of the world to the kid, and the kid is temporarily blinded by Brody's flash. He rejects his family's solid values, and his father's belief in the importance of education; he decides he just wants to make money and live it up, like Brody. Of course, by the end of Labor Day weekend he has got himself straightened out: he sees through Brody, the father figure he has idealized, and learns to appreciate the fact that his own father is an honest man—a hardworking plumber who gives value for money.



The movie is a crude, convivial sitcom about disillusionment as a rite of passage. The director, Garry Marshall, is known as the "creator"—one of the executive producers—of several TV series ("Happy Days," "Mork and Mindy," "Laverne and Shirley"), and he has a particular kind of TV wizardry. His flair for comedy is mixed with a special, trained reflex—he goes for the audience like a carny pitchman. Television watchers and moviegoers are his mark. Marshall pushes you around, but in an amiable way, and he gets his laughs, though nothing carries over and the gags turn into a blur. "The Flamingo Kid" is a slapped-together comedy in the genre of the more eloquent "Breaking Away" and "Diner." It's anti-crass in a crass style; watching it, I began to feel that Phil Brody had directed it. That's not all bad: part of what's enjoyable in the movie is its junkiness—Marshall knows how to stage Fiesta Night at the club, and he knows how to call attention to the jaunty little butt on Brody's golden-girl niece Carla (Janet Jones), a Southern California hottentot who doesn't mind Jeffrey's being a few years younger than she is. (When this pair are in silhouette, it's just his head on top.) A beach in the sunset can get to a director, so Marshall's one outbreak of calendar art can be forgiven. And a dull sequence at the race track in Yonkers, and another one when Jeffrey quarrels with his father, who has just bailed him out of jail, can be shrugged aside. What can't be is the way Marshall squeezes the good plumber's scenes so that they show "humanity." He's a sanctimonious pitchman—he sets up the movie so that it has a moral. He flattens everything out so the audience will understand it, yet there's still some vitality in the material that glimmers through. (Elizondo, for example, shows his skill whenever the plumber father makes an ass of himself.)

The summer of 1963 was part of a forward-looking time, and I imagine that the original writer, Neal Marshall (he's not related to the director), wanted Jeffrey Willis to stand for youth in the days just before Vietnam and the assassinations and the drugs. (Neal Marshall's screenplay was first optioned in 1972; he later revised it, and then it was rewritten by Bo Goldman, who had his name removed after the director reworked it.) In the finished film, nostalgia and realism are packaged together, and the director presents his version of 1963 as more "real" than the way things are now. There's a kind of cultural fundamentalism at work in this movie. Garry Marshall is telling us that the complications of the last two decades are unimportant. He's saying that what matters is: Listen to your honest old man and don't sell out. And, so that everything will be cartoon-simple, Brody isn't merely a blowhard—he's a cheat. That way, he and the kid's honorable, square father can be in perfect opposition. And, to make the moral package even tidier, Jeffrey doesn't merely reject Brody—he punishes him. The director has been trusting his TV instincts for so long that maybe he doesn't see the ugliness in this.

There were great pop songs in 1963, and many of them are on the soundtrack, but they're not used in a way that sticks with you. When a new song starts, you may perk up for a second or two, but Garry Marshall doesn't bring out anything of what was energizing in the songs. He makes them overfamiliar—he uses them to evoke the period, to blend in and disappear (like the gags). What Marshall creates is a ruckus for a synthetic community (which is what a TV audience is).

The movie might be said to be for a synthetic community and about one, too. Matt Dillon has a charming, easy, corny naturalism here. (It's a relief after seeing him straining so hard to act in "Rumble Fish.") He's almost too open-faced and graceful—he's so ingratiating he's like an Irish Robby Benson, though he doesn't seem meant to be Irish. His family looks vaguely Italian (and his father says grace over *breakfast*), but nobody in this movie—except maybe Irving Metzman as hairy, itchy Big Sid at the gin-rummy table—is meant to have a definite background. The moviemakers must have wanted to take advantage of the ripe possibilities in a Long Island Jewish club (the crowded pink stucco El Flamingo is based on the old El Patio, where Neal Marshall worked as a kid), but they didn't want to limit their "universal" theme. Though the Brodys and most of the other people at the club are Jewish caricatures circa Larry Peerce's "Goodbye, Columbus," some of the younger generation, such as the golden-hind Carla, are almost ostentatiously Gentile. In this movie, people's names don't provide much clue to their backgrounds. (Garry Marshall, who is Italian, must like the name Brody: it was the heroine's name in his only previous movie as a director, the 1982 "Young Doctors in Love.") As Brody's brassy, bored wife, Jessica Walter is so overtly snobbish it's like a form of innocence, and she's rather winning. But Richard Crenna's crooked, soft-in-the-gut Brody is the film's one major character. Brody's flesh seems to be expanding because he wants to fill a larger space. This man who feels alive only when he's selling himself—who blooms with a little worship—is probably the best screen role Crenna has ever had, and in scenes such as his encounter with Jeffrey's trim little father he's smooth in a seasoned, scummy way that makes you laugh. Garry Marshall has an affection for this scoundrel. He ought to. A director who can give us ethnic humor without ethnics has certainly learned how to cut a few corners.

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BOOKS

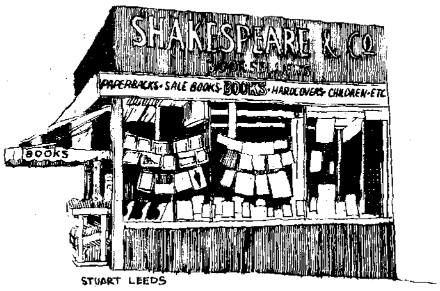
Dream City

TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY Vienna is immensely in vogue. The young crowded a recent series of lectures and presentations on "Vienna 1880-1938: Fin-de-Siècle and Modernity" at the Beaubourg Center, in Paris. They came to hear learned talks on the apocalyptic philosophies and imaginings of Karl Kraus and Hugo von Hofmannsthal; on the investigations into logic and scientific reasoning of Ernst Mach, and of Wittgenstein and the Vienna Circle; they looked with fascination at reproductions of the art of Klimt, Schiele, and Kokoschka, of the architecture and design of Otto Wagner and Adolf Loos. The successive schools of Viennese music—from Bruckner and Mahler to Schoenberg (himself so inward a follower of Brahms), Alban Berg, and Anton Webern—dominate a good part of our current performances and listening. The legacy of Freud is ubiquitous. The classical school of Viennese liberal economics and monetarism—that of von Mises and Hayek—flourishes. Include Prague and it is the Central European-Viennese voice—that of Kafka, Musil, and Broch—which more, perhaps, than any other speaks the condition and inquietudes of modernity.

But as one looks closer the motives, the reflexes of inference and recognition that underwrite the current fascination with Vienna in its imperial twilight and between the wars are intricate and not altogether consoling. Figures such as Freud and Kokoschka seem to embody the turbulence, the exigence of the erotic so characteristic of our culture. It is not Freud's stoic puritanism that has passed into the alphabet of modern sensibility so much as his unblinking focus on sexuality. A profoundly confused, marginal, yet spellbinding personage such as Otto Weininger seems to speak immediately to the nervous, self-parodying eroticism of our sexual idiom and politics. Camp, the counter-style of "punk," and the deliberate cultivation of kitsch in our neon world of merchandising and decorative arts have their manifest source in the Jugendstil and "Secession." The implosion of genius and talent, of public debate and private style, that detonated in Vienna between 1880 and 1938 threw out splinters, heat waves, fragments simultaneously constructive and lacerating, which are active still. The spirit of New York is in very many respects that of a brilliant afterglow.

With signal exceptions, the noon and the darkness of the late Austro-Hungarian era, the incandescent energies and the crises of the Vienna-Prague-Budapest galaxy, are those of emancipated Judaism. To speak of the work and heritage of Freud or of Wittgenstein, of Kafka or of Broch, of Mahler or of Schoenberg is to speak of the most creative and tragic chapter in the history of post-exilic Judaism. It is to recall the electric arc of spirit that connects the opening of the ghetto gates by the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Empire with the catastrophe of Nazism. And it was, of course, in Vienna itself, in Freud's city and Mahler's, that the first systematic and public program for the elimination of Jews from the life of Europe was devised and proclaimed. Hitler also is a child of that demonic caldron on the brown Danube. (It is in Budapest that the river is, infrequently, blue.)

To be fascinated by fin-de-siècle Vienna is, quite simply, to seek out the sources of our present consciousness, the close-woven roots of much of what is best and worst in our culture. Principally, perhaps, it represents an effort, whether conscious or not, to come to some sort of endurable, rational terms with the role of Judaism and of the Holocaust in the fabric of our age. It is this attempt I have in mind when I say that there are in the Vienna vogue elements less than reassuring. I may be mistaken, but I sensed in the responses to last spring and summer's leviathan Vienna art show in Venice and to the programs at the Beaubourg a certain morbid tension. The pressures generated by the interactions of unhoused Judaism and the polyglot, economically and politically decaying Hapsburg empire have proved too intense. If the "center cannot hold," it may be because psychoanalysis and atonality, the somehow self-fulfilling clairvoyance of Kafka, and the philosophic-linguistic subversions of Mauthner, of Kraus, of Wittgenstein have been too corrosive. An acid of tragic irony and intelligence seeped out of Central Europe. After the satires of Kraus and of Wedekind, after the truth-addiction of Wittgenstein and Freud, after Berg's "Wozzeck" and "Lulu," what forgiveness?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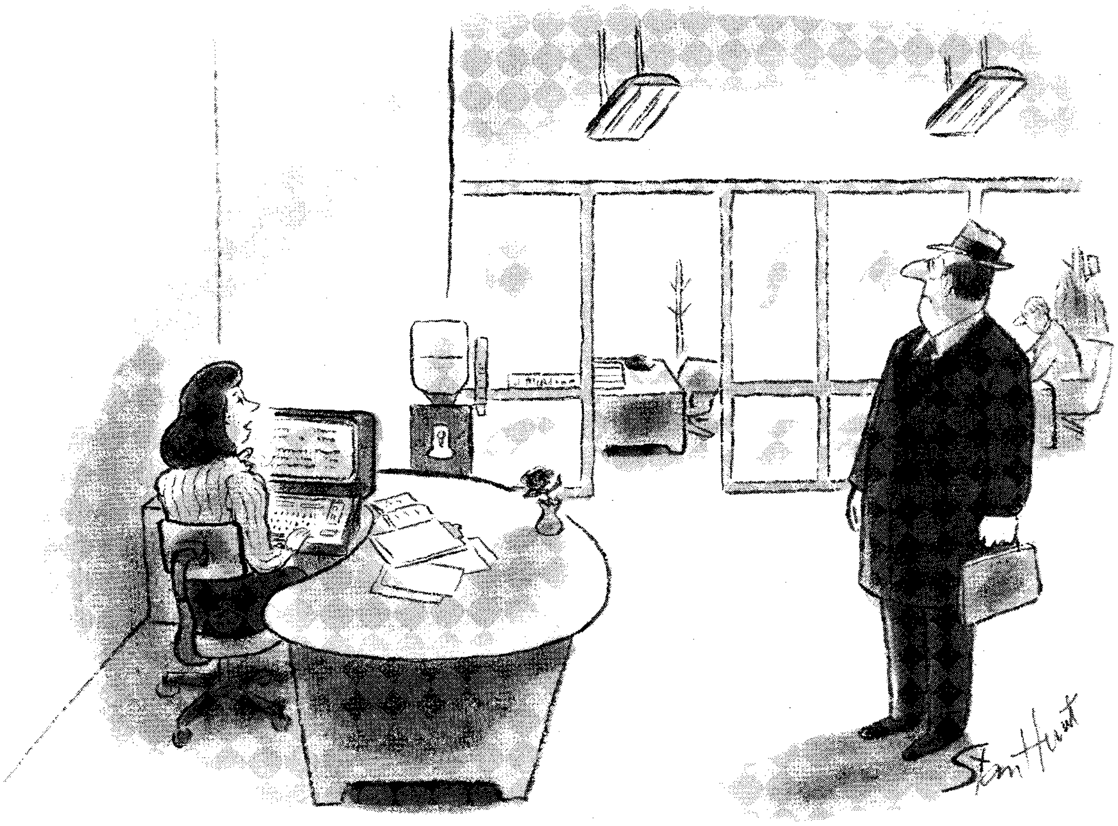
The question echoes deeper. Are there not ways, subterranean but all the more determinant, in which the destruction of European Judaism, the era of the death camps, and the taste of bile it has brought even to those innocent and far away relate to that which was destroyed? Was the critical, deconstructive power of Central European Jewish thought, music, literature wholly without responsibility for that which it (partly) foresaw? The area of actual concentration, of the kinship between Jewish radiance, Jewish self-hatred—a phenomenon particularly well represented in Vienna—and mounting anti-Semitism, was too dense. Precisely as in an atomic pile, the mass had gone critical. The cool and liberal threshold had been crossed. Reading Kafka's parables and Kraus's "The Last Days of Mankind," listening to Schoenberg's Second Quartet, seeking to grasp the poetics of silence in Wittgenstein's "Tractatus" and Hofmannsthal's "Letter of Lord Chandos," looking at Kokoschka's portraits and gyring landscapes, one asks oneself, inevitably: What were the links with the night to come? When is clairvoyance also responsibility?

The question haunted Hermann Broch, whose monograph "Hugo von Hofmannsthal and His Time: The European Imagination, 1860-1920" has been translated into English, for the first time, by Michael P. Steinberg (University of Chicago; $28 cloth, $13.95 paper). In Broch's first novel, "The Sleepwalkers" (1932), itself a masterpiece, the dissolution of European values, the erosion of the social and private centers of moral gravity before and during the crises of world war and economic chaos press on the consciousness of the protagonists. The foresight that a number of them display is, like that of Cassandra, mocked by impotence. It is, urges Broch, characteristic of romantic retrospection,



"Mr. McAdams didn't come in today. He called in listless."

• •

nostalgic European historicism, and anarchic prescience to look into, to gauge, the abyss into which one is being drawn. Central Europe—Austria in particular—was to be the chosen and ironic ground of powerless lucidity.

Born, immediately, of the coming of Nazism and of his own condition of exile, "The Death of Virgil" remains Broch's most famous, influential invention. Formally, it is probably the one great European novel that goes beyond "Ulysses." As Broch emphasizes, his own fiction follows on Joyce's. But the musicalities of structure which organize Broch's immense narration of the last twenty-four hours of Virgil's life—the attempt, particularly throughout the final "movement," to pass from linguistic grammar into the polyphonic simultaneities and fugal logic of music (of a string quartet in the manner of a late Beethoven quartet)—go farther than even the night syntax of "Finnegans Wake." There is, moreover, a concrete sense in which Broch's fiction takes on a more arduous imaginative task than does that of Joyce. Virgil is a supreme poet, the direct begetter, through Dante, of the Western tradition of public epic and civility. It is precisely this foremost intellect and creative sensibility that Broch calls to articulate life. Joyce's powers preside over those of his creatures. Broch, like only Dante before him (again in respect of Virgil), makes his genius the animate servant of a master presence.

In the novel, Virgil, knowing that his physical extinction is now drawing close, seeks to destroy the Aeneid. There are, he perceives, imperfections and lacunae in the text. He no longer possesses the strength or the ambition of spirit needed to make the work adequate to his own criteria of finish. But aesthetic disquiet is only a surface impulse. Virgil has come to realize that even the greatest, the most ethically and publicly oriented work of art is impotent in the face of social *misère*, of political terror, of the suffering that imperialism and bureaucracy visit upon ordinary humanity. There is worse. The preëminent artifact, especially a national epic such as the Aeneid, inevitably adorns, glorifies, and consecrates the political regime to which it addresses itself. Far from being an indictment of the cruelties and mendacities of Augustan rule, far from being a critique of Roman militarism, the Aeneid will survive in unwilled celebration of Augustus's imperium. In a night of febrile but heightened clairvoyance, Virgil comes to believe that the endurance of great art and literature beyond the times, beyond the circumstances in which it has been produced, is a tragic lie. It ornaments, it makes bearable to human imagining and remembrance, that which should be thought on with shame and horror. The lengthy dialogue between Broch's Virgil and his Augustus is one of the classic texts in the tradition of Western thought on the relations, fatally ambiguous, between word and world, between the politics of art and the art of politics.

The third of Broch's principal novels has not yet been rendered into English. Yet it stands beside Thomas Mann's "Doctor Faustus" as the only other full-scale fictional attempt to come to grips with the phenomenon of Hitler's spell. "Die Verzauberung" ("The Bewitchment"), or "Bergroman" ("The Mountain Novel"), or "Demeter," or "Der Versucher" ("The Tempter")—Broch tested each of these different titles at various stages of composition, and each expresses a central element in the work—is a magical text. Set in an Austrian mountain hamlet, whose seasonal rhythms, mythologies, and social relations Broch captures with Tolstoyan authority, "The Tempter" tells of the coming of a demonic outsider, a maniacal vagrant and orator. Marius Ratti—phonetically, by virtue of association, the very name is a touch of genius—infects the village with his virulent, morbid fantastications. He preaches the abolition of farm machinery and rational commerce in the name of archaic mysteries of manual craft and archaic purities of barter. He inflames the greed of the villagers by divining gold in the peak that towers over their lives. He identifies a scapegoat—a wretched peddler of rural credit and insurance—and sets the hounds of hatred at his heels. The emancipation of virility, the awakening of the tenebrous agencies dormant in the dark earth and the echoing

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rock, preaches Ratti, must be achieved through the spilling of virginal blood, through a human sacrifice freely accepted by its victim. The novel ends in murderous ritual.

Again, Broch's election of the intrinsically difficult is arresting. Mann's fable of Germanic trance and apocalyptic self-destruction is enacted via the persona of a musician of genius, part Nietzsche, part Hugo Wolf. The result is a very great and "Goethean" novel, but one that leaves unilluminated the problem of mass response to Hitler, of everyday hysteria and mass-consumption barbarism. It is just this problem that Broch makes imaginatively intelligible in "The Tempter," and to which he gives unforgettable dramatic conviction. Translation is long overdue.

The Hofmannsthal study is not Broch's best work. It was written at the very end of his life, between 1947 and 1950. Exile, failing health, and financial pressures strained Broch's inner resources. A magnum opus on political irrationality and mass behavior—a systematic treatment, both philosophical and sociological, of the very themes depicted in "The Tempter"—remained a vast torso of notes and drafts. Invited by the Bollingen Society to edit and preface a book of selected translations of Hofmannsthal's prose, Broch reluctantly agreed. He needed the fee. And though the project grew far beyond the bounds of an editorial introduction Broch remained uneasy and divided in his aims. He had not previously felt drawn to Hofmannsthal. The lyric flamboyance, the baroque theatricality, the ceremonious Catholicism of the acclaimed poet, teller of symbolic tales, and master librettist were alien to Broch's stringent, self-questioning spirit. As he came to grips with the Hofmannsthal texts, he did experience a deepening empathy and sense of recognition. The fragmentary novel "Andreas," in particular, impressed him as incomparable. But if he was to write about Hofmannsthal with penetration it could only be in the perspective of a wider subject—that of the downfall of European high culture and moral values between the eighteen-sixties and the catastrophic end of the First World War. Hofmannsthal had to be made somehow emblematic of this larger inquiry. As a result, Broch's monograph is an awkward amalgam of different interests and levels of argument.

Though it contains much of what is

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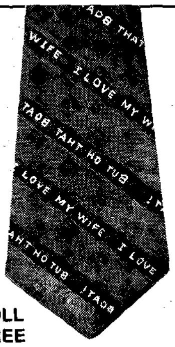

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indispensable to Broch's theory of aesthetics and society, the opening section will discourage all but the most assiduous of readers. Broch strives to relate such artistic movements as *l'art pour l'art*, bourgeois neoclassicism in urban planning and architecture, and the Jugendstil not only to their social and political context but also to a much deeper, unclearly formulated model of the philosophic and moral function of "truth" in aesthetic phenomena and forms. In ways that may echo, distantly, the celebrated equation of truth and beauty put forward by Keats or the speculations on the passage from the aesthetic to the ethical in Kierkegaard, Broch attempts to show that works of art can be "ethical" only if they enact original perceptions—original cognitions—and that their beauty, in turn, depends fundamentally on their ethical quality. The abstentions, the abstractions of modernism had to come as a necessary corrective to the kitsch that had come before. But the cure proved mortal: modernism has dissolved the object of aesthetic cognition, and in so doing it has abolished the ethical values that alone give true art its justification and performative strength.

Despite Mr. Steinberg's efforts, both as commentator and as translator, this meditation on "Art and Its Non-Style at the End of the Nineteenth Century" remains an opaque, unmastered block. It speaks less to its immediate purpose than to that which Broch himself failed to clarify in his lifelong search for a unifying doctrine of morality, political ideology, and the arts.

Though often fitful, and subject to the constant interposition of more far-ranging considerations, the actual look at Hofmannsthal takes up the last three chapters. Here, again, the pivot and ligatures are those of Broch's own introspections rather than the overt topic. But historical and critical notations of great acuity abound. No one has written better of the dream that was "Vienna":

> The city was a dream, and the emperor a dream within the dream; it was a dream when daily, at high noon, the red-costumed, gold-shimmering "Arcieren" bodyguards with their halberds took up their position in the palace to protect the emperor; a dream when, an hour later, as the first stroke rang out from the hammer of the palace clock, the drum major of the palace music corps and the detachment for the changing of the guard entered the inner palace in parade uniform, while the emperor once in a while appeared at the window of the audience chamber; and it was a dream when, a little later, he rode out toward Schönbrunn, his huntsman-in-

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ordinary with a white feather-plume blowing in the wind next to his coachman, and everyone took off his hat as if in church, while in the midst of that sudden silence the watch resumed the beating of the drum.

The dream would soon turn to nightmare: "The apocalyptic hovered over the entire world, most hectically over Germany, most gently in the actual center of decline, Austria; for the center of a typhoon is always governed by the vacuum and its stillness." Hofmannsthal, Broch says, had heard that peculiar stillness, and knew its meaning: "The dread of the coming dehumanization, the dread of the coming silence of humanity . . . the dread of human suffering that proclaimed itself everywhere, this precompassion lay deep within Hofmannsthal and made him more poetic than Joyce, who knew nothing of compassion." The original is even stronger, for the German *Menschlichkeit* signifies both "humanity" and "humaneness."

Though Hofmannsthal sensed the coming collapse, the emptiness ahead, his poetic, narrative, and dramatic inventions were of symbolic prodigality. They sought to fill the gaps widening in the structure of Austro-Hungarian culture. Theatre and opera were the last talismanic resources of that culture, and Hofmannsthal proved master of both. Broch is illuminating on Hofmannsthal's theatricality:

> For everything the Burgtheater added up to, the elevation of the naturalistic and the psychological into the realm of ethical motive, the unveiling of a higher reality . . . this orderly transformation of the dreamlike into the cold dream of art and, through art, into a new warmth—in short, this attitude of "self-transcendence"—became for Hofmannsthal the basic principle of all ethicality and the basic attitude of his life.

Like the Burgtheater and the opera, such artistic "self-transcendence" and Hofmannsthal's attempts to enfold moral truths in fairy tales of crystalline loveliness, like "The Woman Without a Shadow," were illusory. But what came after did not even have the dignity of illusion: "To call a painting like *Guernica* beautiful is to abase human suffering; it is blasphemy against an all-destroying fate. . . . The place of the old aesthetic values, which one can calmly characterize as bourgeois, was taken by something totally different, something unconditional which no longer had anything to do with aesthetically intended beauty and the joy in it." Even as darkness neared, that joy, that energy of form

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which is joy, remained part of Hofmannsthal's fantasies.

The finest of librettists (with Mozart's Da Ponte) in the history of opera, and one of the most musical of poets and prose writers in Austrian German, died, one is tempted to say, just in time. He did not witness the murderous epilogue to empire and to social dissolution in Central Europe. Hofmannsthal's legendary good luck held almost to the very end. Broch, though rescued from the Gestapo in the nick of time, supped his fill of horror and of history. Thus, there is in his reconsideration of Hofmannsthal and of the "Vienna dream" a subtle, ironizing strain of nostalgia. There are times when sleepwalking (Broch's famous image) is more bearable than blank sight.

Broch's novels, essays, philosophic writings, and correspondence—itself a treasure trove—mark the compelled transition of our culture, of our ways of feeling, from the one condition to the other. In the coda of Broch's novel, Virgil passes beyond language, into a light that blinds. Hermann Broch's centennial falls in 1986. It should be an occasion.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

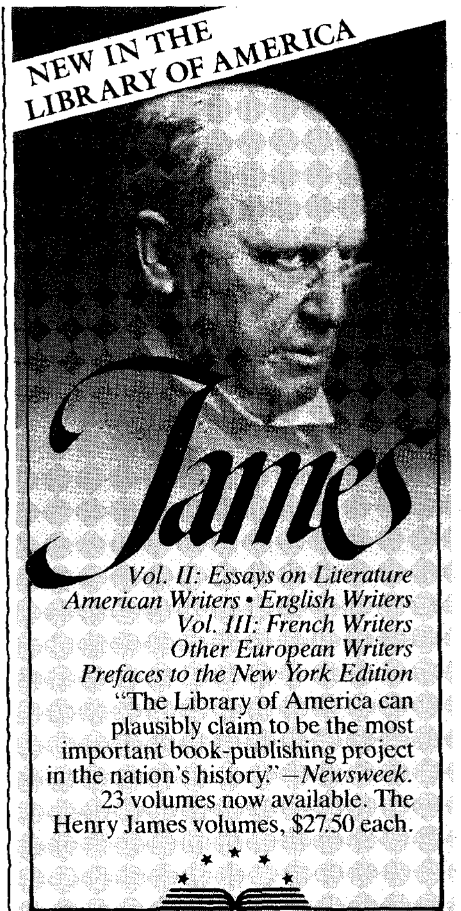
FICTION

MR. NOON, by D. H. Lawrence, edited by Lindeth Vasey (Cambridge; $24.95). This novel consists of a long story, first published in 1934, and a putative sequel, the unfinished manuscript of which came to light only recently. The story tells of Gilbert Noon, a rather saturnine young schoolmaster in the Nottinghamshire of Lawrence's birth, who gets into trouble over a young girl and flees England for Germany. Lawrence scolds and rants against middle-class hypocrisy and Anglo-Saxon prudery, and although the story is diverting, it is of no great consequence. The sequel is another matter. The time is 1912, and Mr. Noon, now in lodgings in Munich, meets an aristocratic woman who has left her husband and children in America to pay a visit to her homeland; the two bed down together the first night and, next day, lay plans to elope. There is much debate with the lady's baronial family, and a few perfunctory twinges of anguish on her part, but in the end the two, penniless and ill-clad, take off to pursue their highly charged idyll in the Tyrol, and thence over the border into Italy. This narrative is, of course, Lawrence's version—disguised somewhat, but not much—of his love affair with Frieda Weekley (the daughter of Baron Friedrich von Richthofen), who became his wife. The writing is Lawrence at his most skittish and discursive and eloquent. The editor, chewing over the text in scholarly fashion, explains that "*Vous parlez français*?" means "Do you speak French?," that "*Danke schön*" means "Thank you very much" in German, and that the names Little Jack Horner, Little Bo-peep, and Jack and Jill allude to three nursery rhymes.

APPLES AND PEARS AND OTHER STORIES, by Guy Davenport (North Point; $20). Mr. Davenport seems to think himself into other people. In the first story in this volume, for example, he is the sculptor Gaudier-Brzeska, who was killed in the First World War. In another, set in Marienbad in 1916, he practically becomes a wonder-working rabbi, his followers, and an observer of their doings, Franz Kafka. In the title story, which approaches novel length, he has thought himself Dutch, and takes us through a summer in the nineteen-seventies in Europe, partly in Paris and partly in the country, as a Dutch philosopher who keeps a journal and travels with a Dutch painter and his sister. Nothing could be more attractive than the vision that informs the entire collection—"to breed meanness out of human nature."

GENERAL

FAMOUS FINANCIAL FIASCOS, by John Train, illustrated by Pierre Le-Tan (Clarkson Potter; $8.95). In chapters a few pages long, Mr. Train briskly takes us through the details of such well-known losers as the South Sea Bubble, the Ponzi scheme, the Dutch tulip mania, and Bernie Cornfeld's I.O.S. A few ruinous architectural blunders, such as the Pruitt-Igoe housing project in St. Louis and Sydney's famous opera house, are included for good measure, along with some official follies by the administrations of France, Great Britain, and Mali. The descriptions are terse but not simplistic, and make clearer than many more ambitious economic studies such fraudulent mechanisms as a nation's debauching its own cur-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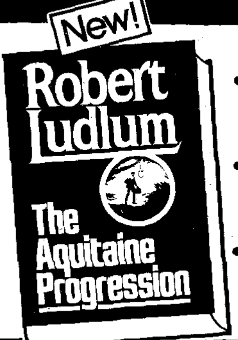
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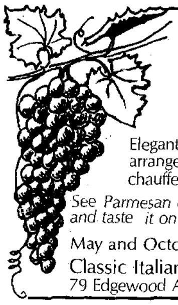
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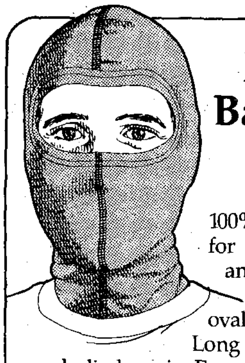

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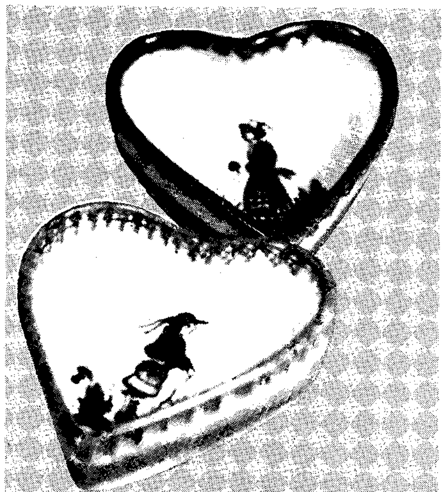
rency to ease government indebtedness and the credit manipulations of plausible rascals like Ivar Kreuger and Richard Whitney. Human greed and wishful thinking, Mr. Train suggests, are the ultimate villains, and we're not out of the woods yet. It is hard to avoid thinking of our own mounting national debt as we read his concluding motto, from the Swedish chancellor Axel Oxenstierna: "The world always wishes to be deceived: let it be deceived."

ANCIENT LIVES: DAILY LIFE IN EGYPT OF THE PHARAOHS, by John Romer (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $18.95). An archeologist's account of an artists' colony at ancient Thebes (modern Luxor), whose inhabitants worked for the state—building, ornamenting, and painting the tombs of the Egyptian royal family. The village was founded before 1300 B.C. and was abandoned around 1056 B.C. Some of the workers who lived there were quarrymen, for the tombs were elaborate apartments hollowed out of rock cliffs, but most were sculptors and carvers, sketchers and colorists. The Pharaohs' meticulous bureaucrats kept records of every detail, the desert atmosphere has preserved those records, and modern scholars have decoded them, so the life and work of this ancient place can be reconstructed down to its dinner parties and divorce settlements, and the author can trace the careers of notable artists and of the village itself, which began to fade after the kings moved their capital. In impoverishment, later generations of tomb-building craftsmen and artists looted the tombs their fathers had made, and records of official inquiries into these thefts tell us about ancient Egyptian investigative and judicial procedures. Photographs, drawings, and maps.

THE BEAUX ARTS TRIO, by Nicholas Delbanco (Morrow; $15.95). The Beaux Arts Trio—Menahem Pressler, piano; Bernard Greenhouse, cello; Isidore Cohen, violin—is generally considered the finest piano trio in the world. It is also generally credited with raising the stature of the piano trio from that of a momentary gathering of soloists to that of an ensemble—a grouping as finished as the string quartet. Mr. Delbanco seems to be unusually comfortable as the biographer of this group. He is, first of all, a novelist, a writer of distinction. He



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brings to the job an understanding of music: his father played the cello and his brother played the violin in family musical evenings; he himself studied piano and viola. Moreover, he is Bernard Greenhouse's son-in-law. This last, of course, has given him uncommon entry into the lives and activities of his subjects. He offers a reconstruction of the début of the trio, at Tanglewood in July, 1955, as the creation of the violinist Daniel Guilet (whom Mr. Cohen replaced on his retirement, in 1969). He offers a question-and-answer interview with each of the musicians. And we observe with him the events surrounding a concert in Cambridge, a recording session in the Swiss town of La Chaux-de-Fonds, and a concert tour in France. The result is a happy combination of art and action. The musicians describe themselves and their work with a minimum of "artistic" talk and an abundance of joy ("To play Mozart for a living!"), and Mr. Delbanco is careful to show us the drudgery of a recording session as well as the satisfaction; the rigors of the tour (the trio in its travels sees little but the train, the hotel, and the concert hall) as well as the applause, the toasts, and the autographs. He shows us, too, and above all, the nature of the men—their different personalities, their jokes and grumbles, their faults and virtues—and the triumphant merging of their differences in the Beaux Arts Trio. There are two readable but rather technical appendixes, an itinerary, a discography, and photographs.

NAPOLEON: THE MYTH OF THE SAVIOUR, by Jean Tulard, translated from the French by Teresa Waugh (Weidenfeld & Nicolson/Beaufort; $24.95). Napoleon Bonaparte was extolled—by himself and by Romantics who came after him (notably Balzac, Hugo, and the elder Dumas)—as the savior of France and the French people. The reality, M. Tulard tells us, is that he was the savior of the well-to-do: bourgeois businessmen who had got rich during the Revolution (and looked for, and found, a man to stop its progress when it threatened to devour them); rich peasants who had bought up big tracts of land cheap; speculators and traders who had benefitted from the bankruptcy of the former nobility and from the sale of church lands and property; and a new class of

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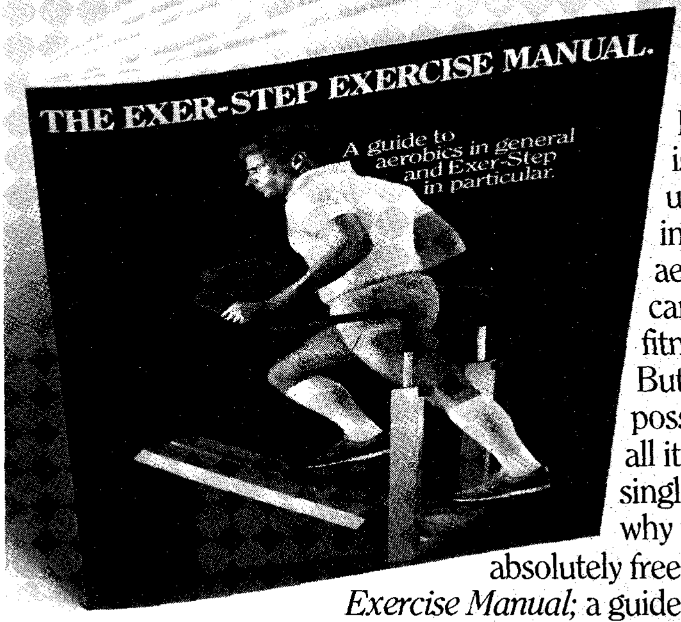
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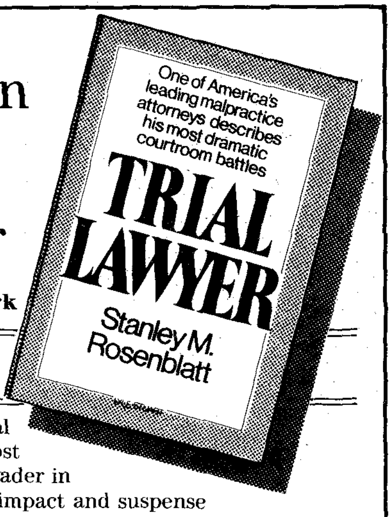
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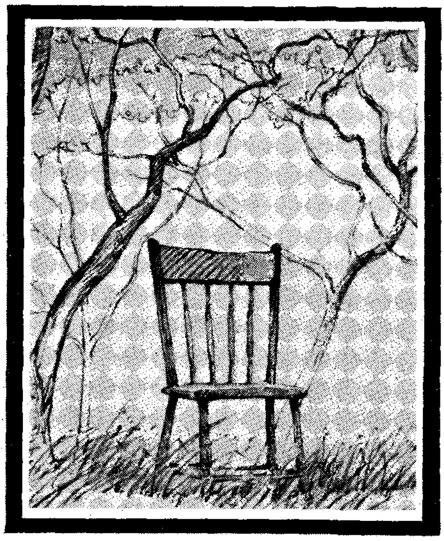

BACKYARD

You find happiness, songwriters say, in your own backyard. But that's not all John Hanson Mitchell was looking for in his.

Mr. Mitchell lives on Scratch Flat, 35 miles from Boston, an area that is becoming suburban and high tech. Weather permitting, he likes to take his morning coffee in his yard, where he can watch the sun come up. He also thinks about time, "how it drifts in from the future, how it brushes past us briefly in the present, and then drifts off again to become the past..." In recent years, he has come to accept the primitive concept of ceremonial time, "in which the past, present, and future can all be perceived in a single moment."

The result of all this is a truly extraordinary book, *Ceremonial Time*, which has received equally extraordinary reviews. I will restrict myself to John Anthony West's in the *New York Times Book Review*:

"Mr. Mitchell has consulted geologists, archeologists, local characters, environmentalists, romantics, computer experts, Indian shamans, anyone who might provide fresh insight into the past or present or future of Scratch Flat...By concentrating on the particular, he has illuminated the universal. I can think of no book that provides so personal and yet so comprehensive a view of America, past, present, and, potentially, future. And it ends on a note of hope."

It's that note of hope that has me wondering if the songwriters aren't right, after all.

L.L. Day
Editor-at-Large

DOUBLEDAY'S Anchor Press publishes *Ceremonial Time: Fifteen Thousand Years on One Square Mile* by John Hanson Mitchell. It is available at all Doubleday Book Shops and other fine booksellers.

officials, made up of opportunists and arrivistes. It was they who made Napoleon's ascent to power possible, and it was largely they who were the instruments of his downfall, when they withheld their support in his final crises. M. Tulard's book is fascinating in its re-creation of a time of ferment and great events, and in its discussion of the implications of that period for the nineteenth century and after. The French edition won the Grand Prix d'Or of the Académie Française. Illustrations.

NOTE: "To Get Rich Is Glorious," Orville Schell's account of two recent trips to China, has been published by Pantheon ($15.95). Nearly all the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

ROOT OF ALL EVIL, by E. X. Ferrars (Doubleday; $11.95). The widowed and retired professor who in last winter's "Something Wicked" suspected, for a while, his nephew and host of murder has made the young man heir to his modest estate, but he nevertheless views a new opportunity to be a house guest as unwelcome. This invitation, for Easter weekend, is from a shrewish old moneybags who may or may not rewrite her will; her latest version has him down for twenty thousand pounds. By Sunday, someone wicked—one of half a dozen characters with pound signs in their eyes, all of whom are capable of forgery on Maundy Thursday and murder on Good Friday—has decided that the professor's memory is inconveniently acute, and attempts to dull it with a fireplace poker, but it remains just what it should be: slightly superior to the reader's.

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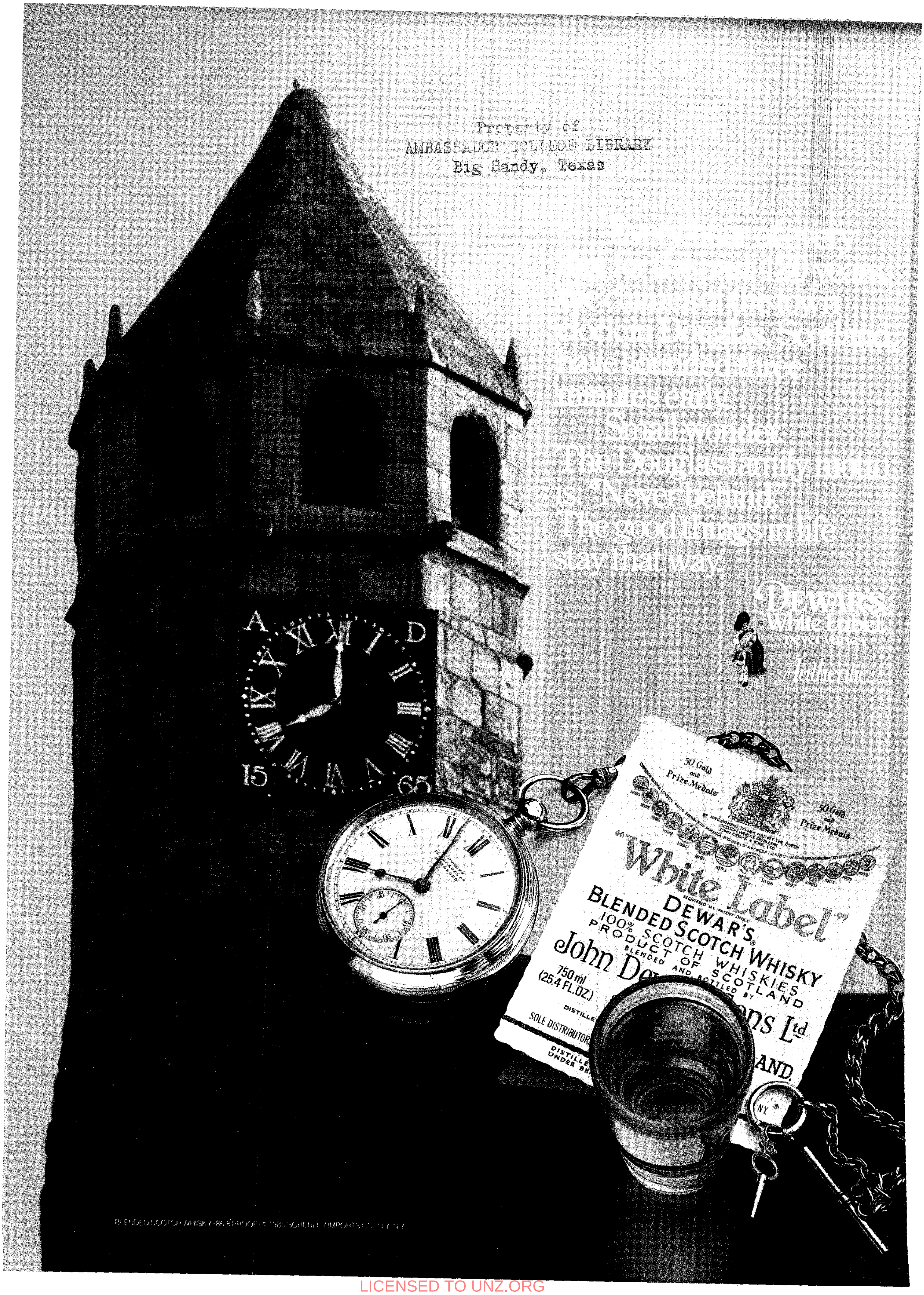
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